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Punch.



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THE SECRET OF THE SHIPS.

[The association between the two Services, the Royal Navy and the Mercantile Marine, has been so close during the War, whatever that association might have been before, that it seems to me almost incredible that it can ever be broken asunder.]

Admiral Sir ROSSLYN WEMYSS.

On their ventures in the service of a Tudor King or Queen
All the ships were just as like as they could be,
For the merchantman gave battle, while the Royal ship
was seen

As a not too simple trader over-sea;
Being heirs to ancient customs, when their upper sails
came down

As a token of respect in passing by,
They would add the salutation in a language of their own,
"God speed you, we be sisters, thou and I."

As the centuries receded came a parting of the ways
Till in time the separation went so far
That a family was founded who were traders all their days,
And another who were always men-of-war;
But whene'er they dipped their colours, one in faith, they
understood—

And the sea, who taught them both, could tell you why—
That the custom never altered, so the greeting still held
good,
"God speed you, we be sisters, thou and I."

Then in days of common sacrifice and peril was it strange
That they ratified the union of the past?
While their Masters, unsuspecting, greatly marvelled at the
change,

But they prayed with all their souls that it would last;
And the ships, who know the secret, go rejoicing on their
way,

For whatever be the ensign that they fly,
Such as keep the seas with honour are united when they
pray,

"God speed you, we be sisters, thou and I."

"By the chairman's casting vote at the Cork Corporation, a resolution demanding a hearing at the Peace Conference and denouncing the 'plot' fable, was defeated in favour of an amendment asking the Irish Party to return to Parliament, to expose the glaring injustices of the British Government, and a further amendment was accepted unanimously approving of the Party's action in abstaining from Parliament."—*Dublin Paper.*

No wonder Mr. DILLON has some difficulty in deciding which way the Irish cat is going to jump.

CHARIVARIA.

"No intelligent man," said Herr von KUEHLMANN to the Reichstag, "ever entertained the wish that Germany should attain world-domination." There was a time when this frank reflection on the Hohenzollern intelligence would have constituted *lèse-majesté*.

The same authority stated that "the idea of world-domination in Europe is Utopia." Not U-boatia, as originally promised.

Certain butchers in South London are serving their customers in alphabetical order. Some trouble is reported with a "Scotsman" called Prjevitski, who insisted that his name began twice.

"Those who would live to a good old age," a weekly paper points out, "should avoid taking unnecessary risks." Those who desire to become centenarians are particularly warned against being knocked down by a motor car with a green bonnet.

Milk, it is announced, may now be sold by the pennyworth. The price of a pennyworth will continue to be three-pence halfpenny as heretofore.

Five more British consuls have been appointed in Siberia. The exact nature of their offence has not been made public.

At the Red Cross Wine and Spirit Sale, rum bottled in 1756 was sold. It is said that KING GEORGE II. had it when it was quite a little tot.

The North London Railway recently lost a large number of window-straps. It is feared that, with the overcrowding of our railways, passengers may get into the habit of removing straps in order to make more room.

A man has been charged in London with stealing two small motor-cars. We understand the defence to be that he merely patted them as he was passing and they followed him home.

The sale of Field-Marshal VON HINDENBURG's portraits is forbidden for three weeks in Berlin. It is supposed that he is about to sit for a new portrait in which he is to leave off his halo.

"At this heavy hour," said von KUEHLMANN, "none of us fully realise what we owe to the German Emperor." The KAISER is said to have remarked that KUEHLMANN need not have been quite so crudely frank about it.

The conductresses of the London General Omnibus Company are now being taught to render First Aid to the injured. Busy City men need not now be so particular about being run over.

It is stated authoritatively that the Irish blackthorn sent by Sir EDWARD CARSON to be sold for a War Charity is not the one he uses to beat the Cabinet with.

CÔTE 204 (AISNE).

I HAVE held my slopes in peace,
Summer sunlight, drowsy Winter,
Spring's increase;

I have kissed the feet of children, running barefoot out of school,
With my grasses, petal-cool;
And the lark has nested on me, brooding, dreaming on my heart,
Ere she soared to sing her part;
And I know that once again, when this agony shall cease,
I shall hold my slopes in peace.

I have held my slopes in war,
Trench and shell-hole, gaping crater,
ruin sore;
And I lay in waiting silence, like a wild thing in a snare,
While the field-grey hordes were there,
Till my own returned about me, swift as dawn when night-winds die,
Tender-hued like distant sky,
And their hearts shall beat to my heart in contentment evermore
When I free my slopes from war.

I shall hold my slopes in trust,
Gift of heroes, grave of martyrs, noble dust.
My full heart enfolds the selfless, those who gave their lives for France;
Over them the light winds dance,
And the little flowers that seek the sun their memory shall keep
Bright as smiles in happy sleep.
Never blade more fierce than crocus-spears its flaming point shall thrust
Where I hold my slopes in trust.

"In the course of many attacks by hostile aeroplanes on our machines two of the enemy were shot down and two others were driven down."—*Evening Standard*.

Now that it is so necessary to save paper and printer's ink we commend this example most strongly.

"The strike of municipal employees at Cardiff continues. The strikers, who number about 600, insist upon the payment of an overtime bonus. The Lord Mayor is being asked to convene a special meeting of the Council to consider the position."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

If the numbers are correctly stated why not give them the bonus and have done with it?

LEAVE.

THERE *was* no leave—there *had* been no leave for many a long day. Yet, as it had been on the day before that and the one before that, and as it would be on the morrow, and—but the vista is too bleak—the topic of five-sixths of the conversation was leave. Leave and the manner of it, how it came, how one prepared and set off for it, what one did on it, regulations concerning it, men lucky with it, men unlucky with it. And then, again, leave in the French Army, the Belgian Army, the—well, all that, amounting to one-sixth of the five-sixths.

The other five-sixths of the five-sixths was concerned with when leave would start again. As to this there were rumours, rumours and rumours, half-facts, quarter-facts, lies, vague reports of knowledge imparted and imbibed under pledges of strictest secrecy, rumours from headquarters, from bases, from England, and again more lies, despairing lies, hopeful lies, brave lies. There were all these, and more, much more; but there was no leave.

Then one day came a fact. The dweller in the office where the brain of the unit throbbed rushed out with an Order. As is the way with Army Orders, this said nothing of itself, but drew attention to another Order (G.R.O. variety)—Subject, Leave. This would arrive by despatch rider in the evening. The proportion of leave talk jumped from five-sixths to eleven-twelfths, and had it not been for the condition of the bully at dinner-time the other twelfth would not have been wasted. Arguments even grew heated as to the despatch-rider's rate of speed, his appearance, antecedents, and any general information which might bear on the possibility of his actually bringing or failing to bring G.R.O. 26387 ZRA.

At last, as the shades of evening fell, he arrived, or would have done so had he not been prematurely torn from his machine by willing hands and his G.R.O. wrenched from his prostrate form.

"26387 ZRA," read out a broken voice from the centre of the group. "The restrictions placed on Welbury-over-Binn, Salop, owing to an outbreak of measles, are now removed."

"THE DESCENT OF MAN.

AN ANATOMIST'S VIEWS.

Until the arrival of Captain Cook in Australia no non-pouched mammals had ever intruded upon the Australian island continent."

Indian Paper.

We have never really appreciated till now the true hardihood of that intrepid non-pouched mammal's voyage.



THE FOURTH OF JULY.
1776—1918.

JOHN BULL: "'DOETH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS MAKE AMENDS?'"
UNCLE SAM: "SURE!"



Ex-Professional Pugilist (anxious to please Medical Officer who has patched him up). "IF ANY TIME YOU WOULD LIKE A LITTLE GO WIV THE GLOVES, SIR, I'LL BE VERY 'APPY TO PUT YER FROO IT."

"PLAYING "BALL."

WHEN I saw Clarence E. Prayler for the first time he was vigorously "rooting" at a baseball game, directing cold-blooded and studied insult at the pitcher of the opposing side.

"Who told um he could play ball?" he inquired. "Make um quit an' git a real pitcher!"

"Ball," called the umpire, as Dab Pinkney, the pitcher, delivered a deadly shot at the batter's shin.

"Rah! rah!" yelled Clarence. "Quit ut! quit ut! Play marbles! You cyant pitch wuth a cent."

Dab shifted his chewing gum into his cheek and whizzed in a lightning throw dead over the diamond. It was safe in the catcher's hands before the batter realized it was not an insect buzzing by.

"Ster-rike!" called the umpire.

"Learn the game!" bellowed Clarence, transferring his abuse to the umpire. He had so many cutting and intimate details to impart to that impassive official that for five whole minutes he left Dab in peace.

It was with considerable surprise that I saw Clarence and Dab the same even-

ing amiably splitting a bottle of cider outside the *Café à la Vache Noire*. As I moved to occupy a vacant chair near them Dab rose.

"Guess I must be quittin', Clarrie," he said. "Me for staff parade *ce soir*."

"See you later, bud," replied Clarence pleasantly.

As Dab moved away the other regarded his broad back and huge shoulders with a look of real affection.

"Say, bud," he said to me, "ef GEORGE WASHINGTON was put through a bleaching plant he wouldn't come out a whiter man 'n that!"

"Well," I answered, "I gathered the impression from your remarks this afternoon that you thought his permanent address ought to be Sing Sing."

"A man doesn't have to let his private opinions influence him at a ball game," said Clarence gravely. "He has to sink all that. Fill yourself with the foam'n' cider. It don't bite none. As I was sayin', Dab's a white man, and some pitcher."

"But I heard you say he couldn't pitch worth a cent."

"He was playin' agin us this afternoon," said Clarence pityingly. "It's easy to see you don't play ball. He

was playin' fer the sergeants agin the enlisted men, and I was out to break up their moral effec'."

"I see," I said. "So Dab is a sergeant?"

"Wal, I should say. Why, he pitched two seasons for Brooklyn Banditti in all the big League games!"

"Oh!" I said.

Something in my tone seemed to convey to Clarence that I didn't follow the sequence.

"See here, bud," he said patiently. "I'll explain. But first of all lemme make the necessary vocal sounds for Ma'mselle to bring some more of this yellow diluted kali water. 'Encore un bottle,' it is; an' one of your corp'rils says a man kin go through the whole war without knowin' another word of the language. Here's your health, an' if ever you're in Schlattery's saloon in Broadway *après la guerre* I'll apologise handsome fer drinkin' it in sech dispirituos licker. As I was saying, a man who plays ball well is nach'rally bound to be a sergeant ef he ain't suthen higher in the Field-Marshal line. It takes brawn *an'* brain to be a ball-player, an' it requires jest that very same fer a sergeant. Guess when Dab starts pitchin' the Millses in real earnest



Camouflage Officer. "THAT'S VERY CLEVER. WHO DID IT?"
USED TO PAINT SPARROWS BEFORE THE WAR AND SELL 'EM FOR CANARIES."

Sergeant. "OH, THAT'S BY PERKINS, SIR—QUITE AN EXPERT."

they'll swerve right round the wire an' ketch the Squarehead Higher Command in the neck coming back.

"An' resource! Sure, I'll tell you. You know the usual hay-waggon rate of locomotion in this country. Well, me an' Dab struck a most extrawordinairy curiosity once. It was a train that moved like a trottin'-match, or tenement-holders at quarter-day, an' didn't have to take no intervals fer re-cooperation. Jest as luck would have it we had to jump fer it, an' we jumped fer different compartments. By the time I'd got over the shock of findin' it was a hurricane-train and that it was scheduled to go without re-windin' for four hours, I remembered I was mighty hungry, and I also remembered that the commissariat department, represented by Dab, was in the next coach. So I put my head out of the winder, established trunk-wire communication with um and pointed out me emaciated condition. But that didn't bring the rations. Elf we had only been in different compartments I mote have done the mountain antelope business along the footboard, but there was a two-yard gap between the coaches an' I'm no cinema star.

"Wal, bud, here's where a ball-

player's resource comes in. Dab jest makes up those rations into three little passels and hollers to me, 'Stand clear.' Then he gathers himself for a pitch like as if it wus the last innings an' the game all square. He jest jedges the distance to a finger's breadth, with that twelve inches of swerve that gets all the star-batters guessin'. It curls in at the carriage-winder an' sits on the seat as nice as pie.

"Strike one,' hollers I, an' Dab gets the next passel ready. Three times he does it, dead on the mark every time, an' I never enjoyed a meal better. That's dandy pitchin' fer you."

"Neuf heures, M'sieurs," interrupted Ma'mselle.

"Guess that sounds like an invitation to quit," said Clarence. "Wal, me fer the camp. S'long, Cully."

I said good-night and left him, but in a few minutes heard his heavy footfall behind me and stopped.

"Say, bud," he said quietly, "I've been thinkin'. Mebbe in two-three weeks, mebbe two-three months, you an' me will be going over the top at the same time. It don't seem the square game to put gas over a feller who's battin' in the same team. It's all pink frills about Dab pitchin' those

rations through the carriage-winder; but, believe me, Cully"—he made an impressive pause—"believe me, Dab's some pitcher."

SONNET.

(In the Ella-Cruscan manner.)

THE love that has not Heaven for its goal

Is like a house without a staircase built;

Though it be nobly planned and carved and gilt,

With ample cellars stocked with wine and coal;

Though on the tables stand the flowing bowl

And music rises with voluptuous lilt;

Though every couch can boast a satin quilt,

Though art surround it with an aureole; Yet when the night arrives and need for rest

Bids the tired revellers to their rooms repair

The way is barred; they wail and beat the breast;

No access to the upper floor is there.

So love by no uplifting purpose blest

Grovels on earth and cannot find the stair.

SUGAR-CARDS FOR INFANTS.

I HAVE just had a rather one-sided correspondence with our local Food Committee. At the time when food-cards were first brought out my household consisted of my wife, myself, one son and one daughter, all good trenchermen and women. One is a non-sugarer, but two out of the other three consume enough sugar for four ordinary people, so that we are always rather short of this commodity, especially during those weeks when we have visitors.

A short time ago there was an addition to the household—infant, male, one.

"He shall have his 'ickle sugar-card, bless him, he shall!" This was one of the first remarks I made on learning of his arrival. It was not perhaps an altogether altruistic observation, as I am one of the two sugar-hogs mentioned above.

I wrote to the secretary of the local Food Committee within a few hours of my youngest's birth as follows:—

DEAR SIR OR MADAM,—As there has been an increase in my family to-day kindly send me another sugar-card.

Yours faithfully,

TIMOTHY S. COSBOTTLE.

In three days I received this reply:—

DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 24th inst. to hand. The matter shall receive attention in due course.

Yours faithfully,

E. MARSDEN, Secretary.

After a week of suspense and continued sugar shortage I wrote again:—

DEAR SIR OR MADAM,—I shall be glad of your attention, as promised, to mine of the 24th ult., as our family increase is still without his modicum of sugar. He is at this moment sending up a most piteous wailing, which your prompt attention to my request would no doubt stifle.

Yours faithfully,

TIMOTHY S. COSBOTTLE.

P.S.—Aunt Emma, among others, is coming on the 12th to the christening. She never brings her own sugar, and she insists on three lumps in every cup of tea, war or no war. We cannot afford to annoy a godmother.

After waiting another three days I received a form to fill in. But we had not yet decided on the infant's names, and so, being unable to fill in all the required details satisfactorily, I returned the form with this covering note:—

DEAR SIR OR MADAM,—I am obliged to address you in this manner because I am uncertain whether the signature, "E. Marsden," hides one of the sterner

or the weaker sex. Surely the former, as no woman could so long withhold such a simple gewgaw as a little piece of pasteboard from a puling infant.

I have been compelled, you will note, to put down alternative Christian names for the youngster, because, as I more than hinted in my last, he has not yet been baptized, and a furious battle is raging here as to what he shall be called. My wife insists on Timothy (after me) Alexander (after him of Macedon) and Wickham (after god-mother Emma). I want to substitute Richard (after Cœur de Lion) for Alexander, so you see my difficulty.

Trusting that you will waive all further ceremony and send the card at once, I am, Yours hopefully,

TIMOTHY S. COSBOTTLE.

P.S.—If you have no sugar-cards or sugar in stock, for Heaven's sake send us a few saccharine tablets to go on with. Our chemist hasn't got any.

The reply to this was typical of the official mind. Unfortunately I tore it up at once and cannot remember its exact wording, but it stated in the most formal and cold-blooded departmental language that no sugar-card could be issued unless it was to bear the precise name or names of the holder, for purposes of identification and for the prevention of fraud.

The eventful 12th dawned with matters in this unsatisfactory state. Immediately following the conclusion of hostilities between my youngest and the Vicar at the font I sent the following telegram:—

Kindly send sugar-card at once for Timothy Wellington Wickham Cosbottle Laburnum Lodge Washingstead aged 18 days 6½ hours.

TIMOTHY S. COSBOTTLE.

But the baptismal tea-orgy was ruined. Aunt Emma, who stayed the night, was as disagreeable (on one lump per cup) as she could be, and the wretched sugar-card arrived by post just as she was leaving the house.

Wood-Wind.

From a report of a conference of Local Government Officers:—

"They, as an Association had beaten the drum of superannuation to such an extent that many people believed it was their only plank."—*The Municipal Officer*.

Plango, plangere, planxi, planctum.

From a speech by the Bishop of Ely:

"It sometimes seemed to him that in these days there was a tendency to luxuriate in putting on the white shirt and to wear it with unseemly ostentation."—*Eastern Daily Press*. It would appear that the scarcity of starch has not yet reached the Episcopal Bench.

TO PADDY, A WAR-PIG.

Paddy, small and pampered pigling,
As I watch you in and out
Of the palings ever wriggling
Your exploratory snout,

Much I marvel at the curious
Fortune that on you bestows
Such a brief but most luxurious
Prelude to a tragic close.

Admirably hygienic
Is the structure of your sty,
With a purity Hellenic
That enthalls the artist's eye.

Here your charming mistress daily
Brings you appetizing meals,
And you greet her coming gaily
With appreciative squeals.

Though you cannot boast the beauty
Of the panther or the deer;
Though your voice is not so fruity
As the voice of Chanticleer;

Though you sport no fur or feather—
Just a simple nasal ring—
And in every kind of weather
To the same attire you cling;

Though you lack the erudition
Sometimes gathered by your kind,
And reveal no premonition
Of the doom to you assigned;

Still, by all the standards measured
That impress the porcine vet,
You are worthy to be treasured
As a temporary pet.

Hence, in fine, I count you happy,
Though a prisoner and a pig,
For your share of food, though scrappy,
Rationally viewed is big.

And, unconsciously fulfilling
Duty's call, you do your bit
By your eating and your swilling
Till for curing you are fit.

From a report of Herr von KUEHLMANN's speech:—

"I do not believe that any responsible German (not to speak of the Kaiser or the Imperial Government) ever thought they could win world-domination in Europe by unchaining war. The idea is Utopian."—*Daily Mail*.

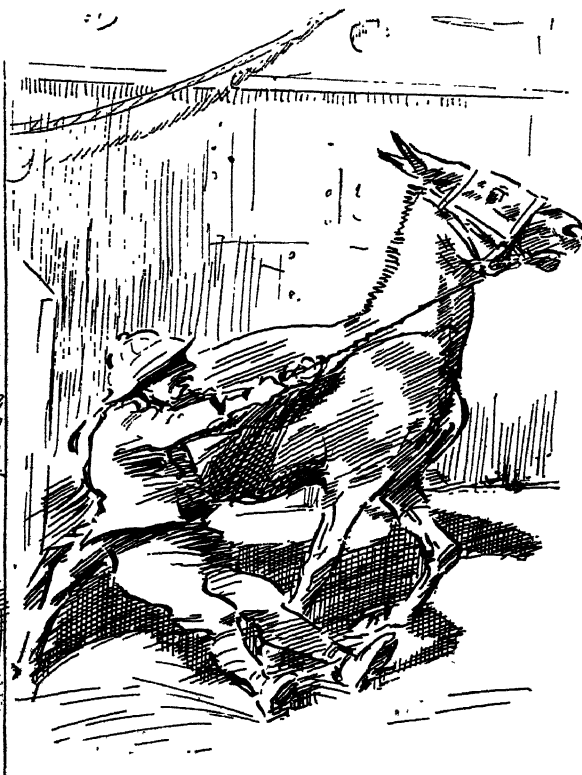
Utopia—the place where the top-dogs come from. We are glad Herr von KUEHLMANN at last realises that it is not Germany.

The Times, in reporting that one of the vessels engaged in the banana import trade carries twelve hundred tons of this fruit, informs us that "1,200 tons means at an outside estimate 700,000 bananas." So the average banana weighs 3.84 lbs. This may be good enough for an outside estimate, but it is contrary to our inside experience.

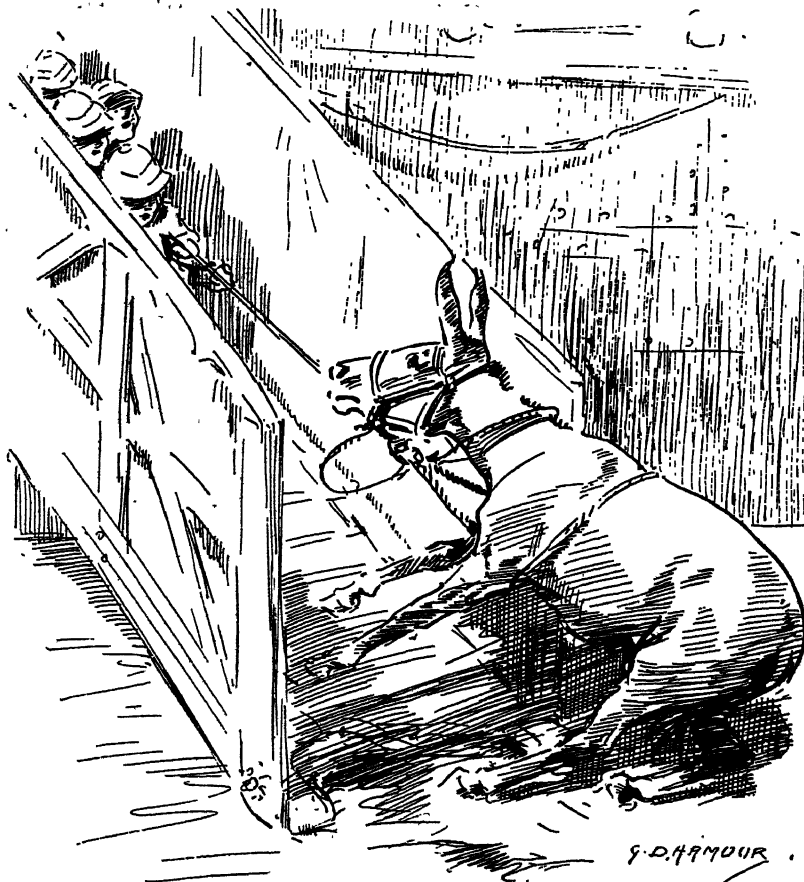
MEDITATIONS OF A MULE.



"SHALL I GO ON BOARD?"



"I WON'T."

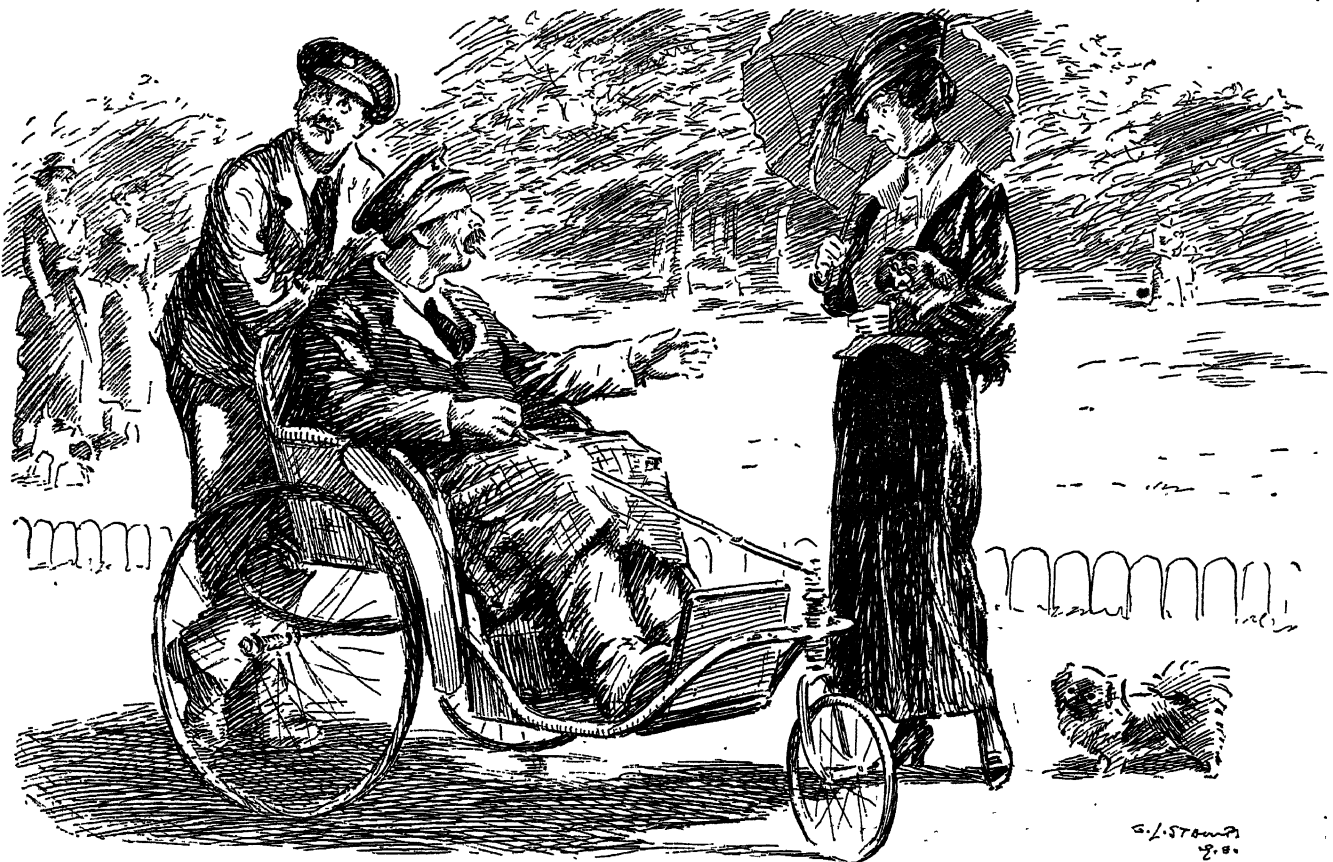


"I DON'T CALL THIS FAIR—FOUR TO ONE!"



"I'LL MAKE SOMEONE SORRY FOR THIS."

J. D. H. MOUR



"HOW DID I COP IT? WELL, IT WERE LIKE THIS. I WAS SURROUNDED, YOU SEE—FIFTY TO ONE, IT WERE. I'D KILLED FORTY-NINE OF 'EM WHEN I HAD TO STOP AND SHARPEN MY BAY'NIT."

"I SEE—AND THEN THE FIFTIETH WOUNDED YOU."

"NO FEAR! I'D KILLED 'IM AT THE START."

GREAT GADGETS.

Big Bertha has been making such a lot of noise in two senses that I am afraid that you will be thinking that the Bosch monopolises all the inventive genius of the world, and therefore hasten to tell you something about the great brain waves which are coming from people on our side, even at the risk of giving away some carefully-guarded secrets.

There was the Tank, of course. That was a purely British invention, and, if you remember, the wonderful thing about it was that it was simultaneously thought of by nearly ten per cent. of our population. That just shows you that we have quantity as well as quality.

Then there is the Harrison-Leycester Crab Projectile. I don't know who Harrison or Leycester are, but all really good gadgets have double-barrelled inventors. It is far more swish.

This is a projectile for naval use. When fired at an enemy ship it finds its target unflinchingly by means of magnetic attraction. On arrival it crawls up the side and along the deck to the engine-room hatch, severely stinging anyone who may venture to

interfere with it. It then proceeds down the hatch and perches itself on the h.p. cylinder, where it sings the National Anthem of the enemy in rag-time. Should there still be any sign of resistance it explodes with great violence.

Again we have the Bannerman-Lambert Magic Searchlight—once more the double-barrels, you observe. This is probably the most frightful weapon which has yet been contemplated.

By means of a special searchlight, the construction of which is so secret that it has never even been done, life-like portraits of the more dread chieftains on our side are paraded before the eyes of the enemy ships, a proceeding which, it is confidently expected, will ruin the nerves of their crews beyond repair. It is considered that the sudden and inexplicable appearance of Mr. PRINGLE, for instance, in the turret of a German Dreadnought could not fail to have the gravest effect upon the moral of the turret's crew.

It has been proposed to combine this invention with the wireless telephone, so that Mr. OUTHWAITE, for example, would not only appear to the enemy, but would deliver one or more of his devastating speeches verbatim. It is

rightly held, however, that there are limits to the brutality which may be practised even in war, and though the Hague Convention does not specifically rule this out we have to consider what our reputation would be if we won the War by this means. Still the Hun should bear this possibility in mind.

I could tell you of a lot more gadgets, but all my other stories are such that I am only allowed to tell them after dinner, and I can't be sure that you would get them by the morning post.

A Knock for Kultur.

"Early this morning a hostile reading party was repulsed with loss west of Hebuterne."
Isle of Man Times.

"ENEMY ALIEN SCANDAL."

"... the liberty of movement which naked as well as naturalised Germans are allowed to enjoy . . ."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Where are the police?

From a recent novel:—

"On the other hand, a lady in a thin black dress and widow's veil . . . turned away . . . and with a curling lip began to turn over a book lying on a table near her."

A change from the vulgar expedient of a moistened finger-tip.



THE BLOND BEAST'S BURDEN.

GERMAN CITIZEN. "AND THEY TELL ME THIS MAY GO ON FOR YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS!"

[Herr von KUEHLMANN, in his original speech before the Reichstag, while insisting on the victorious achievements of the German Army, hinted at the possibility of a Thirty Years' War.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 24th.—Mrs. PANKHURST's unofficial mission to the United States continues to excite the petulant curiosity of the Pacifist group. Mr. LEES-SMITH disputed her claim to speak for the women of this country. Mr. BONAR LAW appeared to see no more harm in that than in the hon. Member claiming to speak for the men of this country. Whereupon Mr. LEES-SMITH, suddenly remembering that he was once a corporal in the R.A.M.C., drew himself up to his full height, "threw a chest" and proudly ejaculated, "I am speaking for the soldiers of this country." The soldiers will be pleased.

SIR ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND appeared with his arm in a sling, but answered Questions with his usual forcefulness. One of his replies related to persons of foreign extraction employed in the Consular Service. An ex-German, it appears, has rendered such good service during the War that the Government had some difficulty in deciding what reward he should receive. In the circumstances the O.B.E. was obviously unsuitable. Then someone had a happy thought: "Give him leave to change his name." And it was so.

Mr. BILLING's efforts to regain his position in the limelight are almost pathetic. Ministers pay no attention to his supplementary questions, the SPEAKER nips in the bud his attempts to move the adjournment, and when he tried at Clapham to send a telegram to the PRIME MINISTER it got lost in transmission—possibly it fused the wire.

Judging by the amount of oratory devoted to it the question of most importance at the present time is whether or not Mr. LEVERTON HARRIS used his official influence some two years ago to obtain for his late firm special facilities from the Cable Censor. With the aid of an official dossier, dropped from the skies into the National Party's office, General PAGE CROFT fulminated freely on the subject, and was denounced with equal vehemence by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE (who notoriously dislikes these telegraphic imbroglis) and Mr. ASQUITH.

Both right hon. gentlemen, however, managed to spare a little time from this engrossing topic to say something about the War, and particularly about the gallant victory of the Italians.

Tuesday, June 25th.—I do not know whether the methods of our War-Aims propagandists are successful in making the enemy squirm; they certainly have

that effect on some people at home. Captain GUEST had to admit that an advertisement describing one of the official speakers as "the world-famous conjurer," was "somewhat injudicious."

The most hopeful thing in the CHIEF SECRETARY's speech was his statement



MR. SPEAKER DOES HIS DAILY
DISAPPEARING-BILLING ACT.

that the voluntary recruiting campaign is to be assisted by several Nationalist M.P.'s, including Col. ARTHUR



BATTALIONS SUPPLIED.
COLONEL ARTHUR LYNCH, M.P.

LYNCH, who, having raised one Irish brigade to fight against us in the Boer War, and been sentenced to death for doing it, has now undertaken to raise another to fight on our side.

In the absence of Mr. DILLON little Mr. McKEAN essayed to state the views of Nationalist Ireland. His gestures rather reminded one of the short-arm stroke with which Mr. *Punch* belabours the *Beadle*—the victim on this occasion being Sir EDWARD CARSON, who was described as "a cross between *Rip van Winkle* and *MACHIAVELLI*." Whether intentionally or not Mr. McKEAN conveyed the impression that what Ireland chiefly wanted was not Home Rule but arterial drainage; and perhaps he is right. At any rate I commend the idea to the Imperial Conference, if that body should accept Mr. ASQUITH's suggestion and pick up the hot potato that has burned the fingers of so many British statesmen.

Wednesday, June 26th.—The Peers discoursed at length upon the League of Nations and, like everybody else, approved it—in principle. Lord CURZON, while full of praise for the idea (which had even earned the lip-service of Counts CZERNIN and HERTLING), set forth its practical difficulties with a cool candour that chilled the heart of the Bishop of OXFORD, who nevertheless still maintained that it was within the power of a united Christendom to put an end to war. The Archbishop of YORK did not controvert his right reverend brother, but thought that for the moment more was to be hoped from an alliance between the United Kingdom and the United States.

In the Commons Mr. BILLING pursued his attempt to justify himself by vilifying other people. The charge that the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE was a Hun in disguise led to an interesting revelation. Sir ALBERT STANLEY's patronymic was KNATTIES, but that remarkable name was changed by his father for the greater convenience of his American neighbours; and it hailed, not from Germany but from Derbyshire. The House was rather glad to find that one of its most efficient Ministers was not an American importation, but a true-born Englishman.

Thursday, June 27th.—During the absence of his chief in Holland Mr. BRACE, as spokesman of the Home Office, is coming on rapidly as a humourist. Someone complained that Conscientious Objectors from Scotland—there are not many of them—were sent to English camps instead of being kept at



BEATING THE U-BOATS IN OUR GARDEN SUBURB.

SATURDAY EVENING ONION PARADE.

home. Mr. BRACE gave the official explanation, and then added that he was not aware that Scotsmen invariably preferred to be employed in their own country.

On the vote for the National Service Department, Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES replied to some of his critics, and made a manful effort to explain the mysteries of "grading." Briefly it is the business of the medical authorities to decide the degree of physical fitness that a man possesses; and of the military authorities to decide how he may most usefully be employed. Judging by the subsequent speeches a good many of his hearers seemed to think that either the medical authorities or the military, or both, would be none the worse themselves for a "grading" in commonsense before being entrusted with these delicate decisions.

From a speech by the Italian PREMIER:

"It is also quite obvious that the enemy must be finding himself in a serious and critical situation. His courage is that of despair. The prisoners, whose clothes are rags, have a defeated air. Their boots, however, are excellent." *Daily Paper.*

But that has not saved them from cold feet.

"SOMEWHERE EAST OF SUEZ."

Nothing delights me as I sit
In this pestiferous clime;
Mosquitoes plague me and the horrid
Sand-flies make raids upon my forehead;

I hit and curse and wildly hit,
And miss them every time.

When all things trooped to ADAM'S
door

Their several names to ask,
He must have suffered from a very
Inadequate vocabulary;
Scarcely our Sergeant-Major's lore
Suffices for the task.

And NOAH, oh, what a chance he had
When two and two they met!
To think that with a single digit
He might have squashed the mother-midget

And saved his sons from going mad
By stinging swarms beset!

I am regarded as a mere
Canteen by every pest;
They're all hard drinkers—none are
wowers;

That splotch of blood upon my trousers
Shows where one bloated profiteer
Has suddenly gone West.

Nothing delights me, *nothing* does;

There cannot be much bliss
Where all the animals created
Seem only differentiated
Between the brutes that fly and buzz
And those that crawl and hiss.

"A correspondent writes, asking: Are married men with one child over the age of 44 or 45 years exempt from active service?"

New Zealand Paper.

Decidedly, we should say. Even the child might be.

"Will gentleman who assisted lady with basket, Rock Ferry Station, off Chester train, at 10.30, May 21, kindly return same?"

Liverpool Echo.

The lady or the basket?

"His Excellency . . . seized the opportunity to say good-bye to the members of the House as well as to those of the Council by shaking their heads individually."

Barbados Standard.

Far more tactful than knocking them together.

Heading to an article on America's war preparations:—

"8 BILLION MORE FOR GNUS."

New York Times.

And won't the Bosches get the wind up when they hear the gnus?

AUNTIE AND THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

(From the Letter-bag of Mrs. Frank B—.)

MY DEAR BELLE,—You must make up your own mind about coming to stay here, but really I think you should forget your fears. The moon is getting quite tiny again, and we must all be fatalists, mustn't we? There is a room for you whenever you want it.

No news in particular. Frank is still a Special, and I see him only occasionally, but, although tired, he keeps very fit. He says that he deserves the O.B.E. because he has never yet forgotten to put a halfpenny stamp as well as a penny one on any letter, whereas we get understamped ones from other people by almost every post and have to pay on them.

The children are fit, but there seems no chance of any sea for them this year, and we must do the best we can with the Botanical Gardens and the Round Pond and now and then the Zoo.

Sooner or later I suppose Billy's tonsils must come out. What are tonsils for, anyway?

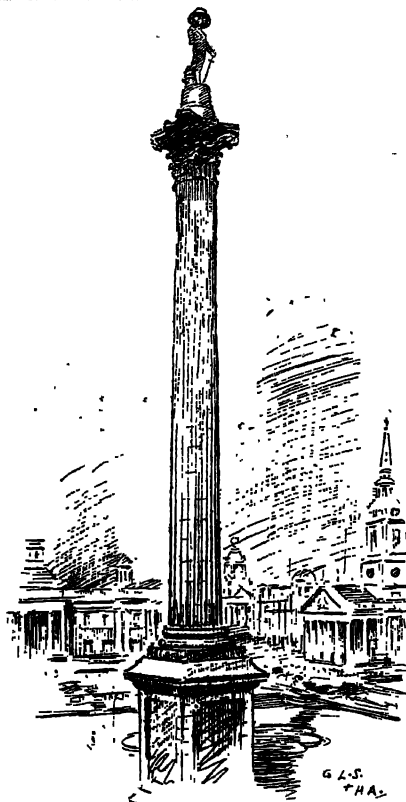
The great joke is Auntie, who, after experimenting with all kinds of war-work, has now settled down as a saleswoman at a Gift House. She has done everything in her time. She has made swabs and bandages, sitting in the most cloistral headdress, or has read to soldiers and written letters for soldiers; she has tried to learn the typewriter, and tried to learn shorthand, and tried to learn to drive a car. But these three last accomplishments beat her, and now she is selling cast-off property in a great Gift-house in Bayswater.

You know the idea. People send the things they don't want to these places and other people buy them, and the proceeds go to war charity. The most extraordinary thing is not that anyone should now want them, but that anyone should ever have wanted them; but I suppose they were wedding presents or what are called "Seasonable Gifts." All kinds of things under glass shades, for example. "Art" things. Viennese vases.

One never realised so clearly the meaning of the saying, "Tastes differ," as when one goes there—as I often do, to see how Auntie is getting on. She thinks I go to cheer her up, and is full of gratitude; but really I go for my own amusement, because she is so funny. You know her passionate desire to be useful. Always giving the other side the benefit of the doubt and all that. Well, that is not the best kind of mind for a good saleswoman, and if Auntie were in real trade she would starve. But for charity she makes an effort to

compromise, because it is for charity, although I have no doubt that she suffers for it when she is alone with her conscience afterwards.

This very afternoon I found her talking to a man who had taken a fancy to an earthenware negro, through whose anatomy an electric wire could be run to a lamp. Nothing more boring can be imagined in the way of parlour decoration; but the man liked it. To Auntie it was, of course, a horror, but her duty was to extract money for the cause.



The Authorities are providing the Statue of KING CHARLES I. with sandbag protection. In face of the obvious difficulty of giving similar protection to the NELSON Monument, why not a tin hat for the Admiral?

"That's what I call quaint," the man said—he looked like an inspector or rate collector. "An amusing idea, don't you think?"

Auntie swallowed and said it was very amusing.

"The wife would be tickled to death by it," the man said.

"And the children?" Auntie suggested: rather cold-bloodedly I thought.

When they saw it, they would, the man agreed; but he wasn't one for allowing young children in the drawing-room, where there were so many pretty things about.

"Not that this is exactly pretty," he went on, "but it's quaint."

Auntie affirmed that it was one of

the quaintest things that they had had in the place.

"I wonder you don't buy it for yourself," the man said.

This was a surprise attack and Auntie bent under it, but, quickly recovering, she said that her house was already too full. Nor, she added, would she like to deprive him of it.

"Well," he said, "I'll think it over. I'll look in again."

Poor Auntie! This phrase, it appears, is the most dreaded of all by sellers of White Elephants. Their one mastering desire is to prevent people from thinking anything over.

"You had better take it now," Auntie said, adding with an ingenuity that I shall never sufficiently admire, "three or four other people have looked at it and may be back at any moment."

The man examined it again.

"You're sure it's a good thing?" he asked. "It's clever?"

"I think it's wonderful," Auntie replied, "wonderful. I never should have thought to see a negro so—so counterfeited. For those who like such things I think it's amazing."

"I'll have it," said the man.

When he had gone with his treasure under his arm, Auntie and I had tea upstairs. She looked years older.

Do write the old dear a line saying you hear great things of her new work. And you had better come and stay with me and risk the Hun.

Yours always Isa.

THE PATIENT WORSHIPPER.

I WOULD have told you what my heart contained

But knew my doom impending if you deigned

To hear my humble lyric, and refrained.

Instead, I left my heart where you must see,

Upon my snowy quilt; but woe is me!

You sent it to the pack-store ruthlessly.

Vowing my tribute should not thus be hid

I set it on my locker. What you did

Was just to pop it in and close the lid.

Then, on my ash-tray, bitterly perplexed;

Only to hear you murmur, gently vexed,

"Whatever will they leave in ash-trays next!"

I tried my plate, well-nigh of hope bereft,

And, as you came to clear with fingers deft,

You said, "Oh, wasteful! This must not be left."

So now, when you sweep near me, as you must,

Your careful broom, true to its precious trust,

Will find a heart abandoned in the dust.

THE RUMOURIST.

THERE were three of us in a first-class carriage, the little man with the bulging eyes, the young Staff-Captain in the R.F.A., and myself. For some little time we travelled in silence, but for eyes that bulge to that extent a prolonged silence is impossible, and the little man, who had been eying the officer as if he wanted to eat him, at last made the plunge and began to talk.

"Been at the Front, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes," said the Staff-Captain.

"Going out again soon?"

"Got another four days."

"Been in many of these offensives?"

"One or two."

"I imagine you'd think that one was enough. I know I should. I'm not saying, you know, that I haven't got the courage to stand it, because I'm not more of a coward than anybody else. I should be right enough if they got me out there; but they won't call me up, me being over age and having a one-man business to look after. Besides, I've given two younger brothers and a second cousin to the War. They're all out at the Front somewhere and having a lively time of it. But the Germans lose three times as many as we do, so everybody says. A friend of mine whose son's just gone out tells me our Staff work is what's wrong with us. Five Generals were sent home after the last attack."

"Oh, you heard that, did you?" said the Captain.

"Yes, I heard that; but it was sort of half private and confidential. That's why it hasn't come out yet. But you can't keep a thing like that dark. The Germans know it already right enough. He says——"

"Who says?"

"My friend who's got a son out there. He says the Germans know everything. We're not so good as they are in spying, because we insist on fighting in a gentlemanly way. Now you know well enough that that kind of fighting doesn't pay in these days, now does it?"

"I haven't seen any of it myself," said the Captain.

"Ah, but it might be going on all the time and you mightn't see it on account of being in a different sector."

"No," said the Captain, "I don't think that's likely."

"Anyhow," said the little man, "I hear we've got the better of them in gas."

"Really?" said the Captain.

"Yes, our gas kills anything within a couple of hundred yards. It's absolutely deadly, if we had only got enough



"HAVE YOU HAD ANY EXPERIENCE OF AGRICULTURE?"

"ONLY THEORETICAL, SIR. I UNDERSTAND, FOR INSTANCE, THAT ONE SHOULD MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES."

of it. We never do have enough of things to start with."

So the conversation rolled on, if indeed you can call it conversation where all the talking is on one side and the other merely puts in a word or two expressive of polite doubt. When we arrived at our terminus the officer disappeared, and the bulgy-eyed gossip button-holed a friend on the platform, and he and I and his friend found ourselves together on the top of a 'bus.

"I've just had a most interesting conversation," said the little man, "with a General whose name I am not allowed to mention. If I told you who it was you'd be startled. He tells me that five of our Generals have been actually dismissed the Service for doing their work badly during the last offensive. He said our gas was absolutely deadly. He talked quite freely about it. Also he told me that we'd got a lot to learn from the Germans. He says that one of our chief faults is that we make war in too gentlemanly a way. Now you know I always said that, and it was very interesting to have it confirmed on such high authority."

"Did he tell you anything about the Americans?" said the friend.

"Oh, yes. He said the Americans were arriving at the rate of two or three hundred thousand a day."

"It's almost incredible, isn't it?"

"It would be if anybody else had made the statement."

It is quite unnecessary to add that the young officer had not said a word about the Americans; but a little thing like that does not stop a rumourist when he is out for an airing.

The Marriage Market.

"Respectable girl wanted for matching."
Provincial Paper.

"MUSICAL."

"Wanted, position as Organiser in Shoe Factory."—*Provincial Paper.*

We have often wondered how they taught new shoes to squeak.

"It is a curious fact that it was Mr. Gulland, Liberal Chief Whip, who was responsible for introducing to Mr. Lloyd George when he was Minister of Munitions both Sir William Weir and Sir Joseph Maclay (Controller of Liberal Chief Whip)."—*Glasgow Evening News.*

It is another curious fact that some of the papers have recently suggested that Mr. GULLAND was uncontrollable by anybody.

AT THE PLAY.

"NURSE BENSON."

I CAN imagine cases where high professional skill in a nurse is a better qualification than even youth and charm for the curing of a wounded warrior. But not so with *Captain Marmaduke Tibbenham, V.C.*, whose only trouble was a damaged knee-cap; and it fell out very happily for him that *Nurse Benson*, who had the best of testimonials, but also a plain face and at least forty years behind her, was prevented at the last moment from coming to make him whole. For this gave *Lady Gillian Dunsmore* the chance she wanted. The V.C.'s portrait in the Press had intrigued her, and her curiosity had been further piqued by the account she had heard of him from their mutual friend, *Brooke Stanway*, who, from mixed motives — partly personal, for he was in love with her himself, and partly loyal, for he knew the levity of the lady's nature and feared that *Tibbenham* might add a broken heart to his other damage — had discouraged her from the pursuit of the hero's acquaintance. So, having had a smattering of V.A.D. culture, and being just then at a loose end for congenial war-work, she assumed the identity of *Nurse Benson* and got herself installed in the *Tibbenham* ménage, having first arranged an *alibi* for the deception of *Lord Messenger*, her guardian uncle.

By a very early hour in the evening's entertainment the gallant Captain proved the easiest of fruit; but complications, as they say, ensued — not too probable, some of them, but they served their purpose of carrying us into a Fourth Act. *Lady Gillian's* air of possessive authority had not tended to make her popular in the household, which included two very unlikely guests whose eavesdroppings and other machinations had the true Surrey-side flavour. And when finally a certain *Sergeant Hinks* turns up with the idea of courting the real *Nurse Benson* (of whose merits he has heard from her brother at the Front), and produces a photograph of her, stained by trench-mud, but with her solid virtues shining through, *Lady Gillian* is denounced as an impostor and sent about her business; though nothing but the necessity for a Fourth

Act debarred her from revealing an identity which would have been most acceptable to the *Tibbenham* family. Had they learnt that they had been entertaining unawares a future peeress in her own right she would have been embraced with inconceivable enthusiasm by the parvenue mother, who so adored the aristocracy that she had given the name "Marmaduke" to her son, for the pure joy of calling him "Duke" for short. (By the way I note that Marmadukes and repellent photographs are in the theatrical air just now: see the Haymarket and Royalty plays.)

The Fourth Act, though perhaps not quite so scintillating as I had been led to expect, offered a delightful change from the usual perfunctory adjustment of

passion of the hero. In this part Mr. PENNINGTON-GUSH had a more difficult task. He tackled it with the admirably calm courage that you would expect of a V.C.; but, though I mention him in my despatch, I would not go the length of recommending him for a bar to his cross. The authors, Messrs. R. C. CARTON and JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY, were not too kind to him in the Fourth Act, where they kept him standing far too long on his poor leg, doing nothing at all to justify his existence.

Miss LOTTIE VENNE, as the Captain's doting mother, very conscious of weakness in the matter of aspirates, was just herself, which is always good enough for me. I must go again, if only to hear her say, in reference to the reported engagement of *Lady Gillian* and *Brooke Stanway*: "It distinctly said so in *The Sunday Trumpet*." As it doesn't look so very funny on paper, it must have been the way she said it.

In spite of a few obvious flaws — notably the crudity of the female villain's part and the sketchiness of her husband's — the play has all the elements, from fresh humour to familiar romance, that make for popularity; and I join the many devoted friends of Miss MARIE LÖHR in the sincere and well-grounded hope that her management has this time struck oil and gladness. O. S.

How the Money Goes.

"During the same period 336,000 kilogrammes of bonds were thrown upon the cantonments, etc."—*Evening Paper*.

"The Italians also captured some 500 prisoners and a large number of machine-buns, and retook two of our batteries."—*Evening Paper*.

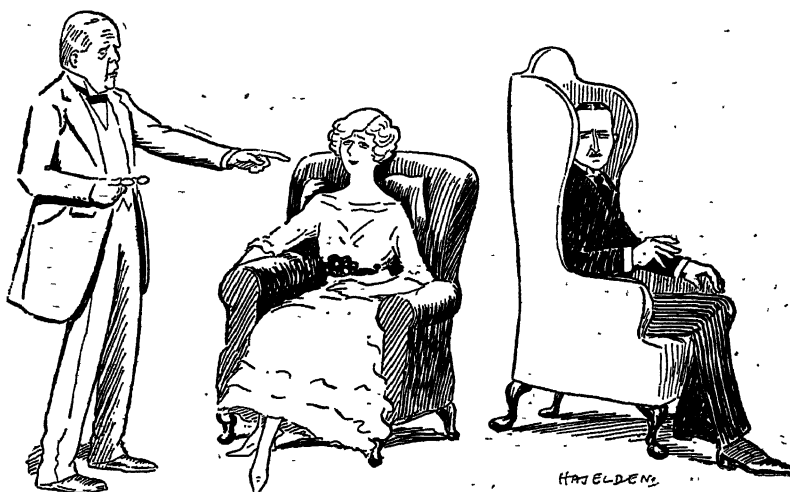
An obvious misprint for "bakeries."

"CRAWFORD.—On March 10, to Private and Mrs. H. I. Crawford, a son. (36th Reinforcement)."—*New Zealand Herald*.

Private CRAWFORD seems to have deserved well of the Empire.

"'Twas an indescribable sensation, this scuttling through the air, with life or death dependent upon the opening of one little thing, not uncommonly like an umbrella."—*Daily Chronicle*.

All the parachutes we have seen distinctly resembled umbrellæ.



Lord Messenger. "I WISH YOU TWO CONSPIRATORS WOULDN'T TELL DIFFERENT LIES. IT'S SO CONFUSING."

Lord Messenger. MR. FRED KERR.

Lady Gillian Dunsmore MISS MARIE LÖHR.

Brooke Stanway MR. DAWSON MILWARD.

outstanding threads. It owed its success to a really brilliant performance by Mr. FRED KERR as *Lord Messenger*. To him it was as easy as drawing his breath, but no other actor could have played the part with such distinction.

Miss MARIE LÖHR had two excellent chances in the contrasted personalities of *Lady Gillian*, gay, irresponsible, fancy-free, and "*Nurse Benson*," businesslike and practical, keeping her head while she lost her heart; and she took these chances with both hands. Charming at all times, I found her best in her lighter mood, when she makes you almost forget (except for an occasional trick of voice) that she is, or ever has been, on a stage.

Mr. DAWSON MILWARD, as *Brooke Stanway*, played a most attractive part as to the manner born; and I confess — my taste may be cynical — that I enjoyed his light-hearted treatment of his hopeless suit better than the serious



A. L. CHAPLIN

"MUMMY, WASN'T IT MEAN OF BOBBY? HE SAID, 'LET'S SWAP,' AND JUST WHEN I WAS THINKING WHAT SWAP MEANT HE SWAPPED."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. H. G. WELLS has a way of surveying a wide field and fixing with a singular precision and setting forth with lucidity and persuasive enthusiasm its salient points. No one who thinks at all, whether plain man or superior person, should miss *In the Fourth Year* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), with its brilliant summary of the case for a League of Nations. One finds the usual allowance of hasty generalisations and (I am afraid) the usual traces of omniscience. I should suppose that few would agree that Lord LANSDOWNE's letter "was a feeler from the pacifist Tories who loathe all the cant about a world safe for democracy;" and it is rather disquieting to come across such ill-supported statements. But the author does put into eloquent form the idealism of the genuine believers in democracy; does bring home to the thoughtless Imperialist the changed balance of the world, and to the Big Interests that we are not fighting for markets but ideas. He does wholesomely indicate that this War has, so far from exhausting the horrors, only begun to indicate what they will be when there is leisure to make the right deductions and work out their logical consequences, and does wholesomely remind the "governing classes" and the "old tradition" of diplomacy that their right and their unique capacity to make a settlement will be challenged not only by Labour but by a nettled and disillusioned bourgeoisie with a passion hitherto unsuspected. An appendix on the implications of democracy and a vehement defence of P.R. as an instrument in its purification complete a valuable if piebald book.

I had thought that the literary lodes of Cornwall were by now too exhausted for further working; but *Wastralls* (HEINEMANN) proves me wrong, for it contains all the old Cornish material, lonely farms, mysterious castaways from the sea, and, finely caught, the atmosphere of half-sinister romance that belonged to the Delectable Duchy before it became an art school. I perceive that already I have my metaphors somewhat involved; to return for simplicity to the story you will find it a tragic and an impressive tale of an outcast man's passionate love for the land upon which he had been flung, and of the process by which this great love gradually bred in him an equal hatred for the woman who seemed to be thwarting it. This is what Mr. C. A. DAWSON-SCOTT has told with great sincerity and power, if occasionally in rather too many words. The situation that results from the marriage of *Byron*, the waif from the sea, and *Sabina*, heiress of the land he so desired, is intensified to grimness when an accident reduces the wife to a helpless cripple, whose half-quenched vitality still stands between the husband and his ambitions. There is a genuine and horrible force in the long fight between these two, shut up together in the lonely manor-farm of *Wastralls*; the man brooding and revengeful, the woman understanding and in a half-cynical way forgiving his mood. In short the Cornish mine seems once more to have been worked with success; and one hopes (if I dare suggest this faint pleasantry) that the effort may be rewarded as were those of the Phœnicians, and I leave you to remember what they got by it.

The Triangle of Terror (MURRAY) is a little book in which Major-General Sir GEORGE ASTON tells again the only too

familiar story of German brutality in Belgium, with, as he explains, the object of showing "the deliberate strategic purpose underlying the policy of cruelty"—a policy that produced such horror as, to the uninstructed world of 1914, seemed altogether beyond belief. The "Triangle" of the title is that part of the map lying within the points Malines, Charleroi, Liège, a country of vital importance to the communications of the German armies rushing Westward for a great turning movement against the French left. It was this importance that brought tragedy to the innocent victims of "Prussian necessity," since time after time it seems to have been the considered policy of the Hun High Command to make this unhappy district an example of such ferocity as should "terrify the Belgians, soldiers as well as civilians, into a submissive despair." I take the quoted words from a letter written by Lord BAYNE to the author, in which he thanks him for giving in brief space so clear and forcible a statement of the facts—a testimony by one whose experience has made him an unwilling expert in the investigation of atrocity. If any hearts are apt to forget—and the fever of War has shortened the memories of most of us—the tonic grimness of this little volume packed full of horror should serve to renew the righteous anger and indignation of those early days.

In choosing such a title as *The Eclipse of Russia* (DENT) Dr. E. J. DILLON made one expect a detailed account of the revolution or the military operations preceding it, but really it is nothing of the sort. His book prefaces rather than records the occurrences of the last two years, and might, in the best sense of the phrase, be termed a prophecy after the event. It is an analysis of the conditions which made it

certain that Tsardom could not for ever persist in the face of modern civilisation, and is illustrated mainly by reference to those chapters of Russian history which culminated in the Japanese war. If no more than a tithe of the miseries which he associates with the old régime were true—miseries that put all our old stereotyped anarchist stories to the blush—then disruption was inevitable. Dr. DILLON's hero is the late Count WITTE, for whose statesmanship he has a tribute of praise contrasting pleasantly with his opinion of things Russian as a whole; but, if his judgment is generally a gloomy one, yet the sympathy of his analysis is as keen as its subtlety, and after our wild and now almost incredible trust in the military magnificence of the Tsars the plain truth is bracing. It is well, when Russian affairs seem a mere jumble of unintelligible policies, to have an observer who can state clearly, if not just what to-morrow will bring forth, at any rate the reasons for the developments of yesterday.

Mrs. G. DE HORNE VAIZEY has the knack of telling a good story with a pleasant surprise at the end of it, and does so fifteen times out of twenty in *The Right Arm, and Other Stories* (MILLS AND BOON). She is, I imagine, half thinking of herself when she writes in "The Country Cottage": "After I left Newnham I discovered that I possessed a

knack of representing facts in a manner calculated to attract the infant mind, and I've been attracting it ever since." If this surmise is correct, put me among the infants. I do not refer literally to the 1930 class, but to that degree of childhood which a man may achieve, if he is lucky, in the later teens. Readers who have a taste for the gayer realities of life touched upon in a vein of dashing improbability will enjoy "A War Pixie," "A Fellow-Feeling," "The Wood-Nymph," stories which have all the attributes of the fairy-tale, save that they omit the tiresome fairies. Other readers, not yet old enough to love the nonsensical for its own sake, will appreciate the more sedate cheerfulness of "The Meeting of the Years," and all will, I fancy, sympathise with me in the particular, if they differ from me in the general, when I say that I am rather afraid of women in the mass, but should very much like to meet Mrs. VAIZEY. If I do I shall beg her never again to risk such a good collection by giving her first pages to so misplaced and abortive an attempt at the macabre as "The Right Arm."

In *Short Flights with the Cloud Cavalry* (HODDER

AND STOUGHTON) we are given a very clear account of an entirely new kind of life. "SPIN" indulges in no literary acrobatics, and he does not try to make flying a whit more remarkable than it is (that would be difficult), but in this brief and modest book (and I could wish it were twice as long) he is content to bring home to us with a very impressive simplicity the sort of life our airmen live. Neither "SPIN" nor any of the characters he draws makes a fuss about anything, and one feels that if a flier dared to brag about his achievements he would have an exceedingly thin



Waitress. "WHEN I'M FIFTY I'M GOING TO RETIRE AND BE A LADY."
Tommy (gallantly). "BUT WHAT ARE YOU NOW?"
Waitress. "OH, GO HON! I'M NOT FIFTY YET."

time in the Mess. I doubt if the spirit of our airmen, which to stay-on-the-ground people must always seem astounding, will ever be more happily presented than it is here. The arrangement of the sketches requires a little alteration—I refer especially to "Salvage," which would be better placed at the end of the book.

Unlike most of the war-fiction that has come my way *Billie Impett and Doris* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) can be unreservedly recommended. *Billie* as depicted here was a delightful boy who had the confidence of his superior officers and the love of his men. From the word "Go" he was a trier, and his irresistible charm lay in his modesty. If he is not drawn from life he lives in these pages, and, although as a lover there were moments when his diffidence must have been as exasperating to *Doris* as it was to me, you have only to see him at his real job—which was war—to forgive him for being but an amateur canoodler. This is the second book that Captain EUSTACE AINSWORTH has written about *Billie*, and I hope that he will stick to his *Impett* like a limpet.

"WORKING HOUSEKEEPER.—Defined lady wants situation to bachelor or widower: salary £24."—*Manchester Guardian*.
A pleasing variety; some "ladies" are so undefined.



"HE'S GOING TO LOOP!"



"HE'S LOOPING!"



"HE'S—!!!"

LOOK BEFORE YOU LOOP.

CHARIVARIA.

THE price of the standard suit has been raised. Not, we regret to say, by us.

"The military commander of the Mark of Brandenburg," says a German paper, "has commandeered all household refuse." This will not affect the produce of the House of Hohenzollern, which comes under the category of "Bottles and Junk."

The Foreign Office are frankly concerned with the report that General KORNILOFF has not captured Moscow more than once in the last fortnight.

With reference to the Thames bargee who was fined two pounds for using bad language, we understand that it was really a bargain for the money.

Lord ASHBOURNE's speech in Erse before the House of Lords has not been translated. Musical circles, however, are interested in a rumour that Sir THOMAS BEECHAM has made a bet that he can orchestrate it.

We understand that the American soldiers in France desire to be known as the Yanks. The Huns, on the other hand, are already expressing the liveliest dissatisfaction with the idea of posing as the yankees.

Two aeroplanes gave an exhibition

of trick-flying over the House of Commons last week. It is proposed that a representative of the Government should pay a return visit to the aerodrome and give an exhibition of trick talking.

The reporter who told a Press Agency that he had seen a trunk marked "von K." smuggled on board Captain AMUNDSEN's vessel on the eve of its departure for the Arctic regions has not returned for his money.

Cheap packets of vegetable-seeds are now required to bear a guarantee of what proportion will sprout. The task of separating this proportion from the rest of the packet will still fall on the purchaser.

The REGISTRAR-GENERAL's report shows a falling off in the number of suicides. This, of course, is only natural at a time when we are all so busy.

According to an American journal moth-breeding is one of the latest hobbies. We hope this will have the effect of teaching this insect how to dress properly. Nothing is more vexatious than to see a moth going about in a fur coat many times too large for it.

We regret to report that nothing has since been heard of the allotment-holder who gave chase to a caterpillar last week. The last seen of the couple

was a cloud of dust on the distant horizon.

A Copenhagen message states that anarchy has broken out in Petrograd. We have felt for some time that if they were not careful Russia would get mixed up in some irritating fracas or another.

The Evening News understands that Mr. HARRY LAUDER may stand as a Candidate for Parliament at the next election. It appears that Mr. JOSEPH KING is of the opinion that the admission of comedians into Parliament would be the last straw.

A correspondent writes to a contemporary bitterly complaining that he saw a man in the train the other day who had seven pats of fresh butter and other large quantities of food. He should not get excited. After all, the fellow may only have been an escaped prisoner.

Failing to obtain settlement of a large loan a Kansas City money-lender has eloped with the borrower's wife. This form of compromise is strongly discouraged by the Bar.

"Nothing could be more symptomatic of the changes brought about by the war than the celebration of Independence Day in London on July 7."—*Globe*.

Even the celebration on July 4th was rather symptomatic.

BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA.

(The EMPEROR KARL soliloquises over a letter from dear WILLIAM.)

HE writes to say he cannot come just now
(His leisure for excursions being scanty)
To watch my glorious troops from Grappa's brow
Sweeping the plains that flow with milk and Chianti,
Or cheer my valour on its way to Venice—
Well, that removes a menace!

Fain would he sit with his Imperial pal
Holding a levy in San Marco's Piazza,
Go gondoliering up the Grand Canal
And loot the Doges' Residence—but that's a
Pleasure he must regrettably defer
Till certain things occur.

For duty keeps him on the Western Front,
Prepared at any moment forth to sally,
Soon as the very next offensive stunt
Facilitates an entry into Calais;
Or FOCH and CLEMENCEAU on bended knees say:
"Please use the Champs Élysées."

Meanwhile, in case our pulse is running slow
Because we miss his sabre's heartening rattle,
He hopes to let us have a Hun or so
To give us lessons how to win a battle;
Later, if this arrangement turns out fruity,
He'll come and share the booty.

I know I ought to jump at such a chance,
But yet I somehow cannot feel ecstatic;
It seems to me I have a rotten stance
Between the Devil and the Adriatic;
If I've to keep on licking WILLIAM's feet
I might as well be beat.

For since, if all goes well (and what with Czechs
And Jugo-Slavs and things I'm none too sanguine),
He'll make of me a Teutonized annexe,
Why should I want to help his Prussian gang win?
I think I'll wire to VICTOR: "Me for home,
And you can keep your Rome." O.S.

THE TRIAL.

THOSE carefully timing their passage past the Orderly Room at the moment of Alfred's ejection therefrom feared that he had fared badly, that the Old Man at last had had more than enough of a case-hardened offender regarded hitherto with a somewhat lenient eye. For it was observed that he looked shaken, and, had anything on earth been able to abate the brick-red of his complexion, the opinion was that it would have been a pale moment for him.

Awe ran through the spectators. For in Alfred a man to whom court-martials were an almost weekly sustenance as necessary as his rations, had been brought low. What dread verdict, what harsh rigour of military law. . . . Thus the anxious murmurs.

Alfred, with drawn set face, refused consolation, refused indeed to make any sort of a statement. But those privileged to know the great criminal, to whom Army Acts and K.R.R.'s in all their sections and their sub-sections were as an open book, knew that it was not theirs to force Alfred from his brooding, or there might easily be another crime. That night, round about the fourth seat, third bench, wet canteen, they would foregather with more hope of success.

At his accustomed hour Alfred was there, newly emerged from seclusion, his face chiefly expressive of a cynical thoughtfulness. He accepted many drinks with the man-

ner of one to whom tribute is inevitable, but must not be accepted too lightly.

Then, broodingly, "Four days' C.B.! 'Tain't a bloomin' army since this 'ere War started!"

The electricity spread—"Alf's only got four days"—and the crowd hung breathless.

"A crime wot old Bluebottle give me twenty-one days for when I was on the Plains, an' this milk-and-water—"

Alf stopped speechless within an ace of a complete breakdown. He emptied two pots fiercely.

"I did it an' told 'im I did it. I give 'im every charnst. Never made no defence 'cept 'Old Soldier,' an' there he might easily 'ave said, 'That makes it worse, my man.' Not 'e, the blurry Sunday-School super. 'Well, Porter,' 'e ses, 'I dessay you 'ad some provocation' (an' I 'adn't, s'welp me, as I sed to 'im pertickler), 'an' you got those ribbins up,' 'e ses, 'an' a couple o' gol' bars on yer sleeve, I notice—' Went on like that; fair made me sick, 'e did; an' then 'e bleats, 'Four days' C.B.,' soft an' low like."

The sympathy of twenty pairs of eyes roused him afresh, though still in morbid strain: "Ain't actually against Regs., I know, an' I've 'ad to arsk Orf'cers for more before now to keep 'em to the book; but oo'd 'ave expected it? W'y, I'd settled wiv old Checks wot bed I was takin' over in clink. An' it ain't as if that's orl, either. Blimey, this ain't 'arf a bloomin' Batt., this isn't. They don't know 'ow to bring a man up on a crime proper. 'Eart-breakin', that's wot it is, 'eart-breakin'. Orf'cers are diff'rent—yer expects 'em to fergit a bit sometimes, but w'en you've got a perishin' Sarn't-Major wot—" And Alf relapsed into profound dejection.

"Wot?" echoed many voices.

"Wot! You-arsks wot! Well, I'll tell yer wot, though I wouldn't 'ave believed it, not if I'd been told, an' you needn't believe me, not if you don't like. We ain't got a Sarn't-Major, if you arsk me. He's out of a penny box o' lead 'uns, that's wot 'e is. I 'ad to coach old Jimmy 'Awkins a bit—'im wot was in the old Second Batt., but 'e 'ad the makin's, 'e 'ad, anyway, an' before I got 'it at Dickybush I 'd done 'im that much good that 'e used to do a trial right proper. Made everyone comfortable, orf'cer, witnesses an' me an' all—everythin' slick. 'E used to watch me close, an' I used to indicate, as yer might say, fac-i-ally, what might be wrong with 'im or the guard, or the distance of the orf'cer an' suchlike. 'Fore I 'd finished with that Batt. it 'ad a repertation for trials. An' now, as I ses, I b'long to a unit wot's got a bloke for a Sarn't-Major! Well, d'yer know wot 'e done?"

"Strike me pink if 'e didn't let me in with me 'at on! An' the orf'cer never noticed it neither. It was orl I could do to stan' there. I couldn't think about evidence. I kep' on tryin' to give the Sarn't-Major the nod, though I couldn't turn an' look at 'im straight, seein' my position. W'y, in the old army they'd 'ave whipped orf yer 'at 'fore yer knew yer'd got a crime against yer. It was runnin' through me 'ead, 'Scuse me, Sir, I'm the pris'ner standin' 'ere with me 'at on'—buzzin' orl the time those words was. An' out they'd 'ave come on'y there was a Cap'n o' the Blusterers there too, an' I couldn't disgrace the Batt., not on top of wot it'd disgraced itself awready."

The company, silent with shame, made pitying sounds in its throats.

"No, 'Beg pard'n, I ought to 'ave said, 'me 'at ain't took off'. . . . It's enough—it's enough, an' this is me las' word on it, ter make a chap never go outside King's Regs. again. Become a bloomin' pi soldier, that's wot I will. No crimes, no drunks, no nothin'. Get a bloomin' crown up meself, I will, an' bring rookies up before the beak. I'll 'ave their 'ats off!"



THE BOSCHING OF AUSTRIA.

KAISER KARL. "I ONLY HOPE THIS FRIGHTENS THE ENEMY AS MUCH AS IT SCARES ME."

[KAISER WILHELM has threatened to send a few German Generals to teach the Austrian Army how to win offensives.]

THE MUD LARKS.

I FOUND No. 764, Trooper Hartley, W.J., in the horse lines, sitting on a hay-bale perusing a letter which seemed to give him some amusement. On seeing me he arose, clicked his spurs and saluted. I returned the salute, graciously bidding him carry on. We go through the motions of officer and man very punctiliously, William and I. In other days, in other lands, our relative positions were easier.

The ceremonies over I sat down beside him on the hay-bale, and we became Bill and Jim to each other.

"Did you ever run across Gustav Müller in the old days?" William inquired, thumbing a fistful of dark Magliesburg tobacco into his corn-cob incinerator. "'Mafoota,' the niggers called him, a beefy man with an underdone complexion."

"Yes," I said, "he turned up in my district on the Wallaby in 1913 or thereabouts, with nothing in the world but a topee, an army overcoat and a box of parlour magic. Set up as a wizard in Chala's kraal. Used to produce yards of ribbon out of the mouths of the afflicted, and collapsible flower-pots out of their nostrils—casting out devils, you understand. Was scratching together a very comfortable practice; but he began to dabble in black politics, so I moved him on. An entertaining old rogue; I don't know what became of him."

William winked at me through a cloud of blue tobacco smoke. "I do. He went chasing a rainbow's end North of the Lakes, and I went along with him. You see, Gustav's great-aunt Gretchen appeared to him in a dream and told him there was alluvial gold in a certain river bed, tons of it, easy washing, so we went after it. We didn't find it; but that's neither here nor there; a man must take a chance now and again, and this was the first time Gustav's great-aunt had let him down. She'd given him the straight tip for two Melbourne Cups and a Portuguese lottery in her time. Some girl, great-aunt Gretchen! Anyway there was Gustav and me away up at the tail-end of Nowhere, with the boys yapping for six months' back pay, and we couldn't have bought a feed of hay for a night-mare between us. We just naturally had to do something, so—"

"So you just naturally took to poaching ivory," said I. "I know you. Go on."

William grinned. "Well, a man must live, you know. How'sodever we struck a bonanza vein of *m'jufu* right away and piled up the long white nuggets in a way that would drive you to poetry. A Somali Arab took the stuff from us on the spot, paying us in cattle at a fifty-per-cent. discount, which was reasonable enough, seeing that he ran ninety per cent. of the risks. Everything sailed along like a beautiful dream. The elephants was that tame they'd eat out of your hand, and you could stroll out and bowl over a dozen of the silly blighters before breakfast if you felt in the mood. The police hadn't got our address as yet. The only competitor that threatened got buckshot in his breeches, which changed his mind and direction for him very precipitous. The industry boomed and boomed.

pricking his freckled ears. 'Who's warring?'

"The Englische and Germans, of course," says the Arab. 'Didn't the B'wana know?'

"No, the B'wana doesn't," says I; "our private Marconi outfit is broke down owing to the monkeys swinging on the wires. Now trot home, you barbarous ape, while me and my colleague throws a ray of pure intellect on the problem. *Bassi.*"

"So he soon dismisses at the double and is seen no more in them vicinities.

"Well, partner," says I to Gustav, "this is a fair knock-out—what?"

"But Gustav, he grumbles something I couldn't catch and walks off into the bush with his head down, afflicted with thought.

"He didn't come in for supper, so I scoffed his share and turned in.

"At moonrise I thought I heard a bull elephant trumpeting like he was love-sick, but it wasn't. It was Gustav coming home singing the *Wacht am Rhein*. He brings up opposite my bed.

"Oh, give over and let the poor lions and leopards snatch some sleep," says I.

"I was born in Sherman," says he.

"Don't let that keep you awake, ole man," says I. "What saith the prophet? 'If a cat kittens on a fish-plate they ain't necessarily herrings.'"

"I'm a Sherman," says he.

"You've been so long with white men that nobody'd know it," says I. "Forget it, and I won't tell on you. Why, you ain't seen Sherman these thirty years, and you wouldn't know a square-head if you was to trip over one. Go to bed, Mr. Caruso."

"Well, I'm going to be a mighty good Sherman now, to make up for lost time," says he grim-like, "and in case you got any objections I'll point out that you've the double express proximitous to your stomach."

"He had me bailed up all right. Arguments weren't no use with the cuss. 'I'm a Sherman' was all he'd say, and next day we starts to hoof it to German territory, me promenading in front calling Gustav every name but his proper one, and him marching behind, prodding me in the back with the blunderbuss. He disenjoyed that trip even more than I did; he had to step behind me all day for fear I'd dodge him into the bush; and he sat up all night for fear the boys would rescue



The Cigar Smoker. "I DON'T CALL IT UNPATRIOTIC TO SMOKE A CIGAR OCCASIONALLY."

The Pipe Smoker. "I DO. WHY, YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH STUFF IN THAT ONE TO FEED A RABBIT FOR A WEEK."

"Another year of this," says I to myself, "and I'll retire home and grow roses, drive a pony-trap and be a churchwarden."

"Then one day the Arab headman blows into camp and, squatting outside our tent, commences to lamentate and pipe his eye in a way that would make you think he'd ate a skinful of prickly pears.

"What's biting you, Bluebell?" I asked.

"Allah akbar! God is good but business is rotten," says he, and pitches a woeful yarn how that columns of Askaris was marching thither and thence, poking their flat noses in where they wasn't invited; Englische gunboats were riding every wave, scaring seven bells out of the coast dhows, and consequently commerce was sent to blazes and a poor man couldn't get an honest living nohow. The long and short of it was that ivory smuggling was off for the period of the War.

"What war, you seum?" says Gustav,

me. He got as red-eyed as a bear and his figure dropped off him in bucketfuls.

"At the end of a month we crossed the border and hit the trail of the Deutscher—burnt villages everywhere, with the mutilated bodies of women and piccaninnies lying about, stakes driven through 'em. Waugh!

"Are you still a Sherman?' I asks; but Gustav says nothing; he'd gone a bit white about the gills all the same. Then one morning we tumbles into one of their columns and the game is up. I was given a few swipes with a *kiboko* for welcome and hauled before the Commander, a little short cove with yellow hair, a hand-carved jaw and spectacles. He diagnosed my case as serious, prescribed me some more *kiboko*, and I was hove into a grass hut under guard, pending the obsequies.

"The Officers called Gustav a good sport, gave him a six-by-four cigar and took him off to dinner. I noticed he looked back at me once or twice. So I sits down in the hut and meditates on some persons' sense of humour, with a big Askari buck padding it up and down outside, whiling away the sunny hours with a bit of disembowelling practice on his bayonet."

"A couple of days flits by while the column is away spreading the good word with fire and stake. Then on the third night I hears a scuffle outside the hut, and the Askari comes somersaulting backwards through the grass wall like as if an earthquake had butted him in the brisket. He gave a couple of kicks and stretched out like as if he was tired.

"Whist! Is that you, Bill?' comes a whisper through the hole.

"What's left of me,' says I. 'Who are you?'

"Me—Gustav,' says the whisperer.

"What's the antic this time? Capturing me again?' says I.

"No, I'm rescuing you now,' says he.

"The devil you are,' says I, and with that I glided out through the hole and followed him on my stomach. A sentry gave tongue at the scrub-edge, but Gustav rose up out of the grass and bumped him behind the ear and we went on.

"Well, you're a lovely quick-change artist, capturing a bloke one moment and rescuing him the next,' says I presently. 'What's come over you? Ain't you a Sherman no more?'

"Gustav groans as if his heart was broke. 'I've been away thirty years. I didn't know they was like that; I'd forgotten. Oh, my Gawd, what swine!' He spits like a man that has bit sour beer, and we ran on again."

"Didn't they chase you?" I asked.

William nodded.

"But they couldn't catch two old



Munition-Worker's Daughter. "FATHER 'AD THE 'UMP PROPER ALL THE WEEK-END, 'E SPRAINED 'IS PIANNER-FINGER."

bush-bucks like us, and the next day we fell in with a British column that was out hunting them. 'Twas a merry meeting. Gustav enlisted with the Britishers on the spot."

William tapped the travel-soiled letter in his hand. "This is from him. He's down in Nairobi, wounded. He says he's sitting up taking nourishment, and that great-aunt Gretchen has appeared to him again and showed him a diamond pipe in the Khali Hari, which will require a bit of looking into *après la guerre*—if there ever is any *après*."

PATLANDER.

A Peace Dog.

"LIVE STOCK.

Wanted, setter, who is used to setting gold brooches and pendants."—*Scotch Paper*.

An Infant in Arms.

"BIRTHS.

CRAIK.—On 23rd inst., the wife of Corpl. A. Craik, a son (on active service).—*Scotsman*.

"Pierre Loti, of the Académie Française, commandant of the frigate *Viaud*, has been 'mentioned' in an Army Order."—*Exchange*.

It was very tactful of the French Admiralty to call that frigate after the real name of her commandant, M. JULIEN VIAUD.

"Owing to lack of material, and so many men being called to the colours, the Milton Works at Jamestown, one of the six works of the United Turkey Red Company, Ltd., in the Vale of Leven and Renton, was shut down yesterday."—*Sunday Paper*.

In the circumstances the expression "called to the colours" savours of irony.

HEAVY WORK.

EVERY now and then doctors slap me about and ask me if I was always as thin as this.

"As thin as what?" I say with as much dignity as is possible to a man who has had his shirt taken away from him.

"As thin as this," says the doctor, hooking his stethoscope on to one of my ribs, and then going round to the other side to see how I am getting on there.

I am slightly better on the other side, but he runs his pencil up and down me and produces that pleasing noise which small boys get by dragging a stick along railings.

I explain that I was always delicately slender, but that latterly my ribs have been overdoing it.

"You must put on more flesh," he says sternly, running his pencil up and down them again. (He must have been a great nuisance as a small boy.)

"I will," I say fervently, "I will."

Satisfied by my promise he gives me back my shirt.

But it is not only the doctor who complains; Celia is even more upset by it. She says tearfully that I remind her of a herring. Unfortunately she does not like herrings. It is my hope some day to remind her of a turbot and make her happy. She too has my promise that I will put on flesh.

We had a fortnight's leave a little while ago, which seemed to give me a good opportunity of putting some on. So we retired to a house in the country where there is a weighing-machine in the bathroom. We felt that the mere sight of this weighing-machine twice daily would stimulate the gaps between my ribs. They would realise that they had been brought down there on business.

The first morning I weighed myself just before stepping into the water. When I got down to breakfast I told Celia the result.

"You are a herring," she said sadly.

"But think what an opportunity it gives me. If I started the right weight, the rest of the fortnight would be practically wasted. By the way the doctor talks about putting on flesh, but he didn't say how much he wanted. What do you think would be a nice amount?"

"About another stone," said Celia. "You were just a nice size before the War."

"All right. Perhaps I had better tell the weighing-machine. This is a co-operative job; I can't do it all myself."

The next morning I was the same as

before, and the next, and the next, and the next.

"Really," said Celia pathetically, "we might just as well have gone to a house where there wasn't a weighing-machine at all. I don't believe it's trying. Are you sure you stand on it long enough?"

"Long enough for me. It's a bit cold, you know."

"Well, make quite sure to-morrow. I must have you not quite so herringy."

I made quite sure the next morning. I had eight stone and a half on the weight part, and the little thing you move up and down was on the "4" notch, and the bar balanced midway between the top and the bottom. To have had a crowd in to see would have been quite unnecessary; the whole machine was shouting eight-stone-eleven as loudly as it could.

"I expect it's got used to you," said Celia when I told her the sad state of affairs. "It likes eight-stone-eleven people."

"We will give it," I said, "one more chance."

Next morning the weights were as I had left them, and I stepped on without much hope, expecting that the bar would come slowly up to its midway position of rest. To my immense delight, however, it never hesitated but went straight up to the top. At last I had put on flesh!

Very delicately I moved the thing-you-move-up-and-down on to its next notch. Still the bar stayed at the top. I had put on at least another ounce of flesh!

I continued to put on more ounces. Still the bar remained up! I was eight stone thirteen. . . . Good heavens, I was eight stone fourteen!

I pushed the thing-you-move-up-and-down back to the zero position, and exchanged the half-stone weight for a stone one. Excited but a trifle cold, for it was a fresh morning and the upper part of the window was wide open, I went up from nine stone ounce by ounce. . . .

At nine-stone-twelve I jumped off for a moment and shut the window. . . .

At eleven-stone-eight I had to get off again in order to attend to the bath, which was in danger of overflowing. . . .

At fifteen-stone-eleven the breakfast gong went. . . .

At nineteen-stone-nine I realised that I had overdone it. However I decided to know the worst. The worst that the machine could tell me was twenty-stone-seven. At twenty-stone-seven I left it.

Celia, who had nearly finished breakfast, looked up eagerly as I came in.

"Well?" she said.

"I am sorry I am late," I apologised, "but I have been putting on flesh."

"Have you really gone up?" she asked excitedly.

"Yes." I began mechanically to help myself to porridge, and then stopped. "No, perhaps not," I said thoughtfully.

"Have you gone up much?"

"Much," I said. "Quite much."

"How much? Quick!"

"Celia," I said sadly, "I am twenty-stone-seven. I may be more; the weighing-machine gave out then."

"Oh, but, darling, that's much too much."

"Still, it's what we came here for," I pointed out. "No, no bacon, thanks; a small piece of dry toast."

"I suppose the machine couldn't have made a mistake?"

"It seemed very decided about it. It didn't hesitate at all."

"Just try again after breakfast to make sure."

"Perhaps I'd better try now," I said, getting up, "because if I turned out to be only twenty-stone-six I might venture on a little porridge after all. I shan't be long."

I went upstairs. I didn't dare face that weighing-machine in my clothes after the way in which I had already strained it without them. I took them off hurriedly and stepped on. To my joy the bar stayed in its downward position. I took off an ounce . . . then another ounce. The bar remained down. . . .

At eighteen-stone-two I jumped off for a moment in order to shut the window, which some careless housemaid had opened again. . . .

At twelve-stone-seven I shouted through the door to Celia that I shouldn't be long, and that I should want the porridge after all. . . .

At four-stone-six I said that I had better have an egg or two as well.

At three ounces I stepped off, feeling rather shaken.

* * * * *

I have not used the weighing-machine since; partly because I do not believe it is altogether trustworthy, partly because I spent the rest of my leave in bed with a severe cold. We are now in London again, where I am putting on flesh. At least the doctor who slapped me about yesterday said that I must, and I promised him that I would. A. A. M.

Strenuous War-Work.

"Lady —, in addition to helping Lady — with her *matinée*, is having a wonderful full-length portrait painted which, I am told by those who have seen it, is quite out of the ordinary."—*Daily Sketch*.

A PRISONER OF HOPE.

My body lies, as dead men lie,
 On the cramped prison bed,
 But with a clear unsleeping eye
 I watch the pale moon shed
 Its little silver shaft of light
 Across the anguish of the night.
 They will not fling the window wide
 To show a heaven of stars,
 But still the pulsing world outside
 Reaches my prison bars,
 And as I cross the ghostly streak
 I feel the salt spray on my cheek.
 Swift as an arrow to the gold
 I make my silent way
 To where the guarding cliffs unfold
 Their line of silver-grey;
 I need no glimmer of a spark
 To guide my footsteps through the dark.
 I know of old the purple hill
 Under the wind-swept skies,
 Where, like a dream, serene and still
 The gleaming water lies;
 The rugged broken fretted line
 That shows the sentinels of pine.
 I see the track of long ago,
 The brown enchanted burn;
 I hear it singing soft and low
 Long after I return,
 And hold again, in stern control,
 The winged impatience of my soul.
 * * * * *
 I know that I shall feel once more
 The wind across the sea
 When Peace unlocks the prison door
 And sets the captives free,
 And my imprisoned feet shall press
 Out of this hell of loneliness.

I shall not need the faintest gleam
 To guide my feet that day
 Across the leaping red-brown stream
 By the familiar way,
 To where the still loch sleeping lies
 Beneath the misty wind-swept skies.

MISTAKES ABOUT THE ARMY.

NOTHING pains me more than the way in which our army is misunderstood and maligned by its critics.

Ever since I became a soldier I have been sorry for it. For the army, I mean. It is a good army and it is doing its best. I can see that. I couldn't at one time, but I can now. The army and I understand one another; consequently I can see what is wrong. It is not the army; it is the other people. They are all wrong. There are more mistakes made about the army than anything else. When I read what the comic papers say about it I want to cry; when I read what the serious papers say about it I want to laugh; and when I am neither crying nor laughing I feel that I ought to put in a good word for the army and dispose of



J.H. Shepherd
 the

Staff Officer (inspecting scratch collection of G.S. men). "AH, MY MAN—RIBBON, EH? DON'T SEEM TO REMEMBER THE COLOURS. WHAT CAMPAIGN IS THAT?"
 G.S. Man (proudly). "FIRST PRIZE, FLOUGHIN' MATCH AT YEOVIL, ZUR."

some of the illusions about it which are cherished by the other people.

Take for example that most popular illusion of all, the so-called waste of talent. Nearly every critic of the army declares that it does not make the best use of its men. But it does.

Any fool can see that every man cannot go on doing in the army exactly the same work that he did in civil life, and I am not going to pretend that when it gets hold of an architect the army lets him go on architecting, or that every coster in khaki is allowed to go on costing, or even that every man who ought to have a room to himself at Whitehall gets it. I have not got one myself yet.

But put yourself in the army's boots for a moment—you will not want to keep them on longer than that. What would you do if you were an army and had to deal with all sorts and conditions of men? Suppose a lot of recruits came along and said, "We are writers of fiction." That would rattle you a bit. It is a hundred to one that you would not know what to do with them, and it is a thousand to one that you think the army wastes them. But if you knew

the army as well as I do you would not think that. If you had studied the beautiful diet sheets the army puts up in its mess-rooms you would not ask, "Where are our writers of fiction?" You would know.

Then again, take the question of comfort. Over and over again you say, "Why does the army make its men so uncomfortable?" I have heard that question asked till it makes me tired.

The army gives me uncomfortable clothes and a hard bed, drills me, shouts at me, swears at me, and plays pranks with my pay-book with a very definite and laudable object. It wants to make me wild. When I am wild I want to fight someone, and that is just what the army requires. When I am really mad it turns me loose on the Germans. And there you are.

At least, if you were there, you would be sorry for yourself, but you would not be likely to ask any more silly questions.

You can take it from me that the army is all right. It knows perfectly well what it is up to, but of course it is impossible for an army to please everyone, especially when there is a war on.



"MY DEAR, I'VE AT LAST FOUND SOME SUITABLE WAR WORK. YOU SEE, COMMITTEES TIRE ME AND CHARITY MATINEES SEND ME TO SLEEP, SO I'M MAKING ARRANGEMENTS TO PAY ENORMOUS LUXURY TAXES."

APPLIED MATHEMATICS.

I.

Second-Lieut. Augustus Gore
Was a don before the War,
Who in one of Oxford's attics
Crammed the young with mathe-
matics.

Gussie was a dreamy lad,
Otherwise he wasn't bad;
If he had a fault at all
He was unmethodical;
But a sum to him was play,
So he joined the R.G.A.,
And attended several battles
Minus all the goods and chattels
Which are commonly in use
When a war has broken loose.
"Some," quoth he, "want guns be-
side 'em"

In a fight; I can't abide 'em.
What's the use of guns to me?
I rely on formulæ.

In his turn he had to go
To the Front as F.O.O.;
Would he feel a trifle small
If the Germans paid a call?
You might think, when shells are
flying
And the Bosch his bomb is plying,
For offence in war's grim game
Telephones are rather tame;

Glasses were designed, you know,
More to watch than hit the foe;
Sextants, too, in self-defence
Don't inspire much confidence.
Yet he asked for nothing more,
Weapons being such a bore.

Ere his work had well begun
Suddenly appeared—the Hun!
Gore was standing all alone
By his little telephone;
Thinking of the luscious stout
Drunk before he'd started out;
At his side most temptingly
Hung a flask of eau-de-vie,
And a Bosch who strove to gain it
Pricked Augustus with his bay net.
This, of course, was quite unfair
And Augustus lost his hair;
Shrieking out, "Take that, you
hound!"

Swift he felled him to the ground
(Giving Fritz good cause to hate us)
With his ranging apparatus.

Then our hero, breathing battle,
Rounding up the Huns like cattle;
Rushed into the worst of babels,
Waving logarithmic tables;
Blasting men with sec. and sine,
Broke clean through the German line;
Found a pill-box, which he cracked or
Rather prised with his protractor;

Steered, with murder in his eye,
Through the winding length of " π ,"
Right up to the thousandth decimal;
Calculi infinitesimal
Rolled in torrents from his tongue
With a force that none could bung
(STÖP PRESS.—Franco-British line
Everywhere has reached the Rhine).

That is how Augustus Gore
Practically won the War.
Straight to Oxford he retreated,
Where you'll find him calmly seated
In the dingiest of attics
Rubbing up his mathematics.

"Flapper Finance."

"On Friday evening there had been received from sales at the four stalls, or received in donations, about £140, and the total proceeds will, it is hoped, be substantially more after expenses are defrayed."

Manchester Guardian.

Yes, dear, it's quite right; add together the money received from sales, the donations and the expenses, and you arrive at the total proceeds.

The Contractors' Record, in apologising for errors of make-up due to the printers being short-handed, concludes with the sentence: "Need we say more than piccavi?" But why say even that?



FOR FRANCE'S SAKE.

JULY 14TH.

[Far the best way of celebrating France's Day is to send help to the British Committee of the French Red Cross, who have a thousand British workers at the Front engaged in nursing the French wounded, driving ambulances, bringing succour to civilians, restoring land that has been laid waste, and in many other ways relieving distress among our brave Allies of France. Cheques should be made out to the Hon. Treasurer, French Red Cross, and addressed either to the Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR, Mansion House, E.C., or to His Excellency the FRENCH AMBASSADOR, Albert Gate House, S.W.1.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 1st.—M. KERENSKY'S sensational appearance at the Labour Conference last week was a mystery to most of us, until Mr. RICHARD LAMBERT explained it. The ex-Dictator, it seems, was lured over here by the Government in order that, being of military age, he might be forced into the British Army under the Anglo-Russian Convention. Lord ROBERT CECIL had no information regarding M. KERENSKY'S age, and dismissed the suggestion as purely fanciful; but the fact that our Russian visitor promptly left London for Paris has confirmed Mr. LAMBERT'S suspicions.

A somewhat similar point was raised by Mr. WATT in regard to certain Italians in Scotland who, though exempted by the Tribunals, have been called up by the War Office. It is reported that Mr. WATT'S interest in the matter was prompted by a belief that Macaroni was a Highland chieftain.

In these times the programme of business is a Government monopoly tempered by motions for the adjournment. No fewer than three attempts to switch the Parliamentary train on to a siding were made this afternoon. To General PAGE CROFT the burning question of the day is the recent raid on the offices of the National Party; but the SPEAKER thought that its urgency had evaporated, and the General had to content himself with a personal explanation, more personal than explanatory.

Even less fortunate was Mr. BILLING. His desire to call attention to the continued toleration of aliens in our midst was hauled by the appearance on the Order Paper of a resolution on the same subject. Apparently he thought that this ancient Parliamentary device for the "blanketing" of bores had been specially invented for his annoyance, for he protested so loudly and insubordinately as to get himself "named" and suspended. His exit from the House—forcibly assisted by four stalwart officials—was, in the opinion of the House, the most salutary movement with which he has yet been connected.

Mr. ROCH finally succeeded in moving the adjournment in order to call attention to the danger that threatened the harvest through the calling-up of skilled agriculturalists. He drew a fancy picture of Mr. PROTHERO cowed into submission by the forceful personality of Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES. But the MINISTER FOR AGRICULTURE, while re-

gretfully admitting that there was a risk to the crops, pointed out that there were other fields than those of Britain, and Mr. BONAR LAW silenced the critics with the plain statement that it must be for the Government to decide where our diminished man-power could most usefully be employed.



THE ARMY v. AGRICULTURE.
SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES. MR. PROTHERO.

Before and after this interlude Mr. FISHER succeeded in adding seven clauses to the Education Bill. There was a lively debate on Mr. WHITEHOUSE'S proposal that the physical training of children should be of a non-military character. The Member for Haggerston was horrified at the notion that children should be taught to regard themselves as soldiers, from which I infer that this most susceptible Chancellor turns his eyes away when he



Why sandbag the statue of OLIVER CROMWELL? Mr. SPEAKER is, we understand, more solicitous about our living treasures and is anxious to start on Mr. PRINGLE.

meets a party of Boy Scouts or of the Church Lads' Brigade.

Tuesday, July 2nd.—The Peers were much cheered by Lord EMMOTT'S comparison between British and German finance. If the War came to an end to-morrow we should be able to pay our way on our existing taxes. The Germans would have to face a deficit of between three and four hundred millions, and would be driven to the conclusion that war—Prussia's leading industry—was not a paying proposition. As proof of Germany's parlous condition Lord EMMOTT affirmed that the quantity of beer consumed there was only one-tenth of the pre-war figure. Temperance enthusiasts will probably attribute Germany's continued endurance to their enforced abstention; if so, it might be good business to flood the enemy's trenches with this enervating beverage.

The Commons continue to make merry over the sandbagging of King CHARLES'S statue. Mr. PRINGLE considered that OLIVER

CROMWELL was entitled to similar protection, but Mr. HOLT assumed that the Government's sympathy was confined to personages who lost their heads.

Wednesday, July 3rd.—Mr. BONAR LAW revealed the astonishing fact that only 288 Members of the House of Commons have received titles, decorations or offices of profit since it was elected in December 1910. The unnoticed residue are wondering whether it is their own modesty or the myopia of Ministers that has caused them to be passed over. But there is yet time for the omissions to be made good, for Mr. LAW has introduced a Bill to extend still further the life of this Parliament.

Loud cheers greeted the HOME SECRETARY on his safe return from the Hague. Sir HENRY DALZIEL, a member of the Committee which, during the HOME SECRETARY'S absence, has been appointed to sit upon our aliens, was anxious to know whether the recommendations of the existing Advisory Committee (including two members of the High Court) had always been carried out. Not invariably, was the reply; the responsibility for action rested solely with the SECRETARY OF STATE. Sir HENRY is now wondering whether, when it comes to the point, the views of himself and Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS (not to mention Mr. KENNEDY JONES and Sir RICHARD COOPER) will carry more or less weight than those of His MAJESTY'S judges.

The Education Bill continued its headlong career and emerged from



National Service Clerk (to applicant for war-work). "SO YOU ARE ANXIOUS TO DO SOMETHING FOR YOUR COUNTRY. IN WHAT SPHERE OF USEFULNESS DO YOU THINK WE COULD BEST UTILISE YOUR TALENTS?"

Fair Applicant. "WELL, I DID SO WANT TO BE A WINE-WAITRESS FOR OFFICERS."

Committee. Members have shown a wise restraint in their efforts to improve it, and Mr. FISHER has been quick to respond to any general desire for an alteration. For example Mr. ROWN-TREE this afternoon brought up a new clause obliging local authorities to provide medical treatment for the children whom their inspectors reported as being in need of it. Mr. FISHER was not inclined at first to take another long step on the road to State parenthood. But the majority of the House was evidently of opinion that, if the constitutions of our future citizens were looked after, the Constitution of the State would take care of itself; and the Minister was not sorry, I think, to be persuaded by their arguments.

Thursday, July 4th.—Mr. D. MASON developed a keen curiosity as to the difference between our own war-aims and those indicated by Herr VON KUEHL-MANN. Not satisfied with Lord ROBERT'S reply he moved the adjournment, and was supported by nobody. That is how, while the Fourth of July was being enthusiastically honoured outside, Mr. MASON celebrated an Independence Day of his own.

HIS BIT.

Peter the groom was lank and thin,
But Peter was hard and fit,
And Peter sat on the stable bin
And polished a racing bit;
He rubbed and polished it, ring and bar,
Till it shone with a silver sheen,
Then hung it up like a glancing star,
A whip and a girth between;
And, cutting a fill of his favourite brand,
His pipe he fondly fed
And lighted a match behind his hand
And sucked for a while and said:

"A chap that's knowin'
May do his bit
Safer than goin'
Where bullets hit;
I'm twenty-five an' I'm sound
an' fit,
But the trainer's a toff
An' he sees to it
That he gets me off,
For I'm doin' my bit—
Which is Click o' the Latch's big ring bit.

"For horses, you see, was bred to race,
An' fellers must feed and ride—
Handicap, sprint and steeplechase,
An' walk on the Bury side.

There's some has joy in a bursting shell
An' the roar o' the answerin' gun,
But give me the sound o' the saddlin'-
bell

An' the roar when the race is run.
They tell me the Huns is ten to three
An' talk o' the nation's need,
But I tell 'em the Squire's the man
for me,

With his 'Must keep up the breed.'

An' a chap that's knowin'

Can do his bit

Better than goin'

Where shells can hit;

I'm twenty-five an' I'm sound
an' fit,

But the trainer's a toff

An' he sees to it

That he gets me off,

So I'm doin' my bit—

Which is Click o' the Latch's racing bit."

W. H. O.

"It would be most satisfying to the worried and abused taxpayers if Mr. Lloyd George could find a wire-broom stiff enough to sweep some of the more intolerable Barnacles out of their cobwebbed sanctuaries."—*Referee.*

We have heard of the barnacle-goose, but the barnacle-spider is new to us.



SERVICE ON THE LAND.

The New Recruit. "SIR, I HAVE FINISHED FEEDING THE NON-RUMINANT PACHYDERMS. HAVE YOU ANY FURTHER ORDERS?"

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*Herr VON KUEHLMANN, Dr. WEKERLE, Hungarian Premier, and Dr. VON SEIDLER, Austrian Premier.*)

Von Kuehlmann. At any rate, my dear WEKERLE, it cannot be said that you have not spoken with frankness. If everybody were allowed to speak like that I doubt if this accursed War would last five minutes longer. But you have an easier task than others; for your young chief is on your side.

Dr. Wekerle. He does not dare now to admit that. He was whipped in to heel by your chief, who threatened him in language that was almost blasphemous, so that now he doesn't dare to call his soul his own.

Von K. You have struck the fetters off his soul by your speech. It is no small thing that you should have admitted an Austro-Hungarian defeat in Italy. The loss of a hundred thousand men, besides thousands of prisoners, is no trifle.

Dr. W. The weather—

Von K. Oh, the weather—we know all about that. Everybody gets the weather he deserves. We have employed it a good deal ourselves.

Von Seidler. Well, here we sit, three more or less intelligent men, and we cannot advance our objects even by an inch. We are in the grip of circumstances and we cannot shake ourselves free.

Von K. Say rather that we are in the grip of the German KAISER. My speech the other day to the Reichstag was a

small performance, but it was the first of its kind and it pointed out facts. Well, you cannot conceive how difficult it was to persuade him to let me make it. He was in one of his most vainglorious moods, bristling with texts and stuffed full of vanity. What is one to do with such a man?

Von S. Is there nothing more to be done in the direction of peace? I cannot say myself that I am looking forward to the meeting of our Reichsrat. We have a fearful crisis both in regard to military affairs and to the question of food, and it is difficult to see where a majority is to come from. All parties are disgusted with the way in which the War has been carried on, and yet no one can say how matters should be improved. You can imagine with what enthusiasm I, who have been forbidden to resign, approach the task. If only we could get rid of your KAISER for a week I believe there would be no obstacle whatever to peace.

Von K. Imagine him coming back after an absence of a week and finding that the whole world has made peace and that all the speeches he was going to deliver are become quite useless. He doesn't yet know how terrible are the pangs of an undelivered speech. At any rate I have tried to talk sense. Peace is what we want, all of us, and yet we do not bring it any nearer. All this talk of smashing victories is the merest moonshine. We get victories of a sort, but they lead to nothing. It's time we tried some other way.

Dr. W. I agree most heartily.

Von S. And I.

THE SPARROWS' FRIEND.

THE fair city of Paris for too long has not been on our visiting lists, nor is it, I fear, likely to be reinstated there just yet; but for some of us, at any rate, it will never be quite the same again, by reason of the absence of M. POL.

If you entered the Tuileries any fine morning (and surely the sun always shone in Paris, did it not?) by the gates opposite FRÉMIER's golden arrogant Joan of Arc and turned into the gardens opposite the white Gambetta memorial, you were certain to see a little knot of people gathered around an old gentleman in a black slouch hat, with a deeply furrowed melancholy face, a heavy moustache and the vast comfortable slippers of one who (like so many a wise Frenchman) cares nothing for the opinion of others. All about him, pecking among the grass of the little enclosed lawns, or on the gravel path at his feet, or fluttering up to his hands and down again, were sparrows—*les moineaux*—for this was M. POL, the famous "*charmeur d'oiseaux*."

There is a certain attraction about Nôtre Dame, its gloom and its glass and its history; Sainte Chapelle is not without an alluring beauty; the Louvre contains a picture or two and a statue or two that demand to be seen and seen again; but this old retired civil servant with the magic power over the *gamins* of the Parisian eaves and chimneys was far more magnetic to many a tourist. Those other of BAEDeker's lions were permanent and would endure (I speak of fondly assured days before Big Bertha was dreamed of), but a frowzy unhappy old man in scandalous slippers who not only charmed the sparrows but quite clearly had intimate understandings with each was a marvel indeed and not to be missed. Nôtre Dame's twin towers on each side of that miracle of a window would be there next time; but would M. POL? That is how we reasoned.

We did well to see him as often as we could, for he is now no more; he died a few days ago.

For some time the old man had been missing from his accustomed haunts through blindness, and Death found him at his home at Chandon-Lagache, in the midst of the composition of rhymes about his little friends, which had long been his hobby, and took him quite peacefully.

I have stood by M. POL for hours, hoping to acquire something of his mystery; but these things come from within. He knew many of the birds by name, and he used to level terrible charges against them, as facetious



Husband (to wife in the Q.M.A.A.C.s). "LOCK HERE, MARJORY, I WISH TO GOODNESS YOU WOULDN'T HANG YOUR BEASTLY TUNIC ON MY PEG!"

uncles do with little nephews and nieces. More French; that is all. One very innocent mite—or as innocent as a Paris sparrow can be—was branded as L'Alcoolique. Never was a bird less of an inebriate, but no crumb or grain could it get except upon the invitation, "*Viens, prendre ton Pernod!*" Another was Marguerite, saucy baggage; another, La Comtesse; another L'Anglais, and this one was addressed in our own tongue. Now and then among the pigmies a giant pigeon would greedily stalk: welcome too. But it was with his sparrows that M. POL was at his best—remonstrative, minatory, caustic; but always humorous, always tender beneath.

Latterly he sold a postcard now and then, with himself photographed on it amid verses and birds; but that was a mere side issue. Often strangers would engage him in conversation, and he would reply with the ready irony of France; but he displayed little interest.

His heart was with those others. One felt that the more he saw of men the more he liked sparrows.

The French have a genius for gay commemorative sculpture. If a statue of M. POL were set up on the scene of his triumphs (and many things are less likely), with little bronze *moineaux* all about him, I for one should make it an object of pilgrimage.

Extract from a plumber's letter:—

"Re — Street. Our man called at the above address, and saw the tenant and the windows, and we beg to state that both of them were cracked."

We have always suspected a vein of humour in the plumbing industry.

"We regret that, through an error of our Harding correspondent, Dr. — only expects to be away from Harding for a month at the outside."—*South African Paper*.

And now Dr. — is expecting another apology.

NOVEL FAMINE THREATENED.

SYMPOSIUM OF CELEBRITIES.

IN face of the threatened increase in the price of the novel from six shillings to nine shillings, Mr. Punch has been at pains to collect the opinions of representative leaders of the literary profession. It will be noticed that on the whole they take a serious but not hopeless view of the situation.

SIR THOMAS HALL CAINE, in the course of a long and interesting statement, which we greatly regret being unable to reproduce in full, remarked, "It is notoriously rash to generalise from individual instances, but, judging from my own case, I am sure that the enhanced price, should it be adopted, will lay an extra responsibility on the conscientious artist, and impel him to give proportionate value, if not in bulk at any rate in quality, for the increased price. Where the highest level of achievement has already been attained this is no easy matter. But it should always be the aim of genius to achieve the impossible. If the price should have to be raised I must say, as a strong supporter of the decimal system, that I should prefer the figure to be ten shillings rather than nine shillings."

MRS. ELINOR GLYN observed: "Anything that interferes with the greatest happiness of the greatest number is to be deprecated. To be more specific, any change calculated to withhold the emollient and elevating influence of high-class fiction from the suffering masses would be little short of a calamity. People talk of the paper famine, but they hardly realise the spiritual scarcity that would ensue from a shortage of that uplift which is provided by great novels. As SHAKESPEARE says, they 'knit up the ravelled sleeve of care.' I can only say that I have the greatest confidence in the benevolence, the sagacity and the resourcefulness of my publisher. If a way out can be found he will find it."

"Callisthenes" is inclined to agree with a writer in *The Westminster Gazette* that sales would probably be reduced, but, as he puts it, "What generous reader can fail to make the sacrifice? Think of what three shillings means—the price of a pound of tea or a box of sardines. We cannot afford to dispense with intellectual pabulum."

MR. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE was engaged in writing a letter to *The Morning Post*, but kindly interrupted his labours for a few moments to ejaculate the following comments: "It all depends on the national importance of the writer. If Mr. HUGHES—great heavens, what a man!—would only write a novel I should like to see a law

passed rendering it obligatory on everybody to purchase the book, no matter what the price."

MR. JOHN OXENHAM obligingly dashed off the accompanying impromptu:—

"Those who write for the hall, not the hovel,
Will have no occasion to weep;
But I think that nine bob for a novel
Is just a bit steep."

THE POET LAUREATE writes: "I cannot spare much time from my researches into metre to consider the economics of publishing. But nine, as the number of the Muses, has at least that to recommend it, though I think that in the interest of letters ninety shillings would be better still. Why not agitate for a Ministry of Fiction?—unless indeed one exists already."

VOCAL TRAGEDIES.

A MAIDEN whose talent was choral
Craved "tributes" exclusive and
"floral;"

She appeared on the scenes,
But was greeted with greens,
And rashly resorted to chloral.

The eminent vocalist, Chianti,
Stood high mid the *bassi cantanti*;
But he made it his aim
To live up to his name,
And went irredeemably "Fanti."

Professor Marcellus P. Otis
Attracted a great deal of notice;
His pupils, 'tis true,
Couldn't sing, but they knew
All about the soft palate and glottis.

There was a young tenor named Jones
Who produced the most exquisite tones;
But his height was no more
Than a bare five feet four,
And his weight was at least sixteen
stones.

A contralto from far Demerara
Appeared on the gay Riviera,
But, among other "buts,"
Couldn't warble for nuts,
Though christened auspiciously Clara.

I knew an old bass who could floor
At sight the most crabbed full score;
His science was great,
But I grieve to relate
That he never obtained an encore.

There was a young *diva* whose smile
Was as sweet as her singing was vile;
Her voice was half cracked,
But then—she could act,
And could dance in the Muscovite style.

On the picturesque slopes of Lugano
Lived a girl with a gorgeous soprano;
But the tragical thing
Was she never could sing
In the key that was played on the
piano.

AT THE OPERA

(SEMI-GRAND).

"IL SERAGLIO."

I FOUND it a sufficiently sharp contrast to *Tristan* of the night before. Not that MOZART'S Musical Comedy is any funnier than WAGNER'S Tragedy—I speak of course of the stage and not the orchestra. For in the action of *Tristan* there are moments (or perhaps I had better say half-hours, for on the Wagnerian stage you don't have moments) of an exquisite humour—*King Mark's* portentous homily for one, and, for another, *Tristan's* interminable outpourings at the top of his voice in the very article of death. But the garrulous gaiety of the music of *Il Seraglio* makes more than amends for the primitive humour of the plot and libretto.

Perhaps MR. ALFRED HEATHER, who played *Pedrillo*, would have done better to leave it at that and not introduce what he seemed to regard as "topical" allusions to Medical Boards and Food Coupons. I admit that several of the characters, though retaining their exotic names, had become naturalised English folk for the occasion; but *Pedrillo* persisted in wearing what I took to be a Spanish costume, and was at the time attached to the harem of a Turkish Pasha; so that I shouldn't have thought he would want to worry about food-shortage in remote England, even if he had been in the right century for it.

However the music, and not the play, is the thing, and though it kept on recapturing its fluent phrases its charm never cloyed. Miss AGNES NICHOLLS, as the constant *Constanza*, sang with a rare and refined sweetness, and in the part of *Blonde* Miss DESIRÉE ELLINGER, light of heart and foot, warbled like a linnet. MR. MAURICE D'OISLY gave distinction to the conventional part of the lover *Belmonte* by the ease of his methods, and MR. RADFORD'S mellow voice lent a rich colouring to the banalities of the comic Vizier. SIR THOMAS BEECHAM conducted most sensitively. O. S.

"Varium et Mutabile . . ."

A provincial theatre poster:—

"THE GIRL WHO
CHANGED HER MIND
Twice Nightly."

A correspondent in Umtata, Cape of Good Hope, sends us an extract from the local *Territorial News*, giving, under the heading "WAR. The Latest," an account of the *Vindictive's* feat at Ostend. "Our losses," it says, "was only a motor lunch." Happy Umtata, that can talk so lightly of wasted food!



"WAITER, I WISH YOU'D BRING ONE OF THOSE FOR OUR WHISKY. I THINK IT MIGHT DO IT GOOD TO LIE DOWN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

TO-DAY a new book by LEONARD MERRICK must be read with mingled sadness and delight. I have experienced full measure of both over *While Paris Laughed* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), the volume of posthumous stories forming part of the collected edition in which this rare artist has at length come by his own. The tales themselves, merry adventures of one *Tricotrin*, poet and Bohemian gallant, show their author in that mood of whimsical and genial cynicism in which perhaps he was at his best. These pranks of *Tricotrin* and his impecunious friends, sallying forth from some bare attic in Montmartre to make the world, especially the bourgeois world, their oyster, have a careless gaiety that catches the very spirit of youth and spring and Paris. Second-rate stories of poor students are so much the commonplace of the magazines that the genius of these comes as a delightful refreshment. One feels that, to extract their full flavour, they should be read over a bock or a tumbler of coffee and a caporal. There exists a fashion to call LEONARD MERRICK an author's author, as though his method held some subtlety of technique only to be fathomed by the expert. No impression could be more false. Style such as that of these *Tricotrin* tales, light as froth and exhilarating as champagne, surely demands no training for its enjoyment, though the craftsman may discover an added excellence in the art with which some quite ordinary phrase will be quickened by an unexpected and irresistible turn. *While Paris Laughed* remains, in short, a wholly delightful volume that leaves one longing vainly for more.

The publishers of *That Which Hath Wings* (HEINEMANN) seem greatly concerned to assure any purchaser that, in bulk at least, he will get value for his money. Three times on the paper jacket do they print a stimulating guarantee of "500 pages." In imagination I have seen Mr. RICHARD DEHAN bravely struggling to carry out his share in the bargain; and, not in imagination but in fact, I observe a promising story spoilt by a superabundance of chatter—though who is actually to blame I will not presume to guess. The author has called his book "a novel of the day," a title permitting considerable latitude, of which he certainly takes full advantage. Thus, beginning with a brilliant, if rather too sensational, picture of the hectic spring of 1914, and a very promising story of two young married lovers, we presently drop *Franky* and *Margot* almost entirely, and plunge into a quite different affair, of which *Patrine*, victim of Prussian brutality to woman, is the unhappy heroine. Even her woes however would hardly run to five hundred pages; and as a result we have whole chapters of disquisition upon any subject (apparently) that the author feels urged to write about, from Catholic dogma to twilight sleep. The most holding episode in the tale is that of young *Bawne* (son of the hero of Mr. RICHARD DEHAN's *The Dop Doctor*) and his adventures behind the German lines. I should sum up *That Which Hath Wings* as a story composed of some vivid patches, rather in the tuppence-coloured style, and a great deal of dullish matter whose only reason for existence seems to be the one which I have suggested above.

If Mr. J. D. BERESFORD has taken a pathological subject for the hero of *God's Counterpoint* (COLLINS) he has

diagnosed his case with singular skill and discretion. *Philip Manning* has been brought up by a tyrannical father and a nice but negligible mother in an atmosphere in which discussion, instruction and even frank thinking on sex perplexities are absolutely taboo. The whole business is evil, root and branch, and there's an end of it. Add a perfectly appalling priggishness and a pseudo-romantic illusion about woman as a detached and pedestalled goddess a little higher than the angels and you have the elements of a first-class misunderstanding when *Philip* marries a really finely-tempered, thoroughly human and sensible woman. *Evelyn* is indeed the pleasantest and most skilful portrait I have seen in Mr. BERESFORD's gallery and shows a distinct advance in the power of realising a character through skilfully selected normal rather than sensational incident. *Philip* achieves sanity and happiness after the wanton *Hélène* has broken through all his elaborate controls, false and fine alike. He comes at real love through humility, and also understands that even what *Hélène* has to give is not wholly evil, and that what *Evelyn* might give is something wholly good. You can see this is difficult ground,

and it is mapped with a singular delicacy and sureness of touch, and—something better from the human point of view—a broad and generous sympathy. I ought not to omit mention of a rich comedy figure, *Blenkinsop* alias *Edgar Norman*, the sentimental ultra-refined novelist ("Soul's Awakening" brand) and arch-humbug.

In a sense *A Schoolmaster's Diary* (GRANT RICHARDS) marks an advance in Mr. S. P. B. MAIS's literary career. It shows a wider range of view and a greater

tolerance for antagonistic opinions. Being *au fond* on Mr. MAIS's side in his educational campaign I am glad of this; it reinvigorates my belief in him and makes me hope that his crusade will not end in a futile butting of the head against an exceedingly sturdy brick wall. Of this book, which purports to be "The Confessions of Patrick Traherne, M.A. Oxon., sometime Assistant Master at Marlton and Radchester," the publisher says, "nothing is hidden." No doubt this is intended for a compliment, but, at any rate, it is the truth. Mr. MAIS would have given us an even truer picture of school-life if he had not insisted so much upon a regrettable side of it; one incident might certainly have been omitted. I am afraid he is a little over-anxious to be thought fearless. It is a pity too that his excellent gallery of portraits should be so limited. His heroes to a man admire the young and modern novelists, and I do not blame them; but if one is unreservedly to admire Mr. MAIS himself he will have to enlarge his experience. At present he knows too few types of men and women. The concluding chapters are not equal to the earlier, but, taken as a whole, the book abounds in ideas. Some of them I have met in his previous work, but these are freshly clothed, and all are put forward with infectious enthusiasm. You may be violently angry with him, but he has got to be reckoned with.



Sergeant. "FORGOT YER CLASP-KNIFE, EH? WOT THE BLAZES HAVE YER THOUGHT OF?"

If anyone wishes to know, more or less, how the organism called the German Empire is constructed and how it functions under the stress of war he cannot do better than consult *Wilhelm Hohenzollern & Co.*, by WILLIAM LYELL FOX (HURST AND BLACKETT). Mr. FOX has a vivid style of the American kind, and possesses the knack of assimilating facts and turning them out as information in double-quick time, which is only another way of saying that he is a good journalist. He frankly admits that he writes favourably of the Germans when truth seems to require it, but the bulk of the book was written before America had actually declared war against Germany. Incidentally he quotes from a French soldier who had escaped from German hands at Charleroi a small but interesting piece of information about WILHELM the Magnifico. Says the Frenchman: "He [the Emperor] looked at me in a moody anxious way and smiled nervously, disclosing a double row of gleaming false teeth. This decrepit tiger has an artificial plate."

One may say, I think, that the Indian stories of the late Mr. EDMUND WHITE deserve a wider popularity than is

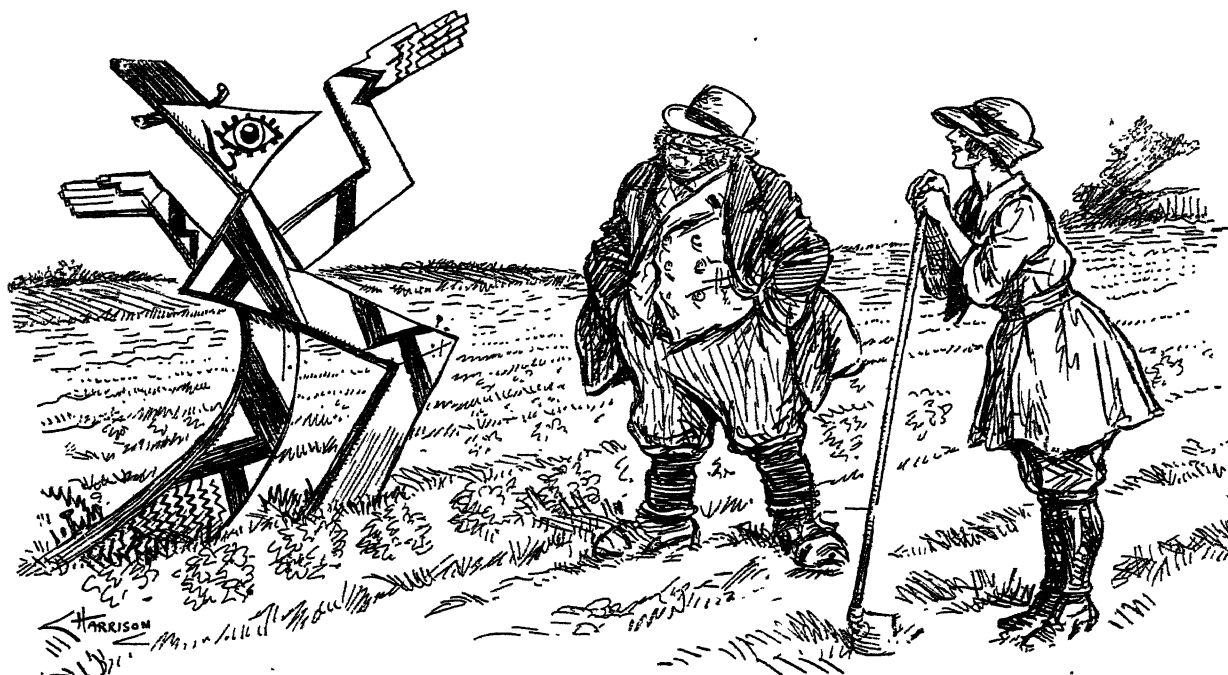
likely, under the conditions of modern taste, to reward them. His studies of native life, told with wonderful knowledge and an amazingly delicate and persuasive art, are essentially for the few. You will not find here the swiftness of development that makes for many editions. In the story before me, *The Pilgrimage of Premnuth* (METHUEN), a sequel to its author's earlier novel, *The Path*, this characteristic tranquillity of method is very marked, reaches indeed a point where the dialogue is apt to "en-

croach on the action of the plot" and itself to "resolve into monologue" (I take these phrases from the short appreciation of the author's work contributed, as preface, by Sir THOMAS HOLDERNESS, K.C.S.I.). As for the book itself, it is a study, philosophic and instinct with sympathy, of an old Hindu banker and his search for salvation. There is a most arresting power in the picture of this man longing in the fulness of his years to devote himself to a retirement of contemplation, but plucked back to the cares of worldly matters by concern for the honour of his house. Beauty and delicacy and charm the slow-moving tale possesses in full measure; but you must be prepared for a presentment of character rather than a plot, and for a drama almost wholly spiritual. It is not fiction in the library sense of the word, but I doubt if Hindu thought and mysticism have ever been better conveyed to alien understanding.

"Di superi atque inferi."

[The supreme command of the Austrian Forces in Italy is to be given to the German General VON BELOW.]

Both the heights and the depths are invoked for this shove;
Hell and Heaven are asked to the show;
While the KAISER calls loudly for help from above,
He sends Austria help from BELOW.



FARMERS! PROTECT YOUR CROPS BY USING "BINKS'S PATENT FUTURIST SCARECROW." SPECIALLY DESIGNED BY AN EMINENT CUBIST. NO BIRD HAS EVER BEEN KNOWN TO GO WITHIN THREE FIELDS OF IT.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that the KAISER has given strict instructions to the new Sultan of TURKEY to follow in the footsteps of his predecessor. It will be remembered that the late SULTAN died a natural death. * *

It is stated that a new dock is to be commenced by the Government on the South coast, but it has not yet been definitely decided when the venture will be abandoned. * *

A military description of two German prisoners who disappeared from Hackney Wick states that they are both tall. Escape seems hopeless. * *

Soldiers are now to salute with the right hand; which of course is a decided improvement on the old custom of looking the other way. * *

We have reason to believe that the expected announcement by the Foreign Office that, if Germany is allowed to win the War this time it must under no circumstances be regarded as a precedent, has been indefinitely postponed. * *

"Even the most skilful and experienced of King's Counsel cannot be in two places at once, although it is marvellous what can be done in that way," says *The Irish Law Times*. Several, it seems, have managed on occasion to be in one and a-half places at the same time. * *

"The top-hat is certainly on the decline as an article of serious headgear," says *The Sunday Pictorial*. Nothing else, on the other hand, could impart just that touch of *diablerie* to the House of Lords. * *

It appears that much annoyance is being caused because seats in the prisoner's box in Mr. Justice DARLING's court are to be reserved solely for those who are alleged to have committed an offence of some sort. * *

At Market Bosworth Police Court a husband stated that for no apparent reason his wife had been in bed for three years. We understand that the wife's defence is that she overslept herself. * *

Owing to the only newsagent having been called up, the village of Worplesdon has been without newspapers for a week. Several people have stated their intention of going there for a holiday, even if they have to walk all the way. * *

Incidentally the inhabitants are quite content, as the authorities have promised to send them a postcard as soon as the War is over. * *

The KAISER, it appears, is now able to get about in comparative privacy. While on a visit to Kiel last week he was only accompanied by a staff of sixty and a retinue of thirty-two newspaper men. * *

A perusal of the Press indicates that most of our journalists are good linguists, having a knowledge of French, German and baseball. * *

It is denied that the LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN was refused a passport to the United States. The alternative proposal, that the United States should come to him, is considered dangerous, as no Nationalist wants his American supporters to see for themselves what Ireland is really like. * *

Dublin correspondents announce that the new policy of concilipression in Ireland is producing remarkable results. * *

"Herts school children," says *The Dublin Herald*, "have killed two-hundred-and-seventeen wasps at twopence each." At least two hundred others were driven down in a damaged condition. * *

"NEWCASTLE'S BEER SUPPLY. CUSTOMER WITH EIGHT GILLS BEFORE HIM." *Newcastle Daily Journal*. * *

We fear he must have been drinking like a fish. * *

"James —, gamekeeper, appealed on domestic grounds. He was also engaged in venison killing and had destroyed thousands of rats this year." — *Gravesend Reporter*. * *

Which shows that SHAKESPEARE, as always, knew what he was talking about when he made Edgar in *King Lear* sing of "mice and rats, and such small deer." * *

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A REVIEW OF "THE NATIONAL RATION BOOK."

With reverent finger and obeisant thumb
I turn its two-and-twenty coloured pages,
Within whose compass (seven are dumb)
Virtue is packed that tops the sum
Of all the wisdom taught by all the sages.

If, as distinguished from your pedant's screed,
This slight brochure is airy as a feather,
Compared with fiction it will feed
With stronger stuff the inner need
For keeping soul and body well together.

Save for the covers (crammed with good advice)
Few are the actual words the authors utter;
They talk in tokens which suffice
For pouching, at the current price,
Sugar and bacon, butchers' meat and butter.

Thus (did I mention fats?) you draw your fare
While four successive moons complete their circuit;
With space (perchance for jam) to spare,
But you will take no action there
Till warned "by public notice" how to work it.

Not to be bought by wealth, this priceless gift
Lends free instruction to the meanest molar;
And forty millions, having sniffed
Their equal rations, will uplift
A prayer for Mr. CLYNES, the Food-Controller.

And, as the virgin counterfoils you sign,
However limited your education,
Though authorship is not your line,
You'll seem to catch the spark divine
And claim the credit of collaboration.

Lastly, let no man barter it for pay
On pain of durance under prison-warders;
But guard it closely night and day,
Wearing it next your heart away,
Until released by Death—or Further Orders.

O. S.

FORCED CORRESPONDENCE.

A RECENT article in *Punch*, entitled "The Pillar Box," recalls to my mind the case of a family similarly conditioned and actuated by similar motives—the desire to conduct a vast amount of correspondence to prevent a pillar-box being closed as unnecessary.

I have been privileged to peruse a portion of the correspondence and give a few specimens. These specimens may suggest a plan of campaign to other country residents who are nervous about their pillar-boxes.

The Family to Blank and Co.

Having seen your advertisement regarding your cycle enamel I would ask, Is your enamel applied with a brush?

Blank and Co. to the Family.

In reply to your favour of the 5th inst. we beg to state that our cycle enamel is applied with a brush in the usual way. Particulars are enclosed and we should be glad to receive your orders.

The Family to Blank and Co.

Your advertisements state that your enamel is a gloss enamel. What is gloss?

Blank and Co. to the Family.

In reply to your favour of the 7th inst. gloss is the effect produced by our enamel. Particulars are enclosed and we should be glad to receive your orders.

The Family to Blank and Co.

Kindly send a small free sample of your enamel by passenger train.

Blank and Co. to the Family.

In reply to your favour of the 11th inst. we regret that we are unable to send out samples, owing to the War. Paeawsbgtryo [I have adopted this formula for the words "Particulars are enclosed and we should be glad to receive your orders," which come in at the end of the majority of the letters written by Blank and Co. This will save the printer's time and economise paper].

The Family to Blank and Co.

If you cannot send a small free sample can you send a large free sample?

The Family to Blank and Co.

I am surprised that you have not replied to my letter of the 14th March. Please let me have a reply by return of post. If I paint the rims of my cycle with your enamel will the action of the rim-brakes rub the enamel off? Can an amateur apply your enamel?

Blank and Co. to the Family.

We regret the unavoidable delay in replying to your letter of the 14th inst. and beg to refer you to ours of the 11th regarding samples. Our enamel should not be applied to the brake-path on the rims of a cycle. In answer to the last portion of your letter you can put it on yourself. Paeawsbgtryo.

The Family to Blank and Co.

I am deeply interested to hear that your enamel is suitable for application to human beings. Our postman is old and would be improved by renovation. Do you think a bright yellow would be satisfactory, or would a delicate Rose du Barry be more suitable?

Blank and Co. to the Family.

In reply to your favour of the 19th inst. you apparently misunderstood our letter of the 17th. What we intended to convey was that our enamel can be applied by an amateur painter. Paeawsbgtryo.

The Family to Blank and Co.

Perhaps you are right. The postman might object. He is rather touchy sometimes. I have a number of White Leghorns which I should like to sell as rare tropical birds. Would your enamel be suitable for this purpose? If so please send by post small tins of brilliant red, light and dark blue, old gold and puce.

Blank and Co. to the Family.

In reply to your favour of the 24th inst. we do not recommend that our enamel be applied to poultry. All the colours you mention, including brilliant reds, are out of stock, although we expect to have a supply ready in a day or two. Paeawsbgtryo.

The Family to Blank and Co.

Kindly let me know by return whether brilliant red is in stock now. If so please quote for one gallon. And can you guarantee that your enamel would be suitable for repainting our pillar-box?

[This correspondence—and the pillar-box too, we hope—is now closed.—ED.]



THE GREAT COAL PUZZLE.

Mr. BULL (distracted by the Coal Ration Order). "I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND WHETHER TO HAVE A HOT BATH OR A BOILED EGG TO-MORROW MORNING."

Mrs. BULL. "WELL, IF YOU DON'T PUT THAT LIGHT OUT SOON YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO HAVE EITHER."



THE WAR-TIME VALUE OF WORDS.

"HURRY UP THERE, PLEASE! PLENTY OF ROOM DOWN THE CENTRE OF THE CAR."

ISHMAEL, R.G.A.

IT was nearing the end of the Perfect Day, and the Brigadier of Heavy Artillery was sitting in the little office in his château at tea. He had killed off the day's allowance of Bosches and had deleted on the map the hostile batteries that had ceased to exist.

Into this haven of rest came an officer with a little black bag. Said he, "Are you aware, Sir, of the futility of our efforts?"

"I guessed it," thought the General; "I shall find Harrogate Salts at the bottom of the page."

"My name is Dale, and I have a scheme here which, if adopted, will enable anyone, after a correspondence course, to strafe anything from a bottle in a shooting-gallery to the citadel at Lille."

He opened his bag, brought out a little piece of bent wire that looked like an editor's signature, and put it on the table.

"Now that, Sir, is the trajectory. If one could arrest the projectile along

that, one could calculate where it would have fallen if one hadn't."

The General didn't understand this a bit, so he looked as wise as he could and said, "Quite."

"Now we arrest the shell by making it burst in the air, then by means of my simple method, guaranteed to produce results every time, the rest is easy. Thus—"

The General had fallen asleep. A crash on the table as Dale's fist met it woke him in a fright to hear:—

"The tangent of the apparent angle of descent equals the tangent of the true angle of descent, divided by the sine of the apex angle—"

The General shuddered. "I thought you'd gone. Look here—I'm only a poor simple fighting man, and it's no use your blaming me for it at all. You go and see Colonel Powis. He loves figures and repeats tables to himself at night before and after his prayers. Run along and ask the Brigade Major for a piece of cake, there's a good chap, and leave me to fight the war."

So Dale packed his little bag with the

paper and wire, pinched the General's *Vie Parisienne*, and went into the night.

* * * * *
Colonel Powis, of the 300th H.A. Group, had resisted the temptation of an after-tea game of bridge, borrowed a cigar from the padre, and was nailing up some KIRCHNER postcards. In walked Dale. He said nothing, but opened the bag, brought out the bit of wire and the papers, put back a German dud, and began, "I have here a scheme—"

"I don't like schemes myself," said the Colonel. "It's people like you who spoil a decent war."

"One minute, Sir. The General sent me to you because you are the keenest gunner in the Army. This is a plan for resolving the apparent height of a burst in the air into the distance burst short, calculated by solid trigonometry."

"Ah, yes. Great thing that last. You want to see Chapman of the West Midlands—he's an engineer, and he'll love you, and probably leave you in his will if he dies first, which isn't likely. Atkins, give him his tram fare and tell him where to go."

Dale plunged once more into the muddy darkness with his optimism and his little black bag.

* * * * *

The battery headquarters of the West Midlands was in the pangs of labour. It was Saturday night and it had been a busy week. Chapman had murdered Huns in scores, but he'd taken no notice of the heap of correspondence that had accumulated. Threats of prosecution had left him unmoved, and it was only the Staff Captain's tearful references to his starving wives and children that had touched him. Behold him now in his shirtsleeves adding up figures and filling up forms out of his own head like a bookmaker's clerk at Hurst Park on a Bank Holiday.

Enter figure bearing bag. It is muddy and wet, but the gleam in the undefeated eye proves it to be Dale, my dear Watson.

"This is not the public bar," said Chapman, who was a coarse irreverent person. "What is it, tea or insurance policies?"

"I have here a scheme——" began Dale.

"No good, old chap. I'm awful busy, and they're going to send me home if I don't get all these sums done by to-night. If it's gunnery you're on, see Maguire at the right section. He's been doing it for years and years and years, ever since there was a war, and he's *very* keen. Goes over at night and hits his duds with a hammer to make 'em go off. He'll follow you about like a fox-terrier after a bit of liver if you've got anything new."

The reel ends with Dale once more trudging through the darkness towards better things.

* * * * *

Unluckily for Dale, Maguire was at the O.P., and the captain of the battery had been fetched away from his horses to look after the section. It was demd dull, but by mixing together a little from every bottle on the shelf and setting fire to the result he made a passable cocktail, and tided over the bad patches with the aid of the gramophone.

During the evening in walked the weirdest object he'd ever seen. It was covered with mud, and it opened a little black bag full of waste-paper and wire that had come from a dustbin, and began to talk. It *did* talk, and the Captain couldn't understand a word. He kept the bayonet handy that they used for a poker in case it was a German or a civilian visitor to the Front. At last he led it out to the guns. Just at that moment one of the guns fired; some of the mud on the figure cracked and came off, and he recognised it for an officer. Then it



The man who is tired of Flag Days (employing useful formula). "No. I MAKE A POINT OF BUYING THEM OFF THE PLAIN GIRLS. THEY CAN'T GET RID OF 'EM SO QUICKLY."

began to dawn on him that it hadn't come to tune the piano, but that it was talking about Geometry. He stinted and said, "Maguire is it you want? Keep straight up the road, turn to the right at the first trench, and you'll find him in Dog's Nose Villa. Hurry, in case he hears you coming and commits suicide."

And on, ever on, went the pilgrim.

* * * * *

The elusive Maguire was chatting to some pessimistic infantrymen when the pioneer of efficiency arrived, so the latter poured all his ideas into the ear of the telephonist. The telephonist had once been doorkeeper to an editor and force of habit stepped in.

"Yes, Sir. Keep straight on till you get to the front line. Take the first opening in front of you, crawl under

the wire across by the shell holes and go straight forward. Never mind the bullets. It's only the fellows clearing out their rifles. Drop into the next trench you come to and ask again."

Maybe the Herr Oberleutnant in Wilhelm trench got rid of Dale and he's still wandering on; but his memory lives with certain stern soldiers to this day.

Our Tactful Advertisers.

"A well-educated Girl, under 45, to act as equal in companionship to elderly widew lady."—*Yorkshire Post*.

"To the vindication of this principle, the people of the United States are ready to devote their liver, their honor, and every thing that they possess."—*L'Entresaignant (Paris)*.
Nothing is said about their heart, but we're sure it's in the right place.

THE OSTRICH AND THE PASTRYCOOK.

["Successful experiments have been made in this country for the use in confectionery of liquid ostrich eggs."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

THE ostrich is a curious fowl,
Unlike the peacock or the owl;
He runs with a prodigious speed,
Outstripping herbs of Arab breed.

His appetite is catholic,
For, if you heave at him a brick,
A bottle, or a nail or shoe,
He swallows and digests 'em too.

The ostrich is robust and tall
And active, but his brain is small;
His way of playing hide-and-seek
Is quite pathetic, though unique.

He is not, simply viewed as meat,
Particularly good to eat;
But yearly plucked and curled and sold
His feathers fetch their weight in gold.

So much I knew before the War
Of ostriches and ostrich lore,
But only learned a week ago
Of other boons which they bestow.

For now confectioners, a clan
Who comfort much-enduring man,
Have enterprisingly bestirred
Themselves to utilise this bird,

And from its large and liquid eggs,
Hermetically sealed in kegs,
They draw profuse materials, which
In proteids are extremely rich.

Then let us hail with joyful tunes
The ostrich for its latest boons,
Including, though their products vary,
The emu and the cassowary.

"Mr. —, having come of military age, has resigned the position of organist, and earned the thanks and goodwill of the congregation."
Parish Magazine.

Still we think the news might have been more tactfully conveyed.

"Another was wounded with an armour-piercing pullet designed for tanks."
Provincial Paper.

It must have been of the same family as the bird that was served to us the other night at the — Restaurant.

"Guard Airth, seeing that the collision was inevitable, jumped out of his van a few moments before it was reduced to matchwood, and now lies on the bank a mere splash of twisted iron and wood splinters."
Natal Witness.

From the context the van appears to have been standing at a platform, and we are happy to be able to report that Guard Airth is completely whole and shows no signs of his terrible experience.

THE CRUMPET HOUND.

To my humble and incurious ear has come the first faint whisper of a new Army sensation. Officialdom and bureaucracy have once more attempted to legislate for the human heart. It seems that there are those in high places who suppose that mere plenitude of braid and badges may fit a mortal man to sit in judgment upon another's dog.

From a horrified dépôt in France one Cooperthwaite, a man universally honoured by dogs gentle and simple, writes to me with a fountain-pen that splutters from sheer bewilderment.

"Read this," he writes, "which was circulated a week ago by our new commandant, and never ask again why the War takes so long to win:—

"All Officers desirous of keeping a dog will please parade their dogs at this office at 9 A.M. to-morrow, so that the C.O. may decide."

"How and what did the C.O. propose to decide?" asks Cooperthwaite rhetorically, well aware of my inability to answer. "Were he a connoisseur I should see in this order a dark design, and keep my invaluable Behemoth strictly under my eye till the C.O. had a dog of his own. But he is not. Never a dog in the dépôt follows any pattern familiar to him. He is perhaps knowledgeable concerning standard dogs, dogs of family, conventional types varying conventionally, such as terrier, fox, Mark I and Mark I*, but has his chill heart room for that unique and companionable scallywag, that sport (in the biological as in the popular sense), the Active Service Dog of whom the Kennel Club takes no cognisance?

"We know him and his qualities, his discrimination, his camaraderie, his Mark Tapleyism, but upon his origins who will theorise? Who dare legislate regarding points which will never be repeated? Seldom indeed are his beauties physical. The frank and unembarrassed soul that laughs through the brown windows of his eyes owes its happiness to no pride of pedigree. He is not a prize-winner; he is a philosopher. 'And the O.C. would decide!' Is he a seer to read the hearts of dogs and men, and comprehend the basis of their love? How could his young experience enable him to judge the suitability of my Behemoth as a companion for me—Behemoth, who met me at Levantie and knew a kindred soul? Or to appreciate Macpherson's shapeless Susan, who threw in her lot with him at Kemmel? Or Russell's Pongo, faultless rather and devoted friend, though of preposterously ungraceful presence? Such as these we vowed

we would parade for no man. For that matter, were it not presumptuous to boast that we 'kept' such creatures as these? They share the vicissitudes of life and rations with us, but we do not and could not 'keep' them. Did they wish to do so they could leave us to-morrow as they came, vanishing into the unknown whence, smiling and with agitated sterns, they came to us.

"We held a little meeting and decided upon a course of action. Each officer paraded a dog, but the same dog, the Sergeant-Major's indescribable Heinz, so-called because his appearance suggests at least '57 varieties' in pedigree. He is like—but he is like nothing you have ever seen; and is more intelligent, far more, than any creature who dissipates his thought in speech.

"The C.O. was caustic when Heinz was shown into his office for the first time, but when he had seen him seven times it was plain that he recognised the peril of condemning over-hastily a strain so consistent in its ugliness. 'What do you call these dogs?' he asked Huggins, Heinz's seventh introducer. 'Not dogs, please, Sir,' said Huggins, shocked; 'hounds. Crumpet hounds. The Flemish keep them to watch their crumpets toasting, and bark when they are brown. I call mine Alfred.'

"When he had inspected Heinz nine times the C.O. grew weary. 'I won't see any more to-day,' he said; 'some morning next week we'll have the pack out and make toast for the dépôt.'

"We still await that parade, George. Meanwhile we begin to like the new Commandant, who has struck up a close friendship with an animal I can only describe as a Skye-Fox-Poodle, and not one of us has lost his dog."

MY CHERRY-TREE.

THE blossom of my cherry-tree
Was an enchanting sight to see
(When you could tell it from the snow);
Along this row

No other house had such a show;
The birds would come and chirp for hours
About the dietetic promise of those flowers.

But yesterday I went to see
The produce of my cherry-tree;
The harvest seemed to be just one,
And not much fun
In that, for it was underdone.
A blackbird pinched that green ewe-lamb
And now regrets it in his little diaphragm.

"Coals to Newcastle."

"Mr. Lloyd George received a great oration from the company."—*North Wales Pioneer.*

THE DREAM OF THE MAN OF FORTY-FIVE.



HAVING TILLED THE SOIL FROM FIVE TO SEVEN EVERY MORNING,



"CARRIED ON AT HIS OFFICE ALL DAY WITH A STAFF OF THREE INSTEAD OF THIRTY,



AND FULFILLED HIS DUTY AS A CITIZEN AT NIGHT,



HE IS PASSED INTO THE ARMY FOR "LIGHT GARRISON DUTY" AT HOME."

LEWIS BAYNE



Annoyed Patriot. "WELL, HOW CAN YOU EXPECT ME TO KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT HAYMAKING AS YOU FELLOWS WHO'RE AT IT ALL THE YEAR ROUND?"

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

"I SEE," said the City man, "that someone has invented an instrument for cutting coupons. That seems to me a perversion of brain-power. What can be easier or simpler than cutting coupons with a pair of nail-scissors?"

"Or tearing them off?" someone said.

"Yes, or tearing them off. Still, here it is, in black and white. 'A handy instrument for cutting coupons.' Now that may supply a long-felt want, or it may not, and personally I deplore it, because it suggests that the War is going on for ever; but," the City man continued, "there is, as a matter of fact, one invention that really is needed."

He paused so long that one of us simply had to say, "What is that?"

"A clip," said the City man, "to be clamped on to telephones to hold the ear-piece so that, while a message is being waited for, one can go on writing or reading letters. As it is you have only one hand free instead of two. I am continually ringing up people who have to be fetched to the telephone from distant parts of their offices, and all the time I am waiting for them is lost, just because I have only one hand free."

"There are gadgets for the purpose," someone said.

"Anyhow, what I want is merely a

piece of bent iron that can be fixed to any telephone, with a cradle for the ear-piece. Surely that shouldn't cost more than half-a-crown. Why, I'd finance the thing myself."

"Is there any invention you want?" the City man suddenly asked, turning to his neighbour.

"Most decidedly not," he replied. "All inventions are detestable to me. But I can't think," he continued wistfully, "why those memory mind-training people have chosen just this time for appealing to the public. I've no doubt it's a splendid system—in fact, after reading all the literary swells on its merits, I'm sure it is—but why now? why now?"

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because," said he, "these are times when one wants not to learn how to remember but to learn how to forget. I'm always recalling things that I would give anything to leave in oblivion; chiefly the old happy days before the War—the days that can never come again. The backward look was always melancholy, but before the War one could make some effort to repeat old joys. Now one can't. Take cricket, for example. I went to see that match at Lord's the other day, but what was the use of it? It was all wrong. It wasn't cricket; it was a memorial service in honour of a game long since dead. It

made me perfectly miserable, whereas, if I had taken a course of honest memory-destroyer, I should have been perfectly serene. I should have come to it fresh. And that's not all," he went on. "There are discreditable passages in one's own life that one wants to forget. Isn't that so?"

"Speak for yourself," we said.

"I do," he replied. "Well, one couldn't forget them, before, and one will forget them even less if one goes in for the sinewy mind-training course. Now why doesn't someone start a Nirvana System or a Nepenthe System, or a Lethe System, or whatever you scholarly fellows may call it, and give some of us a chance to be a little at peace with ourselves?"

"What about alcohol?" someone suggested. "Don't you remember HENLEY's line:—

'Let us be dumb and for a while forget?'"

"That's no good," he said testily. "Only millionaires can be drunk now on wine; or, on spirits, only men with an unlimited capacity for absorption, the stuff's so weak. No, it's mind-training I want, not body-drenching. I want a system that undertakes to make me forget what I don't want to remember."

Deadly Humour at the Front.

"Our anti-tank funs knocked out the enemy's tanks at point blank range."—*Daily Paper.*



THE PAN-GERMAN MOLOCH.

KAISER (regarding the latest sacrifice). "POOR OLD KUEHLMANN!—NEXT, PLEASE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 8th.—The popular recipe for winning the War is to intern such enemy aliens as still retain a certain measure of restricted freedom. It found an enthusiastic exponent in Lord BERESFORD and a vociferous critic in Lord BUCKMASTER, who refused to be a party to interning everybody who had a name which was difficult to pronounce—a rule which would press hardly, by the way, upon the holders of some undoubtedly British patronymics, such as Sir HENRY DALZIEL, the fugleman of the alien-hunters in the Commons.

Originally elected for seven years, the present Parliament promptly reduced its statutory term by two years. Mr. ASQUITH, a little hyperbolically, described this as "an act of rare self-sacrifice." However, the War prevented the sacrifice from being consummated and Parliament has since on five occasions lengthened its own existence until with the extension approved to-day it bids fair to last on into its eighth year. But though no direct opposition was offered there was a general sentiment running through the speeches that this must be "the last time, Clem, my boy," and that the new voters must soon have a chance of electing a new House of Commons—a prospect which Mr. PONSONBY, of all people, appeared to welcome. Now that is self-sacrifice.

Tuesday, July 9th.—You remember the story of the over-insured shopkeeper who, to the congratulations of a friend on "his beautiful fire last Tuesday," replied, "Not last Tuesday, you fool; next Tuesday!" It came into my mind when Mr. HOGGE, *à propos* of a question put by Mr. PRINGLE, began to recite in impressive tones an obviously prepared "supplementary." He was pulled up by his confederate's agonized whisper, "Not this question, you——" [I failed to catch the term of endearment employed], and the ensuing laughter. Most men would have kept quiet after that; but Mr. HOGGE, nothing if not pachydermatous, repeated his "supplementary" after Mr. PRINGLE's next question.

Lord ROBERT CECIL had quite a pleasant afternoon. Upon Mr. KING's expressing anxiety lest the reticence of the Foreign Office should cause it to be unjustly blamed for the mistakes of

other departments he gratefully replied, "I am sure if my department is blamed it is blamed unjustly." Next he pooh-poohed the same hon. Member's apprehensions regarding the public utterances of some British emissaries to America, and assured him that "more harm is

obtained by the exercise of the right of search at sea, we should have been at so much pains to inform the Netherlands Government that the arrangement was not to be taken as forming a precedent.

A good many Members looked askance at the Maternity and Child Welfare Bill on the ground that it might prejudice the proposal for a Ministry of Health, on which they have set their hearts. Mr. HAYES FISHER had to use a good deal of tact to get it through Committee. If it were "a shabby little Bill," as someone had called it, it would, at any rate, he said, comfort a good many "shabby little" mothers.

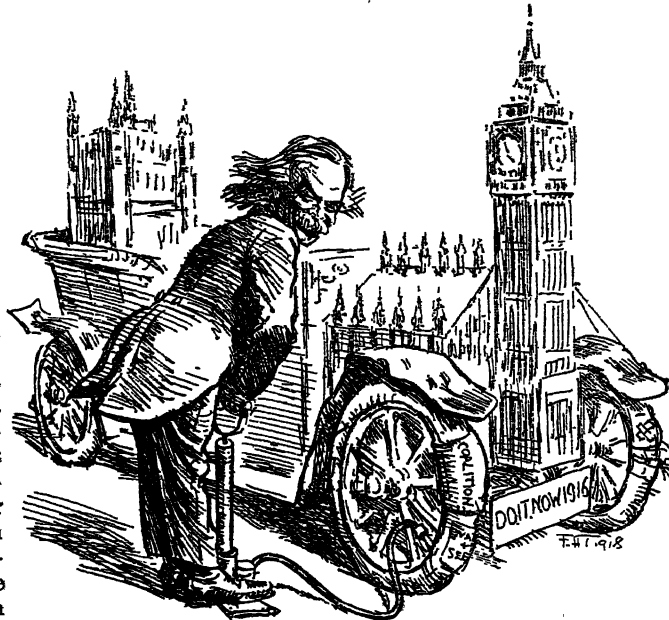
Wednesday, July 10th.—If the present House of Commons could bind its successors we might hope that pensions would be permanently divorced from party politics. The American system, of which Sir MONTAGUE BARLOW gave some racy illustrations, might add to the gaiety of the nation but would certainly corrupt its honesty. Mr. HOGGE, who knows a good deal about pensions and politicians, was convinced that, whatever the House

might decide, candidates would not resist the temptation to bid against one another for the pensioners' vote.

Incidentally the debate revealed the fact that, when the Pensions Ministry was formed, its now pertinacious critic asked for or was offered—on this point he and Mr. BONAR LAW contradicted one another flatly—the post of its Under-Secretary. Whether the hon. Member refused to sacrifice his independence or whether the Pensions Minister declined to work *tali auxilio*—again the authorities differ—Mr. HOGGE must be regarded as a Stickit Minister, and all allowances made for him.

The rest of the evening was taken up with an attack on the National Shipyards, which so far have cost several millions of money without producing a single vessel. But if the House expected to see another *volte-face* on the part of another GEDDES it was disappointed. Brother ERIC was as stiff as Brother AUCKLAND (in the matter of Grades) had been pliant, and, declaring that the project had the support of Lord PIRRIE (who sat in the Peers' Gallery), announced his determination to see it through to the end.

Thursday, July 11th.—The *Cumann-na-mBán*, one of the Irish associations recently "proclaimed," is, according to Mr. KING, a harmless body composed of



Mr. Lloyd George (pumping up his second-hand 1916 Westminster).
"I HOPE THE OLD 'BUS IS GOOD FOR ANOTHER SIX MONTHS."

done by certain speeches and questions in this House."

Finally, he explained the much-canvassed concessions to the Dutch convoy in a manner which seemed to satisfy most of the critics; though it was not quite easy to understand why, if the conditions agreed upon gave us more substantial security than we could have



MR. HOGGE TAKES OFF TOO SOON.

women, and its political activities have been confined to resisting compulsory military service. By way of achieving their peaceful object they seem to have gone in largely for drilling and rifle-shooting. It seems a pity that all this energy should be wasted. If Irishmen still hang back from the colours why not reconstitute the *Cumann-na-mBan* as a corps of Irish Amazons?

The Board of Agriculture was invited by Sir JOHN SPEAR to do something or other to save the crops from "the continued drought." As the rain was at that moment coming down in torrents the appropriate reply would have been the remark attributed to the Scotch minister in similar circumstance: "O Lord, this is fair rideeculous!" But Sir R. WINFREY missed his chance and stuck to his official brief.

APPLIED MATHEMATICS.

II.

I HAVE told you once before
How Augustus (surnamed Gore)
Practically won the War.

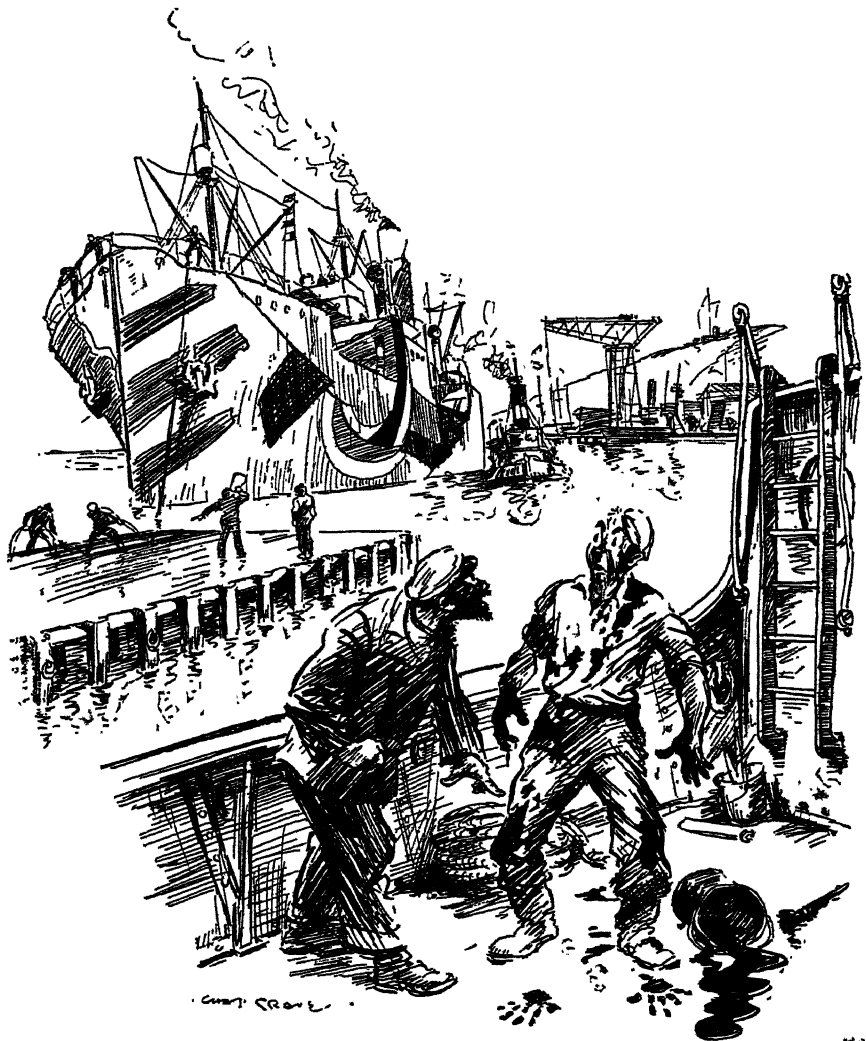
Now if you will listen well
I will try my best to tell
How Augustus in a fit
Of abstraction finished it;
How, when the persistent Bosch
Wouldn't budge, the wily Foch,
Sending straight to Oxford's attics,
Dragged him from his mathematics.

The result, as you may guess,
Was a most complete success.
Brave Augustus boldly ran,
Dealing death with cot. and tan.
Straight through all the Hun's de-
fences,

Lines and lines and lines of trenches,
Till he noticed Kaiser BILL
Standing on a little hill.

Possibly Augustus may
Have been overwrought that day;
Dusty were his riding breeches
And his cap was crooked, which is
Hardly what you'd call correct,
Nor what Emperors expect.
It has even been disputed
Whether Mr. Gore saluted.

Then the KAISER in a pet
(For on points of etiquette
He is quite absurdly fussy),
Glaring angrily at Gussie,
Cried profanely, "Peace, be still! I am
The All-Highest War-Lord WILLIAM!"
It had certainly been wiser
If the mild and saintly KAISER
Had resolved at once to go;
But he lost his chance and so
Fell, 'midst torrents of abuse,
Base over hypotenuse,
And of further life gave no sign—
Gore had pinked him with a cosine.



Skipper of Tug (to careless hand). "Ho! SO YOU'VE CAUGHT THE BLINKIN' GAMMY-FLARGE 'ABIT, 'AVE YER?"

Does he bear a Marshal's baton?
May he swagger with his hat on
Where all other knees are bowed?
No, Augustus is not proud.
Shunning all the fame he'd earned
Back to Oxford he returned.
If you go there any night
You will find him sitting tight
In the dingiest of attics
Rubbing up his mathematics.

Our Plutocratic Press.

"HUNS STEAL £4,000,000."
FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT."
Daily Mail.

"Mr. Bettsworth Piggott, presiding at the sitting of the House of Commons Tribunal, said they must congratulate Sir D. Maclean on the outcome of his conference with the head of the National Service Department regarding the grading of aldermen."

Evening Paper.

Has the N.S.D. been "combing out" the Corporations? We thought the FOOD-CONTROLLER attended to that.

"Just think what that means—athetheth." Sir ERIC GEDDES as reported in a *Daily Paper*. After deep thought we have come to the conclusion that it must mean just what it says.

"ASSISTANT BOOKKEEPER.—Discharged soldier wanted in above position; must be good at 'tots.'"—*Liverpool Echo.*

Judging by the popularity of the rum ration in the trenches we imagine that there will be no lack of applicants.

Extract from a vote of thanks to a South African Bishop:—

"In terse and epigrammatic and meticulously chosen phrase, you have divined and discerned, defined, disparted and directed our debates, free from all cryptical episcopal reserve; with discreet and deliberate detachment you have adjusted the delicate diversity of differences in discussion, and divested difficult but dutiful deliberations of all tendency to acerbity."—*Diocesan Magazine.*

"Well, I'm d'd!" as the flattered Prelate was tempted to remark.

FABULOUS FRIENDS.

I MET Prince Charming on the winding white chalk road that led from the railway-station. He was really and truly Prince Charming, though he was disguised as a subaltern home on leave from the Front; but even had I doubted I should have been reassured by the bow with which he at first met my greeting, a bow that was straight from the old book of French fairy tales in the dimmest corner of the schoolroom book-shelf. Then he remembered our actual setting and saluted in the ordinary way. Next, he offered me a cigarette, and we sat down on a green hump to renew our old acquaintance.

"Is this your first leave?" I asked.

"Oh, no, I have had two leaves in France and one in England before this. Last time I came to see Cinderella—she's a temporary mortal too—in her boot and shoe shop. She was losing custom so badly—would fit her glass slipper on all customers first, by way of taking a measure, and those it didn't fit didn't like it. She encouraged rats and mice too, on the ground that they were old friends; and they were simply eating up the shop. I got her to take Fuss-in-Boots into partnership, which settled the rats and mice, and made the whole business look up. She's keeping it on for a man out there, you see, so it wasn't fair to let it all slip away."

"Are you going to see her this time?"

"No, I have another job on hand. Sleeping Beauty this time. She's in a V.A.D. hospital near here, and of course the matron must needs put her on night duty. She's had a bad relapse into that old somnolence of hers, and they can't wake her. Not only that, but a hedge of briar roses is growing up round the place. No, they've not tried the only remedy, and anyway it would require a Prince. I'm going to shock the matron, I fear, but another nurse has fallen asleep and it's plainly spreading. The little bird told me just as I was coming on leave."

"There are others of you here, I suppose?"

"An incredible number. The Wise Men of Gotham are in the Cabinet; and the W.A.A.C.s and the W.R.E.N.'s and the V.A.D.'s include quite a lot of step-daughters. And the nursery-rhyme

folk have come too. Why, Jack is busy building Army huts, and the Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe is a local Food Controller—oh, with a very modified edition of her disciplinarian diet. Then Boy Blue, he's in Germany, disguised as a German woman on the land—his own idea. Bo-Peep's with him. They've lost I don't know how many sheep and cows and devastated acres of corn. Some of the nursery-rhymers are on the land here too; the pretty Milking-Maid, and Baby Bunting's father supplying the London markets with rabbits, and Contrary Mary—poor Mary, it took her such a long time to learn that silver bells and cockle shells are no use during a food shortage; but she learnt, like everybody else, and now I hear her potatoes

to keep the rats down in the front line. He's our mascot, of course."

"You're looking very well."

"Oh, I'm absolutely in the pink. I'm in Jack the Giant-killer's battalion, and he's the best C.O. in the world, and we're all third sons and such like. The worst of it is that it's the Grimm people who are in the line just opposite us. I'm sorry for them, but it's their look-out."

Then I asked that silly question: "When do you think the War will end? What about peace?"

Whereupon he sat up laughing and said, "We must get on now or I shan't find Sleeping Beauty this evening. Peace? Why, once upon a time, of course, once upon a time; there's no doubt about that. Oh, what a perfect

place, and what an evening! Aren't you happy? Doesn't the grass smell good?"

We walked on, he smiling and chatting elusively, looking about him, taking deep breaths of the plain air, till we came to the cross-roads where our ways parted.

"You fairy people are optimists," I remarked as I held his hand to say good-bye; "but perhaps it's different for you; I mean, have any of you died in the War?"

"Yes, some of us; but it wasn't really death, because we live happy ever after." He grew grave and then added, "But we are not different from you in

that, please don't believe it. . . . Do you really suppose that a mortal who dies for his country fares harder than we do? Never believe it. Remember it is as I said; they live happy ever after."

He went striding off down the hill, turning for a final salute and to call back the fairy benison of "Good Luck." Then the curve hid him from sight.

More Bigamy?

"Lady young, husband serving, desires another share very comfortable home."

The Lady.

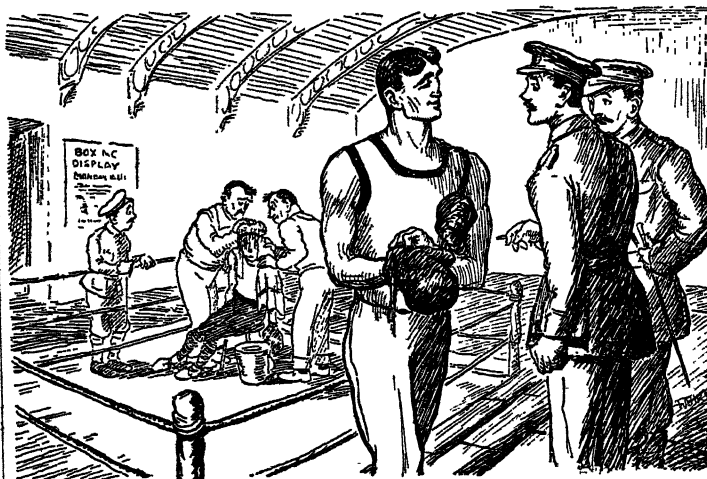
"Gas Stoker (shovel) wanted for 8 million works in North of England; willing to make himself generally useful."

Newcastle Evening Chronicle.

But what about "one man one job"?

"Garden horse (indiarubber), best British make, 60 ft."—*Scotsman.*

We still prefer the stable horse (flesh and bone), not more than about six or eight feet long.



AFTER THE TRIAL.

"WELL, INSTRUCTOR, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF CORPORAL BROWN?"
 "E SEEMS A NICE UNASSUMING YOUNG FELLER, SIR."

are famous. And the animals. Black Sheep presents his wool regularly to several depôts, and has dyed himself khaki, so as to be in the colour of the movement, and last air-raid— But are you sure you're not bored by all this?"

"Certain. I love it; do go on. Last air-raid?"

"Well, last air-raid didn't you see the Cow Jumping Over the Moon? It was better than tons of shrapnel; they turned tail and collided right and left, trying to get away; they got jammed in the air and were suffocated—panic, you know. The Cow was made a Dame of the British Empire for it."

"Talking of Dames, what about Mother Hubbard?"

"Cooking at a Y.M.C.A. canteen out there. She always was a wonderful manager if she could get the stuff, and her grilled bones and her special way of doing up tripe have made her very popular. The old dear lent us her dog



Perturbed Humanitarian. "HAVE YOU NO MEANS OF STRAPPING THAT CHILD INTO ITS SEAT?"
Nursemaid. "OBLI VITE, GUV'NOR! WE AIN'T A-GOIN' TO LOOP THE LOOP."

SOLILOQUY IN BERLIN.

So now I've prayed—yet wherefore have I prayed,
 Being myself the mouthpiece of my God,
 So that the will to speak is His, not mine?
 He stirs the vocal chords, and parts the lips,
 And moves the tongue, that words may issue forth,
 And thus the words I speak are God's, not mine—
 God's, and none else's, I am sure of that.
 There was a time, when I was very young,
 Before I climbed the HOHENZOLLEHN throne,
 When I might be in fault, nay, was in fault
 Just here and there, as mortals always are,
 Though I, a prince, was not so much in fault
 As others are, who are not princely men;
 But, from the day that I was throned, my words
 Are not mine own, but speak the mind of God;
 And those who stand against me thwart not me,
 But mar the purpose and the power of God.
 But someone nudges at his neighbour's ribs,
 Hearing this speech and, "Softly, Sire," he says;
 "You find the purpose and the power of God
 By consultation with yourself alone,
 And when you've found it, there's an end of it.
 The Great White TSAR had words to speak from God,
 And they were different from the words you spoke;
 And now his kingdom's gone and he is stripped
 Of wealth and might and all that makes life good.
 Was he deceived, and are you always right?"
 "Yes," I reply, "so long as I succeed,
 God's favour's clearly with me, and I march
 From strength to strength, while he retires apace
 Into the outer darkness, where he lies,
 A mockery and a warning to my foes."

So I have prayed, and now I go to fight;
 And woe to those who stand across my path,
 And strive against me, being God's own King."
 And, if in mine own time I turn my thoughts
 From War, which now is goodly in my eyes,
 To Peace and all that Peace may bring to us,
 Lo, in that very moment War must end,
 And Peace once more must reign as once she reigned;
 But not when England or when France appoints,
 But when we choose, my good old God and I.
 Till then, who dies for me and my decrees
 Is blest, and Heaven lies open for his soul.

The Food Shortage.

From a testimonial:—

"Will you send me another cwt. of your No. 1. Ideal Meal. My wife wishes me to say that she likes the food very much."—*Poultry.*

Letter received by an officer on active service from a firm of saddlers:—

"We beg respectfully to acknowledge the receipt of your letter and to inform you that the brick was put in the parcel as a make-weight. The numnah saddle weighed over 7 lbs., and could not be sent out by parcel post, as 7 lbs. is the limit of weight allowed. The Transport Officer, Southampton, will only accept parcels which are not under 11 lbs. in weight and do not exceed 56 lbs. We are afraid that our packer put in a heavier brick than was necessary to bring it to the weight that the Transport Officer will accept, and we sincerely trust this has not caused much inconvenience."

When serving with the Mesopotamia Expeditionary Force or elsewhere overseas we make it a rule to be very precise with our orders, showing the exact proportion of brick to commodities required. Thus: Kindly forward 9½ pounds of Insect Annihilator accompanied by not more than 1½ pounds of brick.

OUR RED CROSS PAGEANT.

"How do you write to an undertaker?" said Daphne, brushing back a Bolshevik curl.

"An undertaker!" I gasped, recoiling from the dish before me. "What on earth—?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you," she said, with a complacent smile, "that I've been asked to organise a Tudor Pageant in connection with the Red Cross Fête at Pigleigh Park on the 25th? Lady Cashlow is to be Kathleen of Aragon."

"Katherine," I murmured, and again the Bolshevik curl came into action.

"Yes, of course, I meant Katherine. Please don't interrupt me. And I'm to be Ann Boleyn. I have to cast the other characters."

"I hope you haven't put me down," I began gloomily.

"I'm leaving you to the last," she said, "in case anyone fails me. If not, you'll have to keep an eye on the men at the gate, to see they don't pass their friends in without payment. But you haven't told me how I'm to address Mr. Stone," she added impatiently. "Will this do? 'Dear Mr. Stone'—it sounds familiar, but I daren't be standoffish—will you kindly undertake—?"

"'Undertake' is hardly the right word in the circumstances," I ventured. "Why not say, 'assume the rôle'? It would be more tactful."

"Very well," said Daphne, and completed the letter. "I'm going to ask Mr. Griggs to be Cardinal Wolsey, and Mr. Smith to be Henry VIII. He's been so generous to our V.A.D. hospital that he must be given a leading part in the pageant. Sir George and Lady Dow are helping too, and I don't expect any difficulty in finding plenty of people to form the crowd. The pageant is to be entitled 'The Meeting of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey at Pigleigh.'"

"I didn't know Henry VIII. was ever in Pigleigh," I observed.

"He must have been," Daphne retorted. "Haden't he six honeymoons, and isn't it more than likely that he spent at least one of them at Pigleigh? I wish you wouldn't try to spoil my scenario. You'll see how well I've managed to bring in all the leading characters. Listen."

A sheet of notepaper was produced from under a plate and Daphne read it through at a breathless rate, leaving no chance for criticism.

"Henry and Katherine are staying at Pigleigh Park when Cardinal Wolsey and Cardinal Campeius call unexpectedly to tell him that the Dukes of Norfolk, Buckingham and Suffolk, and

lots of Lords and Ladies are plotting against him, because they object to his plan to divorce Katherine and marry Ann Boleyn, who arrives with her father at that moment. A fierce argument ensues, indicated by dumb show, of course, in which the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chamberlain take part. Katherine is sent away. The tableau ends with her farewell procession, Henry gazing after her, Ann Boleyn at his elbow, and Wolsey smiling triumphantly. What do you think of that?"

"It ought to be effective," I answered discreetly, "and I wish you luck."

An advertisement in our local paper elicited numerous offers of help. Daphne requested all her correspondents to choose their own costumes and bring them to the rehearsal, which was fixed for 6.30 p.m. on the 20th.

But troubles quickly came, and in less than a week Daphne seemed to age from twenty-five to thirty-five.

"I wish people weren't so sensitive," she said, frowning. "Mr. Smith has resigned the treasurership of the hospital and won't have anything to do with the pageant, just because I asked him to be Henry VIII. How was I to know he'd been married three times? He thinks I did it on purpose. Then Sir George insists upon being Cardinal Wolsey, because he has a mule and wishes to ride it; but he's so small and stodgy that he'd look too absurd for anything."

"Poor Daphne!" I said.

"That isn't the worst," she went on desperately. "Mr. Stone tells me he has a funeral on Monday half-an-hour before the pageant begins, and he can only appear if I let him be the Cardinal's gravedigger. It's out of the question, and I said so. But it's MacLush the blacksmith who's the greatest worry. Because *The Comet* once described him as being of Herculean proportions he wants to figure as Hercules. I told him that Hercules died quite a long time before HENRY VIII., but he didn't appear to believe me. I tried to compromise by suggesting that he should pose as a statue of Hercules and stand on a pedestal all the afternoon; but that didn't seem to please him either. I wish I'd never undertaken the wretched business. My only hope is that the dress-rehearsal will solve every problem."

But it didn't. The most succinct comment, however, on that memorable rehearsal at Pigleigh Park is the following list of characters assumed by the volunteers, few of whom would retire because they had already paid Mr. Barkson for their costumes:—

No Henry VIII. at all. One Cardinal

Campeius. Twelve Katherines of Aragon. Five Cardinal Wolseys. Nine Dukes of Buckingham. Twenty-five Ann Boleyns. Four Jane Seymours and two Katherine Parrs (assumed by ladies who expressed surprise when informed that Henry VIII. did not marry all six wives at once). Eight Cromwells (five in the garb of Oliver). No Old Ladies. One Member of the Crowd. One Court Lady.

After a protracted debate the rehearsal was adjourned; but when the village of Pigleigh was sleeping peacefully that night trusty men placarded its walls with the following home-made poster:—

PIGLEIGH RED CROSS FÊTE.

Owing to the uncertainty of the weather it has been decided
TO ABANDON

YE OLDE TUDOR PAGEANT.

Instead

A RAGTIME CONCERT

will be given in the Village Hall at 7.30 p.m.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

OLD RHYMES RE-SUNG.

RAIN, rain, *don't* go to Spain,
But for a while with us remain;
Don't overdo it—please abstain
From hail, except in the Ukraine,
But patter softly on the pane
And soak into the arid plain;
Distend the roots and swell the grain
From Marazion up to Tain,
Until the harassed rural swain
Begins to chant "My Pretty Jane"
Or some such jubilant refrain.
Fruit that should fill Pomona's wain
Already has been largely slain
By drought and East wind's blight
... and blain;

But you can cheer the dusty lane,
Refresh the hedge and flush the
drain—

To meet the needs of Dr. QUAIN.

Rain, rain, it seemed in vain
To hope that you would come again;
The lesson of the ancient strain
Seemed neither suitable nor sane;
But anyhow *don't* go to Spain,
Whose character still bears the stain
Of spreading influenza's bane.

Commercial Candour.

"URGENT NOTE.—A parcel of a few Dark Grey Suede Laced Shoes has just arrived at 49/6, they cannot last more than a few hours."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

"Five English words every morning
Cinq mots d'anglais every morning
are more useful than one witty word.
Cinq mots d'anglais every morning, *sont plus utiles qu'un mot d'esprit.*"

Le Matin.

We fear this sort of thing, if continued, will endanger the Entente.



Officer (to wounded man to whom he has given a pull at his flask). "I WONDER YOU CAN SWALLOW IT NEAT."
Jock. "DOD, SIR, IT WAS GRAND! IT JUST GAED DOON MA THROAT LIKE CARPET TACKS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE name of Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK on a title-page always is to me like the arrival of a welcome friend. It revives so many pleasant memories. Nor do I ever remember an occasion when it prefaced serious disappointment. So if I call *Karen* (COLLINS) not quite equal to its author's best this must still be understood as leaving it an interesting and well-written story. It is one that Mrs. SIDGWICK tells not for the first time—but now with a difference. The high-spirited English heroine, visiting German friends, and capturing the most conspicuously eligible man in the district, is a gambit that has served her before; but instead of leaving *Karen* happily married to *Graf Wolfram von Hohenroda*, she now begins at this point, and continues the history through all the tragic results brought about by racial prejudice and finally war. (I have occasionally caught myself wondering how events since 1914 would have modified previous Sidgwickian happy-endings. Now I know.) You will be prepared to find in such a theme not quite the same holiday humour that enlivened earlier German visits; also you may find yourself worried, as I was, by Mrs. SIDGWICK's apparent anxiety to leave out nothing. All the instances of German brutality that we have known during the last four years she presses into her picture of one small community, with an uncomfortable effect of congestion. Not that even now she permits resentment to blind her to the possibilities of good. *Karen's* husband and poor overdriven little *Max* are

characters most sympathetically drawn; while it must be admitted that *Karen* herself would have been in many ways a trial even to a family less hide-bound in arrogance than the *Hohenrodas*. On the whole however I confess to a preference for Mrs. SIDGWICK before the great disillusion, when we still pictured the Teuton as a well-meaning absurdity, rather amiable than otherwise.

I should like very warmly to commend to all who are interested in art or letters Mr. CLIVE BELL's *Pot-Boilers* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), a collection of (chiefly reprinted) papers on letters, the drama and painting. I think it could be demonstrated beyond dispute that nobody could be quite so clever, quite so persistently right, with the rest of the world so irretrievably wrong, as the author. The insolence and egotism of WHISTLER and Mr. G. B. SHAW take on a wan pallor in the glare of *Pot-Boilers*. Mr. BELL's detachment from such things as the War, which the foolish and human amongst us are inclined to think important, is infuriating. But it is genuine. The obsession that art, the creation of significant form, matters more than politics or virtue or duty is, no doubt, a passionate reaction against the common British doctrine (denied, of course, by common British convention) that it hardly matters at all; and it may well take such a fanatical perversion of common values to get over to us some notion of the provincialism and imperturbable complacency of our long-current views about art, of the supreme snobishness of our cultured and moneyed patronage of it, and of the pretentiousness of the rapidly succeeding groups of satellite painters revolving round a selected star which have

given so much matter for ridicule to our Philistines. Mr. OLIVE BELL can see, can feel and can write. He has the creative critic's very rare gift. It would take more than the offensive egotism and sublime cocksureness of this book to destroy its real value.

What, I wonder, is the reason for that curse of aridity that seems inherent in fiction dealing with life upon the stage? One would suppose the dramatic career to be at least as full-blooded as, say, stockbroking; yet, while tales of high finance can and frequently do hold me thrilled, I have hardly met the theatrical story that did not stifle all emotion beneath a dust of unreality. Something of this defect clings to the collection of incidents which Mr. ROLAND PERTWEE has called, from their central character, *The Old Card* (CASSELL), even though these enjoy the advantage, denied to so many similar efforts, of being written by one who knows his subject at first hand. The "Card" of the title is an actor-manager of the provincial rather than the "old" school, one who has attained a

limited fame and fortune through long years of touring the Number One towns. Mr. *Eliphalet Cardomay*, as depicted by his author, is a character both convincing and attractive; in his gentle vanities, his kindness, his entire lack of genuine artistic perception, and in the rest of the qualities that make up the man he stands out as a very real figure. The same perhaps can hardly be said of all the adventures of which he forms the centre. Some of them may be possible enough, notably the chapters called "Quick-sands of Tradition" (an admirable piece of satiric observation) and "The Big Chance." But not even Mr. PERTWEE shall for a moment persuade me that a manager, under any conceivable combination of romantic circumstances, would put up a show, even at a single matinée, with the deliberate intention of failure. Such quixotry is far from being unknown in the pages of theatrical fiction; but outside—Well, candidly, Mr. PERTWEE, what do you think?

Madame WADDINGTON, who has written *My War Diary* (MURRAY), has already placed to her credit several volumes of amusing and well-informed gossip. She was born an American, and married that WILLIAM HENRY WADDINGTON, who, having been educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge, and having rowed victoriously for his University in 1849, afterwards took up a public career in France, became Prime Minister for a short time, and was for ten years French Ambassador in London. Madame WADDINGTON's latest book recounts in a simple and very attractive way her adventures during the War up to February, 1916. Her country-house at Mareuil was occupied by Germans in the first advance. They not only smashed everything—furniture, china service, pictures, family heirlooms, kitchen utensils—everything they were able to lay their hands on, but they defiled the house in that fashion of malignantly

simian bestiality which has become characteristic of the Germans during this War. What they didn't break or defile they just stole and carried off with them. Madame WADDINGTON spent herself in relief work for the soldiers and had at the same time a large part in bearing the domestic burdens of the immediate family circle—a daughter-in-law and two grandsons, her son having gone to the front at once. I strongly recommend this book, which is written with sympathy and—in spite of the house at Mareuil—in a spirit which nothing can permanently embitter. She has much that is good to say of our own troops and pokes a little quiet fun at the Anzacs, whom she greatly admires.

Mr. W. T. MASSEY was the Official Correspondent with the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, and in his Preface he tells us that he was prompted to write *The Desert Campaigns* (CONSTABLE) because a colleague on the Western Front wrote to him expressing a hope that the war in Egypt would soon finish, "and then the good boys out your way will be able to come to France to see what war

is." So Mr. MASSEY set to work to show that out in Egypt also our troops contrived to see what war is; and here he clearly proves that although the battles of the Egyptian campaign cannot compare with those of the West for range and fury, they were nevertheless of paramount importance. The gateway between the East and West was kept open and thus the enemy was prevented from cutting what the German KAISER has intelligently described as the British Empire's most vital artery. This success was gained by hard fighting and hard



Large Hawker (in loud voice). "ERE Y'ARE! LOVELY WATERCRESS—BUY SOME LOVELY WATERCRESS! ONLY TUPPENCE A BUNCH—FINE WATERCRESS!"
Little Hawker Selling Radishes (laxly). "SAME 'ERE, WI' KNOBS ON!"

work, and it is well that Mr. MASSEY was so nettled by his colleague's letter that he determined to put on record what our soldiers in Egypt had to do and to suffer. But I hope he will believe that sensible people at home never failed to appreciate the significance of what in the frivolous jargon that hides our seriousness have been called "side-shows." His book, to which an excellent map is appended, is copiously illustrated by Mr. JAMES MCBEY.

One of Mr. Punch's Learned Clerks, in a review that appeared last week of Mr. LEONARD MERRICK's *While Paris Laughed*, inaccurately represented the author as no longer extant. He attributes his error to the fact that Mr. MERRICK's works have recently been collected in a uniform edition, a distinction that does not often fall to living writers. Mr. Punch offers his sincere apologies, and begs leave to express the earnest hope that Mr. MERRICK may live for ever.

"BAGHDAD SPORTING CLUB RACES.

At the last race meeting there was an enclosure set apart for the ladies of Baghdad who might not care to mix with men, but as none of them came this has been abandoned."—*Baghdad Times*.
The managers would have saved themselves trouble if they had remembered what was written of an incident in this very neighbourhood: "Woman was created after man, and she has been after him ever since."

CHARIVARIA.

THE German Government has banned the eating of *Sauerkraut* during the month of August. There are to be no side-shows to the German offensive.

The public are warned against a professional beggar who describes himself as a sailor. As he tells a story of being torpedoed at Rheims the police theory is that he is an impostor.

Baron BURIAN'S recent message indicates that but for the War everything would be all right in Austria.

A Spanish astrologer predicts the end of the world in a few months' time. We are not going to allow these petty distractions to take our minds off the War.

With reference to the Allied intervention on the Murman coast the authorities have not yet announced on which of our London papers' advice they are acting.

It will be interesting to see whether *The Times* will be able to stop the rain when we have had enough of it.

"If all the cigarettes sent to our soldiers were smoked by one man," says a weekly paper, "it would take him 83,790 years, and then leave no breathing-time." In consequence of these difficulties we understand that the feat will not be attempted.

The United States, says the City Statistician of Philadelphia, can finance the War for twenty-five years. After that, Nicaragua can chip in.

The National Utility Rabbit Association has opened an office in Victoria Street. The value of the utility rabbit lies in the fact that when not actually required for the table it can be used as an antimacassar or to catch mice.

Another deadlock has just arisen in the affairs of the Isle of Man. The fault must clearly lie with the House of Keys.

"Is it not time," asks a correspondent of *The Daily Mail*, "to dispel the absurd tradition that it is unlucky to light three cigarettes with one match?" What else indeed do we have Mr.

BALFOUR in the Cabinet for except to look after little things like this?

Peas made a big jump yesterday, says a market report, and they may go higher to-day. It is not generally known that the jumping pea owes its agility to the presence, in its interior, of a small worm known to science by the name of *Vermiculus resiliens*.

The Army Council has taken control of the manufacture and sale of formaldehyde. It is stated that supplies of boot polish will not be affected by the Order.

Irishmen of military age who arrive in this country are to be called up for military service. Some Sinn Feiners are asking whether we have any right

are now wondering how much it costs to step on a special constable.

A gossip-writer tells us that a few days ago Mr. HOGGE paid a taxi-driver in gold. The joke of course is that this gentleman was at one time reputed to be a Scotsman.

With reference to the story of a sixty-five foot sea-serpent seen off the Chinese coast an allotment-holder writes to say that from his experience he would say it was a caterpillar.

The flour which is to be put on the market shortly will make whiter bread. Bakers protest that in these days of labour-shortage nothing should be introduced which tends to show up the dust.

An absentee charged at Kingston did not know what regiment he belonged to until he looked at his cap badge. This shows very clearly the advantage of keeping a diary.

"If the quality of the workman's beer remains much longer at the present standard," says a trade paper, "the public will see red." But surely that is just what they won't see.

Another Impending Apology.

"His Excellency arrived at noon, and was met by Commander —, founder of the new school, and —, headmaster."

Montreal Daily Star.

"HAITI DECLARES WAR AGAINST GERMANY."

NEW YORK, Monday.

Telegrams from Port-au-Prince, the capital of Haiti, says it is announced that the Council of State . . . has unanimously voted in favour of a month's imprisonment, with hard labour."

Dundee Advertiser.

To us the sentence seems to err on the side of moderation.

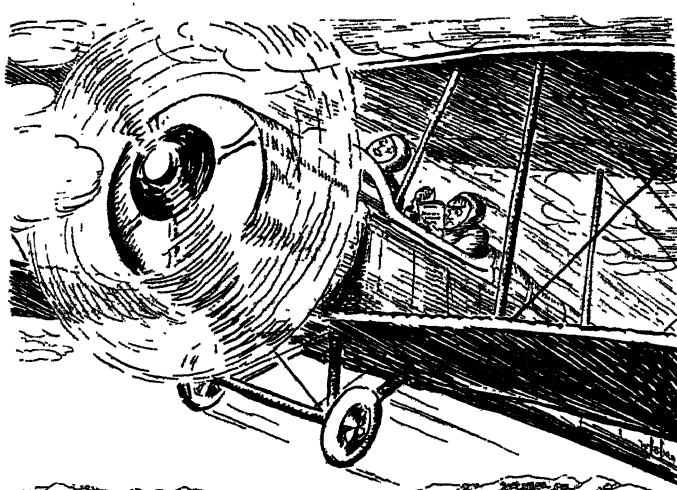
From a description of Lord READING'S visit to the Canadian Club, Montreal:—

"Wearing a modest bunch of violets and an almost beatific smile the famous orator entered the Rose Room."—*The Standard (Montreal)*.

Well, *de minimis non curat lex*; and anyhow it was better than the traditional bootlace.

"In the German press there is considerable discussion as to a successor for Herr von Kühlmann. Herr Ballin is mentioned as likely to receive the pots."—*Provincial Paper*.

All that is left him; Herr VON KUEHLMANN having apparently gone off with the "dam."



WHEN BEING TAKEN FOR ONE'S FIRST FLIGHT IT IS ADVISABLE TO CONCENTRATE THE MIND ON SOME DIVERTING SUBJECT. THE GENTLEMAN ABOVE IS READING JULES VERNE'S "TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA."

to compel subjects of a neutral state to fight in a war which they had no chance to bring about.

According to the KAISER, MAXIMILIAN HARDEN is recognized as the man who is to carry out the Pan-German programme. Unless, of course, he is carried out himself first.

It is vitally necessary, said the Turkish Ambassador in Berlin, to strike at India through Persia. No one apparently has explained to him the futility of striking while the Iran is cold.

The first rivetless steamer has been launched on the Clyde. We have hitherto held back from giving prizes for record-riveting, but we are now tempted to make a handsome offer.

At the Guildhall a small boy was fined ten shillings for threatening to "flatten out a policeman," and people

THE COMMANDEERING OF JOY-BELLS.

["German authorities have ordered a supplementary requisition of those church-bells which were exempted when the first confiscation was made."—*The Times*.]

WHEN through Belgium ("roses, roses
All the way") your path you hacked,
Dealing death with flaming hoses
Through the towns your brutes had
sacked,
Merry rang the loud carillons till the
steeple nearly cracked.

You were flush of fighting metals;
Steel and iron filled your stores;
No one commandeered your kettles,
Prised the knockers off your doors,
Or with sacrilegious purpose clomb your
belfries' holy floors.

But the stock went falling, falling—
Bronze for cannon, lead for shot—
Till the bells so sweetly calling
To the praise of "Unser Gott"
Had to mix with meaner objects in the
common melting-pot.

Stern officials wrenched the thimble
From the Frau's protesting hand,
Tore the trombone, pinched the
cymbal
Off the plaintive German band,
And the church-bells joined the sauce-
pans to defend the Fatherland.

Now on each exempted steeple
Comes a supplemental raid;
But the thought that cheers a people
Deadly bored with hope delayed
Is that, when the lot is melted, no
more peals can well be played.

Still, in case this loss of music
Might, in triumph's apogee,
Tend to make some sausage-queue
sick,
We will do our best to see
That we give you no occasion for a
joy-bell jubilee. O. S.

THE ARMY SCHOOL.

"You are going on a course," said
the Adjutant, "at the Army School."

"I know what that means," said
O.C. "B" Company. "It means stand-
ing to attention for five hours every day
and having pieces bitten off your face
by a Guards' Sergeant-major. How-
ever—"

One has to say "However" in the
Army.

* * * * *
The thirty-mile journey to the school
took only five days, and he didn't have
to change his cattle-truck more than
fourteen times.

He arrived at the school without any
mishap except that he was unshaven
and starving and had broken a small
blood-vessel which had been unable to

stand the strain of his efforts to humble
himself before an R.T.O.

* * * * *
He found things were not quite as
he had expected. Their decorations in-
cluded a V.C. The instructors actually
knew the front line and they took their
war with the required pinch of humour.

"I can stick this," said O.C. "B"
Company; "I can stick this for the
duration."

O.C. "B" Company is running a
little to fat, and he brushes his hair
very carefully to hide a thinning spot.
Six hours' daily drill and bayonet-fight-
ing made him tired. The fact that he
had to get up at 7 A.M. and career for an
hour round the country on a strange
horse worried him. After giving the
beast an hour's steady amusement he
found himself so stiff that he had almost
to be lifted out of the saddle bow-legged,
like a lead soldier. The Major who
"took" the riding sang gently to him
to do things which he obviously couldn't
do, and he was a little annoyed that his
horse had not been long enough at the
school to do as he was told without
reference to his rider.

O.C. "B" Company hates horses.
He says they scrape you off against
walls and then look surprised about it.
He says they will go blandly over pre-
cipices to a messy death and blame you
for it because you pulled the wrong
string. He says that people who know
how to ride a horse think that all other
people also know how to ride a horse,
but that certain of them are stubbornly
determined not to do so. These they
naturally consider to be fools. The
Major in charge of the riding school
knew how to ride a horse. He con-
sidered O.C. "B" Company a fool and
cracked a ten-foot whip behind him
when he was clinging with his teeth to
the mane of a runaway cavalry charger.

After trotting without stirrups, and
jumping what he declared to be five-
barred gates, O.C. "B" Company was
so sore that he could hardly stand at
ease without bursting into tears. He
was obliged, indeed, to go to the Chief
Instructor and beg him most earnestly
to make no more jokes as it hurt him so
to laugh.

"However," said O.C. "B" Com-
pany, "I can stick it."

And then someone mentioned soccer.

O.C. "B" Company decided that he
might be able to hobble as far as the
footer field to watch the others play.
A faint uneasiness lest he might be
expected to play himself was soon swept
aside as ridiculous.

And then someone mentioned hockey.
Also he was asked his boxing weight.
Rugger, basket-ball, cross-country
running, jumping, putting the weight,

fencing, throwing the duck-board, push-
ball, lacrosse, water-polo, curling, fives
and wrestling were canvassed for.

O.C. "B" Company began to find
himself entering the Mess furtively and
starting violently if anyone spoke to
him.

His laugh, when he said, "Haven't
played for years, you know," lacked
heartiness. He began to slink up side-
streets when he met lusty young men
striding down the road in inadequate
shorts. He felt exactly like the wrong
sort of boy at school.

It was this feeling which induced him
to enter for the boxing. He had boxed
a little at school. . . .

"One minute rounds," said the Army
Gymnastic Staff, seductively. "And
only three rounds altogether. It doesn't
matter how little you know of boxing. . .
Just for the sport of the thing. . . ."

He little knew that he was to be
butchered to make a British holiday.
The details are rather horrible. It was
like the National Sporting Club, with
the judges smoking cigars and his own
batman grinning out of a sea of khaki.
He felt very naked until they said,
"Seconds out. Time." And then he
was conscious of nothing but that a
minute can be amazingly long. . . .
The doctor thinks that his face may
recover in time.

And then next day, after his horse
had bolted with him, gone over all the
jumps seven times just for the fun of
the thing, and finally dropped him con-
temptuously into a puddle, he read the
following order: "All those who have
hitherto not played any games will
take part to-morrow in a tug-of-war."

Then O.C. "B" Company did an
awful thing. In the middle of the town
square, in full view of the Commandant
and all his Staff, he deliberately walked
up to a member of the W.A.A.C. and
spoke to her.

He just said, "How do you do?" in
a very clear and audible voice, but that
was enough.

He was returned next day to his
unit, where he settled back, with a
sigh of immense relief, into the rustic
peace of the front-line trenches. But
he is, of course, a marked man.

The Food Shortage.

"Girl, smart, wanted for work in butcher's
shop; one able to pick bones preferred."
Aberdeen Free Press.

"Mr. Owen A. Clark, M.B.E., Mayor of
Bury St. Edmunds, demanded 'Inter them
all' rather than intern them."—*Observer.*

Every man to his trade, as the Mayor of
Bury would say; or, as the tube posters
inform us, "The best way round is
Underground."



BURNING HIS FINGERS.

BOLSHEVIST (*posing for the Triumph of Freedom*). "I DON'T THINK I FEEL LIKE CARRYING ON MUCH LONGER. I BELIEVE THIS CURSED THING MUST HAVE BEEN MADE IN GERMANY."



Indignant Colonel (at seaside). "MR. MAYOR, THERE'S NOTHING TO BE BOUGHT IN YOUR CONFOUNDED LITTLE TOWN! I WANT TO KNOW WHY NO PROVISION HAS BEEN MADE FOR THE—AH—PROVISION OF—AH—PROVISIONS?"

Mayor. "HAS IT NOT OCCURRED TO YOU, SIR, THAT IT MIGHT BE WELL TO INDENT IN TRIPLICATE?"

AT QUESTION TIME.

SOR, I have put a question down for Ministers to state

Why anny man in Sligo Town should pay a borough rate,
And why the Kerry landlords, wid their keepers and their sneaks,
Are prosecutin' dacent boys for shootin' on the Reeks?

I've twinty questions more with which the Governmint to prod;

I want to know why MICHAEL BOYLE has not got out of quod,
And why the great O'SHAUGHNESSY, an ancient Irish Prince,
Should be interned at Oxford, where the accint makes him wince?

Why do the praties rot in Meath?
Should CARSON be allowed
To say those wicked things that raise the passions of the crowd,
While quiet boys who dhrill at night in Birr and Mullingar
Are harried by police in dhroves, on horse and fut and kyar?

Arish, wid av that, I ask why every British tank
May fight against conscription and attack it front and flank,

While if *The Westmeath Eagle* says recruitin' is a sin

They turn his type to printer's pie and run the printer in?

I ask why brutal soger min swarm in the County Cork,
Desthroyin' Irish freedom and devourin' Irish pork?

Why should the murdherin' British Fleet, that prowls by night and day,
Nab quiet Munsther boys who shwim from Kiel to Bantry Bay?

OUR MENTAL MUNITION-MAKERS.

A CRITICAL SURVEY.

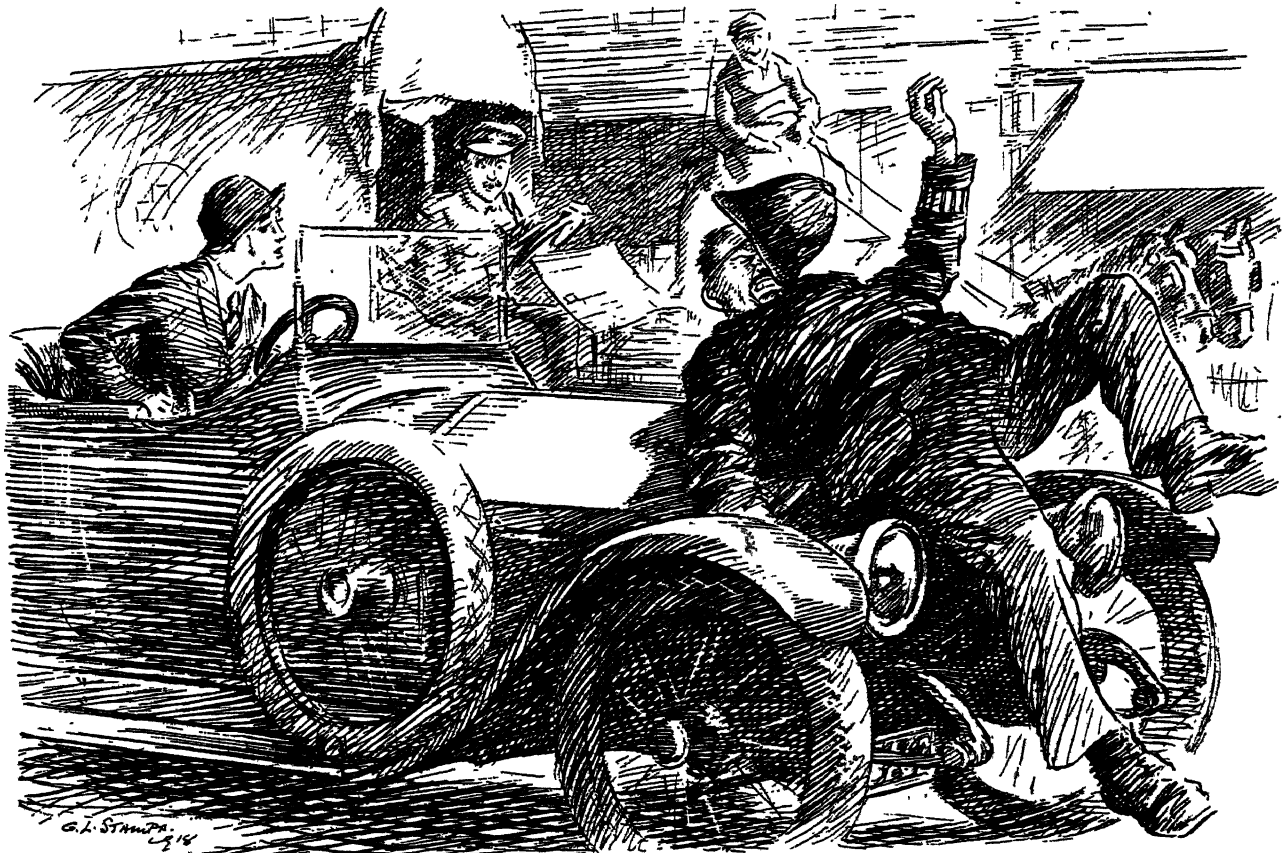
(After a well-known model.)

CASTING a retrospective eye on the output of the Summer season and the impact of that output on the public mind, one is irresistibly struck by the continued predominance of the novel. Novels "touch the spot," in the vital phrase of the patent-medicine-man, more poignantly than any other literary form. They set up a pulpit in the public ear whence, from the first filtering of grey dawn to the last expiring sob of the nightlight, they carry on their unrelenting offensive on the pit of the great heart of the million. And in

the mid-welter of Armageddon, when the heart quits its normal ambit to invade the sphere of mind, the "hearty" writer wins in a canter.

THE BEST SELLERS OF THE SUMMER.

Hence there is nothing to wonder at in the primacy of Mr. HANLEY STAFFORD, as evinced in the forty thousand copies already sold of his *Young Wife's Tale*. The house of Cashel—firm as the rock of that ilk—is indeed to be congratulated on a triumph which is equally grateful and comforting to author, publisher and "stockist." Posterity? Ah! that is another story. But why bother about posterity? As Sir BOYLE ROCHE said, "What has posterity done for us?" Less resounding but still resonant in their success have been *The Lure of the Leviathan* by ESTHER DALE and *Purple Pangs* by LIONEL WOOF—fine titles both of them, with a tang of salt realism that titillates us voluptuously. They give us full measure too, for, as *Swoggle* remarks in *The Toshpot*, "art is long, though paper is short." You don't know *Swoggle*? Then get to know him at once. Mr. McQuirk, his creator, has given us a new and better *Caleb Balderston*, with a touch of *Sancho*



Fair Chauffeuse (to constable on traffic duty). "You're a VERY FOOLISH MAN TO STAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD; IT'S LUCKY FOR YOU I HAPPENED TO BE LOOKING AND COULD PULL UP IN TIME."

Panza thrown in, featuring at the same time his own lovable personality. As an antidote to war-weariness *Swoggle* simply (to use his own delicious phrase) "collars the cracknel." *The Toshpot* may not have the artistry of HENRY JAMES or the subtlety of JOSEPH CONRAD, but it is vital, sincere and voices the authentic aroma of Cockaigne. Some novelists deliberately side-track war-happenings; others gravitate irresistibly into the orbit of the pink planet, as Sir JOHN HERSCHEL might have put it if he had written literary *causeries* for *The Daily Chronicle*; and goodness knows what he might not have done had he lived a hundred years later. The ways of literature are inscrutable, and I sometimes wonder what I should have written of the "best sellers" of the spacious times of great ELIZABETH. But such speculations, though fascinating, are perhaps otiose. What really counts at the moment is the novel of humour, not the sophisticated acidity of a wire-drawn cynicism, but the babbling, bounding, blinking outspill and uplift of ingenuous egotism. Just as the War has simplified our diet and caused us to dispense with starched collars and serviettes, so it has revised and simplified our literary tastes. As

we no longer sneer at tripe and onions, so we welcome the all-persuasive popularity of Mr. Skrimshanks's *Wiggly-Wog*. Vulgar, you say; but what of that? Humanity is always vulgar. Besides, it is not the function of the benevolent bookman to pillory the lapses of our "best sellers," but to lard them with genialunction.

THE PERFECT ICONOCLAST.

Olives have their place at a banquet as well as caramels, and I cannot conclude this brief survey without cordially congratulating Mr. Kitton Scratchley on the *furor* which he has excited by his delicious essays in denigration, *Victorians Unveiled*. No one can haul an idol from a pedestal with a defter touch, turning the heroine into the harpy, the saint into the vitriolic virago, the Empire-builder into the brutal egotist, the divine into the snuffing *Chadband*. Whether the estimates given are just or fair is of little account compared with the brilliancy of the artistic achievement. I look forward with keen anticipation to a complementary series of studies in rehabilitation from the same gifted pen, beginning with JEWELL, including TIBERTUS and TORQUEMADA, and ending with TROTSKY.

LULLABY TO A DUD.

By a Poet on Sentry Duty.

Oh, Little Dud, sing lullaby;
With what fond care oppressed
I keep my vigil at thy side,
Lest aught disturb thy rest,
While on thy face from time to time
I turn an anxious eye;
Oh, Little Dud, sing lullaby,
Sing lulla-lullaby.

So still thou sleepest, Little Dud,
Throughout the breathless night;
Almost I feel that thou art dead,
But when I think how light
A touch would wake thee into life
Most earnestly I sigh:
Oh, Little Dud, sing lullaby,
Sing lulla-lullaby.

Then slumber on; the world is rude;
In slumber thou dost keep
Thine innocence, sweet Dud; but, oh!
How thin a veil is sleep!
Within thy form, so round and smooth,
What lurking passions lie!
Oh, Little Dud, sing lullaby,
Sing lulla-lullaby.

Another Sex Problem.

"Handsome Male Kid, Ballywalter sire, Nubian mother; gives 4 qts. daily; one guinea."—*Irish Paper*.

"OR BOTH."

"COLD dinner!" exclaimed Frederic. "I'm sick of cold salmon and salads and blanchmanges."

"*Cherchez la femme*," I replied.

"Not Dora again?" he groaned.

"Yes, Dora again," I sighed.

"Why don't you give her notice? I'd make a better cook myself."

"Unfortunately," I said, "I'm unable to give this Dora notice. I'm speaking of the Dora who threatens a hundred-pound fine or six months' imprisonment, *or both*."

"What is it this time?" asked Frederic.

"Gas," I replied.

"It's all gas," said Frederic.

"No, it isn't," I said. "It's electric light too, and shortly it will be coal. I have had a notice from the gas company, warning me to keep a constant watch on the gas-meter in case I exceed the rationed allowance. If I do exceed they must report me to the Board of Trade, who will fine me a hundred pounds or imprison me for six months, *or both*. I've been to the gas office and they've given me half-an-hour's careful instruction on reading the meter, but I don't understand it in the least. There are *three* faces. On the right one the hands always go forward like a clock. On the middle one they always go backward like the barometer. The third, I believe, is neutral. But I defy anyone to understand them. I'm sure the gas company must be deploring its lost opportunities now it is for the first time awake to the utter inability of the public to read their meters or check their consumption of gas. I was wondering, dear, if you would mind if I had the meter hung in the hall, where the barometer is, or stood on the dining-room mantel-piece in place of the clock. Or I might have the coal-cellar turned into a sitting room for me. The meter is there already, and we shall not want the coal-cellar for coal, as we shall be able to keep the coal ration in the scuttles. The only question, as far as I can see, is which of us will go to prison," I continued.

"I shall, most certainly," said Frederic eagerly. "I am the head of the house and as such responsible for its actions."

"No, dear," I said tenderly, "I must accept responsibility for the confidence you repose in me. I will go to prison and you shall pay the hundred-pound fine."

"Pardon me," said Frederic stiffly, "but I insist on going to prison. I will consent to no half-measures. I will gladly pay the hundred-pound fine on condition of being sent to prison for six months."

"Frederic," I said, "how can you be so selfish? You know it is my turn to go to prison. I gave way to you about food-hoarding and obscuring lights at dusk and everything else, and now it is my turn. I can't help it that they wouldn't prosecute you. My innocent and quiet mind longs for the hermitage of a prison cell. Think of it. No shopping, no servants, no catering, no bacon, no lard, no cheese, no syrup, no offal, no responsibility. Your meals brought hot to you by a servant who cannot give you notice. It would save my reason, which I feel is just going when I buy leeks and artichokes at the grocers', and the butcher's window is full of daffodils and blackberry jam; and I bought the marmalade yesterday at the oilshop and the tippers from the baker. And, Frederic," I said, "I believe they compel you to have a hot bath in prison, at least I know they do in the workhouse, and I expect it is the same in prison. There will be no more hot baths here with the limited gas and coal ration."

A groan from Frederic made me pause. The agonised expression on his face wrung my heart. "I expect I'll have to let you go to prison, Frederic dear," I said, "now that I think of the baths. A bath you must have even if you have to go to prison for it—you shall go."

The light of inspiration broke over Frederic's face.

"Why couldn't we both go?" he cried.

"Why not?" I said; "it certainly says '*or both*.'"

THE RECOVERY OF LA NAPOO.

THE recent recapture of La Napoo by our troops after it had been in the hands of the Germans for twenty-four hours and the consequent restoration of the tactical situation on that part of the line is already familiar history. But the inspiration which prompted this brilliant feat has hitherto escaped publicity.

It is not known when the rite of kit inspection was first introduced into the British army. We suspect, however, that the English bowmen who won Crecy were acquainted with it, and that it was not in view of the coming battle but on account of an impending inspection that they protected their arms so well during that fatal thunderstorm. It is also well known in the army that it was only by frequent kit inspections that WELLINGTON maintained discipline among his big-hearted rascals in the Peninsula. All this may seem puzzling to the layman, but let him know that kit inspection as carried out in the British army is a ceremony as painful

and embarrassing for its victims as any ever held under the auspices of the Spanish Inquisition.

The officer who usually conducts kit inspection in the 7th Battalion the Plumshire Regiment was a vivisector in civilian life.

"There will be a kit inspection"—so his orders ran—"in the Square at 9.30 A.M. to-morrow."

The men of the 7th Plumshires, who had just outfought Fritz in a bloody rear-guard action, suddenly ceased from their merry-making in the estaminets of B—. As the orderly sergeants went from door to door with their warning a dead silence settled down over the village. The voice of the distant guns seemed to take on a more sinister note. Wondering what ill-tidings from the line the sergeants had shouted the good people of B— made anxious inquiry. Tom and Dick and Harry made the Gaelic gesture of despair and explained, "*Inspection—no bon!*" And the kindly natives looked even graver still. They had known the British army for three years.

Now the 7th Plumshires were in particularly evil case. Save for their arms and the clothes on their backs the bulk of their equipment lay behind the German lines, in the village of La Napoo, which they had been compelled to evacuate the previous evening. Thither eyes began to travel furtively.

Presently some of the weaker spirits could be seen proceeding with ostentatious aimlessness down the La Napoo road. Later on, military policemen were viewing with dismay the rest of the battalion, half-armed, unofficered, and in an obviously ugly mood, travelling in rough formation in the same direction. Believing it to be a case of wholesale breach of discipline they rushed back and gave the alarm.

There was no overtaking the 7th, however. They passed swiftly through the rear British defences and on to the front line, much to the amazement of those who had relieved them there some hours before. Then they went over the parapet, crashed through the German elements in front and flung themselves in silent ferocity on the village. The garrison never had a chance. They were not merely up against the 7th Plumshires. Behind the Plumshires was that which had turned the bowmen of Crecy pale and made the stormers of Badajos quake. In ten minutes the village was won, just as the officers of the 7th dashed up and took control.

The kit inspection was duly held, with only one untoward incident. This was when a very young soldier exhibited a housewife, German pattern, in place of that originally issued to him.



Extract from list of recent decorations. "PRIVATE ATKINS, FOR ACT OF GALLANTRY NOT IN FACE OF THE ENEMY."

LETTERS OF A BOY SCOUT.

I.

DEAR UNCLE,—I have become a boy scout and I have to do one good turn a day so I write to cheer you in hospital. Our motto is "Be Prepared," and Belfitt, our petrol leader, says that if only Lord HALDEEN had been prepared we could have made war on Germany instead of Germany making war on us which would have been a great advantage.

A boy scout is kind to animals and I saved the lives of a lot of wasps yesterday which some crool boys were going to kill. But I said, "Scouts are not crool," so I fixed a paper bag over the nest and caught a lot and took them to school, and when they were let loose in algebra one of them stung the master on the head so he left the room for half an hour which shows that kindness to animals pays.

Scouts never allow bad or low langwidge. This is kept very strict and a tenderfoot who said his uncle had two blast furnisses had a jug of water pored down his neck to keep him from being low, and some of the things he said then would have meant a lot more water only the jug got broke. Still you see that it is good for manners to be a scout, and our petrol leader says

that it would be a better world and far more interesting if we could go about poring water down everybody's neck who used low langwidge.

We go rout marches every Saturday and the petrol leader encourages our powers of observation by giving marks to any one who sees a thing first. A horse counts one, a black cat two, a fat lady three, a wounded officer four, a goat five and so up to elephants which score fifty only not being common they do not score often. I should have won the prize last week only Jenkins knowing the way we should march got his two fat aunts to stand in his garden and scored six which was not fair. And he got his young brother to bring a goat, too, but the goat bit a hole in his trousers while waiting so the young brother give up and climbed a tree because he did not like his trousers to be seen. I hope that you will come here soon and then I will arrange for you to hide on Saturday afternoons so I can score four every time I see you and it will be very interesting for you to know you are develupping my powers of observation.

Every scout is expected to save and put money in the War Lone. I am saving very hard but it is difficult because our petrol is trying to buy a tent so we can be prepared for the invasion. And

it is very hard to keep up War Lone and save for the tent. You see if an invasion took place and we hadn't a tent we should not be prepared and Belfitt says he doesn't know what would happen. Really good tents cost forty-five shillings carriage forward. I send a catalogue to show the sort of tent we think of buying as you know all about tents being at the War so much. All our petrol say you are the very man for advise. But we have only got one and nine so far and we all lie awake at night wondering if the invasion will come when we are unprepared which makes me behind with my lessons. Only Belfitt, our petrol leader, says that it is quite likely that some one who knows how we put down low langwidge and crooldy will give us a tent. He says it is very often done by kind people. The one in the catalogue we want is on page 3. I have put a mark against it so that you will know.

Your loving Nephew

J.M.

Floor-boards are 7s. 6d. extra. But Belfitt says we can't expect any kind person to give us floor-boards though they would keep off roomatism which saddens a mother's heart. If any kind person did give them he could send them to the Cuckoo Patrol here to our house, carriage paid.



E. Shepherd

Gallant Berliner. "ALAS, NOBLE LADY, THE BOW TO WHICH YOU ARE ENTITLED I CANNOT PERFORM, MY LINOLEUM TROUSERS NOT PERMITTING."

[People in the towns are having to resort to garments made of window-blinds, curtains, etc. Such is the shortage of clothing material in Germany.—*Vide Daily Press.*]

HALF-PAST ELEVEN SQUARE.

THERE'S a town I know in Flanders, an' there ain't much else to say,
But it's pretty much like most towns when the War 'as passed their way;
There's tumbled shops an' 'ouses, an' there's brickbats everywhere,
An' a place that British soldiers call "'Alf-past Eleven Square."

There's a silly clock stuck up there that's forgot the way to chime,
With its silly fingers pointin' to the same old bloomin' time;
An' the world it keeps on turnin', but it makes no difference there,
For it never gets no later in 'Alf-past Eleven Square.

There's a stink o' gas a-crawlin' where the people lived before,
That it used to tell the time to when there 'adn't been no war,
In the day the whizz-bangs bustin', in the night the star-shells' glare,
An' 'oo cares what the time is in 'Alf-past Eleven Square?
You could walk for 'arf a day there, an' there's not a soul to meet
In the empty smashed-up 'ouses an' the empty sandbagged street;

They've packed their traps up long since an' they've gone for change of air,

For you bet it ain't no 'ealth-resort—'Alf-past Eleven Square.

An' it only wakes up sometimes, when the armies come an' go,
With the transport an' the wounded an' the big guns crawlin' slow;

But let 'em come or let 'em go, the clock don't seem to care
If it's Fritz or Tommy marchin' through 'Alf-past Eleven Square.

But it's waitin'—waitin'—waitin' till the world goes on once more,

An' the folk come back to live there as they used to live before,

An' open wide the broken door an' climb the broken stair,
An' move along its fingers in 'Alf-past Eleven Square.

Yes, it's waitin'—waitin'—waitin', just the same as you an' me,

For the same world, only better than the old one used to be;

An' I've got a barmy notion that I wish I might be there
When twelve o'clock is strikin' in 'Alf-past Eleven Square.

C. F. S.

"Deciding to leave ten master butchers and slaughtermen to deal with 15,000 customers, Chertsey Tribunal has taken drastic steps."
Evening News.

Drastic, indeed! But is this massacre strictly legal?



HUN TO HUN.

ATTILA (to LITTLE WILLIE). "SPEAKING AS ONE BARBARIAN TO ANOTHER I DON'T RECOMMEND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD. I FOUND IT A BIT UNHEALTHY MYSELF."

[ATTILA'S victorious progress across Gaul was finally checked on the plains of Châlons.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 15th.—One of the best finds of the alien-hunting season is to be credited to Major NEWMAN, who has discovered a firm of naturalised Germans manufacturing catgut and sausage-skins at Barking. The combination suggests horrid possibilities; but the rumour that the firm in question was behind the recent demand for an increase in the dog-tax, in the hope of enlarging the supply of raw material, lacks confirmation.

While all the other enemy countries have taken power to sequester British property and put British-owned businesses into liquidation Turkey had up to the beginning of this year taken no similar steps. This leniency is probably due to the characteristic dilatoriness of the Ottoman rather than to any disinclination to acquire other people's property. The KAISER is said to be very cross about it, and to have written to the new SULTAN, offering him the loan of LITTLE WILLIE to help him to get a move on.

Members were so busy discussing the renewed German offensive in Champagne that in a thin House the Report stage of the Education Bill made surprisingly rapid progress.

Mr. WHITEHOUSE'S whimpering style evidently got upon the nerves of Sir RYLAND ATKINS, who at last reminded him that "the fretful repetition of one's own opinion is not always equivalent to argument."

The best part of the debate turned upon the employment of children out of school-hours. Those distinguished playwrights, Mr. HEMMERDE and Mr. HAROLD SMITH, championed the claims of the theatrical child to special treatment. Unless caught and trained young, he or she, it seems, is liable to become a prey to self-consciousness, a thing which is notoriously fatal to success in the profession.

Tuesday, July 16th.—In Lord CURZON'S absence through illness some of the Peers were inclined to kick up their heels a little. But Lord CRAWFORD proved to be a most effective understudy to the Leader of the House, and, in particular, dealt firmly with Lord WIMBORNE, who gave it as his opinion

that we ought to reply in kind to the enemy's peace offensive with a "terse concrete formula." I should have thought Lord WIMBORNE'S success in promoting peace in Ireland was hardly so conspicuous as to justify him in setting up as an expert in this subject on the larger stage of Europe.

A report that the applications for War Savings Certificates from Scotland compared unfavourably with those from England and Wales distressed Mr. WATT, who began to fear that his countrymen were losing their well-earned reputation for judicious economy. Happily the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was able to inform him that the average sales per head in Scotland this year were 27s. 3d. as compared with 27s. 6d.



Mr. Fisher to Hindenberg. "THANKS TO THE DISTRACTIONS YOU'VE OFFERED ON THE WESTERN FRONT, I'M GETTING MY BILL THROUGH QUITE NICELY."

in England and Wales. But Mr. WATT will not rest, I hope, until he has found out how and why that missing three-pence was "banged."

The Education Bill passed its Third Reading with many deserved compliments to Mr. FISHER.

Wednesday, July 17th.—Although very little was left of Lord WIMBORNE after Lord CRAWFORD had done with him yesterday, Lord CURZON thought it necessary to rise from his sick bed to administer further castigation. After explaining the reason for his previous absence, he added, "Nor ought I to be here this afternoon"—the only one of his remarks with which the writhing victim cordially agreed.

On the question of National Shipyards Dr. MACNAMARA was heavily heckled, but he got a little of his own back when Mr. KING alleged that serious mistakes had been made in regard to the foundation of one of the slipways.

"There is no foundation whatever," Dr. MACNAMARA began, and for a moment the House thought that the hon. Member for North Somerset had for once discovered something that was not a mare's nest. But the next words, "for the suggestion," removed the illusion and Mr. KING'S record is still unbroken.

When the Aliens Bill got into Committee the House resembled a Cave of the Winds, with the difference that the winds blew towards the CAVE and not from it. But the HOME SECRETARY manfully withstood the breezes. His hardest fight was to resist the attempt to deprive him of his discretionary power to revoke certificates by substituting "shall" for "may" in the principal clause. His appeal to the Committee to support him "when I know I am right" was eventually successful, and only twenty-seven Members, a singularly motley group, went into the Lobby against him. Everyone was pleased to hear that the Home Office was determined to naturalize no German for five years after the War.

Thursday, July 18th.—Unhappily, I am not directly interested in Major CHAPPLE'S conundrum—"whether, if a taxpayer having an income of £100,000 records his income at £1 less than the true amount, he will save £15,000 in income-tax."

Nevertheless, for the sake of the country I am glad to record the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S reply, that the calculation is not correct, and that the exact amount which the multi-millionaire would save by thus cooking his accounts is ten shillings and sixpence.

A Glasgow Member complained that in the arrangement for exporting herrings to Allied countries the famous products of Loch Fyne had been treated as of no more value than humbler varieties. Mr. PARKER made a long and detailed reply to the effect that no injury was intended and none was likely to accrue to the bloated aristocrats of that district.

A long and acrimonious debate on the Vote for the Board of Agriculture had been expected. But Mr. PROTHERO'S review of its work was so frank and, on the whole, so favourable that even the farmers' champions expressed themselves satisfied. His account of the



Remount Officer. "RATHER FOOTY, IS HE? WELL, WE COULD HAVE HIM SHOD FOR YOU, I DARE SAY."

Sporting Padre. "OCH, I WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE TROUBLIN' YOU. I COULD MAKE THE OULD ONES DO FOR A BIT LONGER, BUT SURE YE COULDN'T JUST MANAGE TO FIT A NEW HORSE TO THIM, COULD YE NOW?"

extraordinary improvement effected in wheat and other cereals by experiments on Mendelian lines was quite fascinating, and made one wish that the same process could be applied to human beings. For, besides possessing other good qualities, the new wheat, it appears, never grows rusty.

"Sweet black Pomeranian lady, affectionate, delightful pet."—*The Lady.*

Though the advertisement appears under the heading "Home Produce" it looks very much like an invitation to traffic with the enemy.

From a Tribunal report:—

"The man, in reply to the Chairman, said he had to deal with every customer. Get out their orders, and load the vans. There were two packers, but one was injured, and the other was in hospital. He had therefore to pack the stuff himself. Everything fell on him."—*Eastern Daily Press.*

In the circumstances he would hardly find service in the Army much more hazardous.

From an official explanation of the new ration-books:—

"It is useless to deposit a whole meat leaf with a butcher unless it is intended to use all the coupons, including the 'd/d' coupons." *Daily Paper.*

According to our own experience it was quite unnecessary to give the public any hints as to the language it should use.

OF HUMPHRY, A "RUNNER."

AGAINST the old domestic duck
Some people always had a scunner,
In days before they had the luck
To grow familiar with the "runner."

For runners forage for their needs;
They are no trial to the thrifty;
Their annual yield in eggs exceeds,
In many instances, two-fifty.

In form the penguin and the goose
Upon a smaller scale suggesting,
They really justify the use
Of such an epithet as "arresting."

Indeed the Indian runner drake
Described in *The Spectator* lately
Was mentally as wide-awake
As WELLS or as Archbishop WHATELY.

'Twould need a volume to rehearse
The gifts of this engaging critter,
Who with his mistress would converse
In a subdued ecstatic twitter;

Who curtsied, quacked and raised his crest
To greet his friends, romped with the kitten,
Paid visits on his own, a guest
By shyness utterly unsmitten;

Who with the gardener for hours
Would gravely walk behind the roller,
And, though he made too free with flowers,
Never defied the FOOD-CONTROLLER.

On snails and slugs he used to fall
With fire and fury unremitting,
Consuming thirty, shells and all,
Of various sizes at a sitting.

Moreover, though from time to time
He erred, yet *fortiter peccavit*,
And in the manner of his crime
There always was a grace to save it.

In short, the intellect displayed
By Lesbia's overrated sparrow,
Compared with Humphry's stock-in-trade,
Was negligible, mean and narrow.

And yet, alas! there came a day
When this incorrigible roamer
Was lured too far afield to stray
And failed for once to prove a "homer."

Yet there is solace in the thought
That the unconscionable sinner
Who Humphry's downfall basely wrought
Found him a tough unwholesome dinner.

"Lost, black brindle Scotch terrier; answers to name of 'Jane.' Very shy."—*Daily Paper.*
Has the owner tried humming the time-honoured lyric:—

"My pretty Jane, my pretty Jane,
Ah! never be so shy;
But meet me, meet me in the evening
When the bloom is on the rye?"

AT THE PLAY.

"THE CHINESE PUZZLE!"

IF I had been consulted about the title of this play after assisting at the first half of the introductory Act, I should have proposed to call it "A British Puzzle!" (repeating the authors' note of exclamation). No visitor from Mars descending suddenly upon a semi-political house-party could have felt dizzier than I did after the first bad quarter-of-an-hour of rattled dialogue. Out of the Stygian darkness, to which all sorts of nationalities had contributed their flashes of obscurity, there at last emerged the salient fact that a Chinese Ambassador and a representative of our Foreign Office were about to negotiate a loan from the Chinese Government for the British Navy. (You might have thought it would more reasonably be the other way about, but that is how it reached my dazed ears).

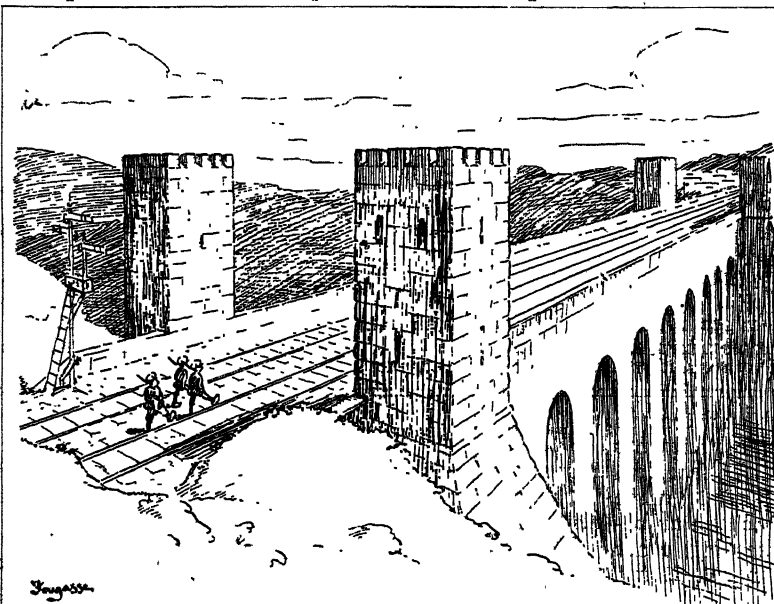
The document embodying the deal, being of an extremely confidential nature, is left lying about in a side room. Here it is nefariously photographed and the result conveyed to the Press in time for the morning issue. The guilty party is a girl who is in love with the son of the house, and she does it with a very natural reluctance, under fierce pressure from a mother who is in immediate need of ready money to hush up an inconvenient past. The blame falls on the girl's lover, who is incontinently discharged from the Government service. They marry; but the knowledge, on her part, that she has ruined him, and, on his part, an obsessive desire to prove his innocence, distract them from the full enjoyment of their union.

After a lapse of some ten months the Chinese Ambassador, as a tribute to an old friendship for the man's father, takes upon himself the guilt of an act which he could never conceivably have committed, and prepares to retire to Peking, there to live in disgrace tempered by philosophy and a sense of incredibly heroic sacrifice.

There is an original touch in this conclusion, as indeed there is in most of the things His Excellency does and says; but for the rest—and notably

the handling of the plot on what one may call its detective side—the play is curiously amateurish. And I can give you no idea of the haziness and triviality of the minor characters, in particular a precocious flapper and a person referred to as "dear old Billy" (he was neither dear nor old), who kept on taking the liberty of assuming that I was likely to be diverted by their obscure intrusions.

I hazard the not very daring conjecture that Mr. LEON LION, who wrote the play in collaboration with Miss MARIAN BOWER, concentrated his efforts on the rôle of the *Marquis Chi Lang*, which he played himself. And a very attractive figure he made of this philoso-



THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

Corporal in charge (on arrival at bridge). "DE-TACHMENT, BREAK—STEP!"

"When crossing a military bridge Infantry will break step."—Extract from "Regulations."

pher-diplomat, who spent his time in throwing off Oriental epigrams with a fluency which, in spite of their appositeness, savoured of preparation. It was all very well for him (and for us so long as he was on the stage), but the others had a thin time of it—Miss ETHEL IRVING, for instance, as the criminal, though they gave her a "strong" scene or two to catch her breath in, and Mr. ELLIE NORWOOD, the negociator of the loan, who made little pretence of taking more than a perfunctory interest in the recitation of his lines.

To me the real "Puzzle" is the mental condition of a certain distinguished critic whose unqualified eulogy of the play persuaded me to go and see this very unequal production. But I should be ungrateful not to record my debt to the author-actor who played (and presumably wrote) the LEON LION's part.

O. S.

THE OTHER TWO.

IT is my good or ill fortune to have taken a furnished flat at a dizzy altitude in the neighbourhood of the West End London terminus which is at once nearest the sea and the Promised Land. Immediately above the flat is a spacious roof, which, when the raider is not with us, affords a pleasant retreat in the cool of the evening, and where, at most hours, toy dogs may be met. The flat itself consists of a number of rooms, the walls of which are covered with photographs of men, women and children almost as thickly as the pages of a school-boy's album are covered with stamps. The men have obsolete beards; several of the women seem to be sisters, and have been taken together in pairs with their heads inclining towards each other at an affectionate angle. This attitude still permits each sister to be secretly convinced that she is the handsomer. There are also sets of children graduated like organ-pipes. These photographs not only hang on the walls but they swarm about the mantel-pieces and the occasional tables. The latter are so numerous and varied in size that one might imagine this a breeding establishment for them. I suspect the place of being also a stud farm for cushions.

The beginning of my tenancy was marked by a tragedy. The larder window having been left open by the previous occupants, a large slate-coloured pigeon, with plans for a family, had made a nest inside and laid an egg in it, and when I suddenly opened the door was obviously proposing to lay another. To this I personally should have had no objection whatever; but the porter, who was showing me round, and who has a sense of decorum more proper to such apartments, had other views, and before I could interfere had removed the egg, brushed away the nest and closed the window. This ended his share of the drama; but mine was to begin, for ever since that day the pigeon, with a depth of reproachfulness in its eyes that is extremely distressing, has sat on the kitchen window-sill making desperate efforts to get in, so that I creep about feeling like HEROD. During Baby Week

it was almost unbearable. Even when I am far from the kitchen I can hear its plaintive cooing.

In addition to numerous other advantages, such as a night porter to work the lift, who is never visible, and a day porter who, since I took possession, has been forbidden by the authorities to use the lift before two o'clock in the afternoon, and scrupulously obeys the new regulation except when he has to ascend to an upper floor himself—in addition to such advantages the flat has windows that refuse to be lifted by any but a Hercules, and doors (ten in all) not one of which will remain open except by artificial means. Whether or not this is a peculiarity of Westminster architecture I cannot say, but all the doors are alike. They each quietly but remorselessly close, yet so gently that the latch does not catch, and every breath of draught (and we by no means stop at breaths) sways them noisily to and fro with a sound that is irritating and vexing to the nerves. One has therefore either to go to the door and fasten it or find something with which to fix it open. Normally, I use a chair or a weight from the kitchen scales; but two of the rooms—the drawing-room, where the occasional tables and cushions are most prolific, and the dining-room, where I do everything but dine—are supplied with door-stops of their own, consisting each of an elephant's foot mounted with a brass handle. Picture me then, the most Occidental of men and less of a big-game hunter than anyone you could imagine, moving about this intensely sophisticated flat carrying the foot of a mammoth of the Indian jungle or the African forest in order to prevent a London door from banging. And what a fate for a noble pachyderm. Imperial Cæsar's destiny was not more incongruous.

If there were four of these feet I might be more at ease. But there are only two of them, and elephants are quadrupeds. Where then are the other two? That is the question which is wearing me out. I lie awake at night wondering, and then falling into an uneasy sleep hear a heavy stumbling tread on the stairs and wake in terror as the door bursts open and the other half of the elephant advances upon me demanding its lost feet. It is always a dreadful nightmare, but never more so than when it not only towers up grey and threatening, but coos like a pigeon.

"An Ophthalmic Optician requires a Young Lady Assistant."—*Eastern Daily Press*.

But our flappers are fond of sensation, and might conceivably prefer an Aural Optician.



Wife. "WHAT DAY DID FREDDIE WRITE FROM BOULOGNE?"

Husband. "OH—ER—I'LL LOOK UP THE COUNTERFOIL IN MY CHEQUE-BOOK."

MR. PUNCH'S "SPORPOT."

IN the annual competition between South African Schools for the best "Sporpot" (or Savings-box) collection on behalf of Belgian Refugees in Great Britain—a competition which arose out of an article contributed to *Punch* in the early days of the War—the first place has been won by the Eunice High School for Girls, Bloemfontein, and the second by the St. Andrew's Preparatory School for Boys, Grahamstown. Mr.

Punch sends his best compliments to these schools and his sincere thanks to all those who took part in this generous rivalry. From six schools in South Africa a total sum of £44 12s. has been received and gratefully acknowledged by the representative of the late Mr. BERTRAM SMITH, who originally described the "Sporpot" scheme in these pages. The death, during the past year, of this loyal friend of Mr. Punch has been a heavy loss to the good causes for which he laboured beyond his strength.

AN EXILE IN MONACO.

(Extract from "The Monaco Gazette" of July 16, 19—.)

YESTERDAY, in accordance with the decision of the Allied Powers and in virtue of an agreement with the Prince of Monaco, the EX-KAISER WILHELM made his formal entry into his allotted territory of Monaco. The ex-imperial bath-chair was in waiting to receive him as he landed from the French man-of-war, *Tallien*; and the military band was there, playing patriotic music of the French and Italian nations. The two Belgian Commissioners and their Serbian colleagues were also in attendance to see that everything was carried out according to plan.

The EX-KAISER was much moved by these evidences of care for his comfort and made a speech in which he dwelt upon the glories that had illuminated the history of Monaco. "These, however," he said, "are not comparable in any degree with those splendours which will be the lot of Monaco in future, owing to the fact that Monaco has been chosen as my residence. I trust she is fully sensible of the new and almost overwhelming dignity."

The EX-KAISER then entered the bath-chair and was conveyed rapidly to the palace, his future residence, which he entered. Thereupon he assumed the new and splendid uniform which had been made for him as Regent of Monaco. In twenty minutes he was ready and came out, calling loudly for the Army to appear and swear allegiance to its new War-Lord. Half the Army did promptly present itself, but the remaining fifteen preferred to stay away. As such a case is not provided for in the constitution it is not easy to see what could be done.

The EX-KAISER looked as black as thunder, but, fifteen soldiers having assembled, he determined not to rob them of the speech which he had prepared for the occasion. In this he spoke of the Army as being his support in the stormy times that might at any moment come upon Monaco. The soldier of Monaco must, he continued, put aside every thought of self and think only of his Regent, determined to obey him blindly in whatever he might command. If the Regent ordered the soldier to shoot his father and mother the soldier must do so without a moment's hesitation. Hereupon fourteen members of the Army out of the fifteen that were present immediately resigned their position and their uniform, saying that they would have nothing to do with such bloodthirsty sentiments. The EX-KAISER was furious and threatened to immure the commander of the Army in the dungeon of the palace; but the key could not be found, and as a matter of fact no gaoler had for many years been appointed. WILLIAM must be more careful with regard to his speeches, for he is restricted to three a day, and the Serbian representative is entrusted with the duty of seeing that he does not exceed this allowance.

The EX-KAISER then proceeded to his favourite game of choosing and dismissing Chancellors and Ministers. It is stipulated in the treaty that the EX-KAISER shall be suffered to choose one Chancellor or two Foreign Ministers a week. These are to be responsible for his actions and his words during their tenure of office, and are not allowed to resign, the proposal being that they shall allow themselves to be harried and abused, and thus keep the EX-KAISER in a moderately good temper by giving him a semblance of despotic authority. We do not envy the holders of these offices, and in fact we do not see how this part of the treaty can be carried out without friction. Whatever may be the case in Germany there is no citizen of Monaco who would care to accept so mean a position.

In the evening there was a grand Court banquet and the EX-KAISER made another speech.

A MOAN FROM THE CAPTAIN'S CLERK.

[A Register of Labour has been instituted on board H.M. ships, some thousands of trades being arranged in forty-one groups.]

ALL yesterday my office door was darkened by a mob
Of men professing skill in some fantastic-sounding job;
A mulcher and a gossard, a darricker, a tout,
A pontysticker, jinney-tenter, scuppler, taker-out.
A man aged forty years at least declared he was a nipper;
Another said it was his pride to be a good dog-whipper.
Then sighed a gloomy-visaged man, "In peace-time I'm a
jollier;"

A tutworker was followed by a wuzzer and a trollier.
Said one, "You've called me sticker-in on this here blessed
form,

But really I'm a sticker-up, though once I used to gorm."
I have the honour to submit, to hospital we've sent
A feeder and a dribbler, and a kincher has been lent
For service to another ship which lost a man last week
(A pretty rotten sailor, but he knew the way to keek).
Oh, yes, and there's a man who's just deserted to the shore;
He always was a runner-off; we'll see his face no more.
My head is full of callowmen, sad ironmen, rudder boys;
Speech with a caustic finisher has stripped my life of joys;
In fact, if this strange registry goes on as it's begun,
By Peace I'll be a competent bird-scarer (see Group One).)

HOME FRONT POSTCARDS.

DEAR DADDY,—I am quite well.

I now weigh — lbs. — oz.

I have added — lbs. — oz. since I was born on —.

I love going to the Infant Welfare Centre.

YOUR LOVING BABY.

So runs the latest adaptation of the field postcard which is obtainable at Infant Welfare Centres and is now arriving at the Front. It saves the time and paper required for letter-writing and, besides the more intimate details, it conveys a gratuitous little advertisement (thoroughly well deserved) of the institution responsible for its issue. If we might suggest an improvement it would be that a blank should be left after "Dear," so that Auntie and Grandad in France might also have their postcards.

The enterprise shown by the I.W.C. will certainly not escape the notice of other institutions which work for the public good, and we may confidently predict that postcards on the following lines will shortly be available for despatching to the Front:—

DEAR PARTNER,—We are doing well on Government Contracts.

Our last account was paid — times over.

The Ministry of — is simply splendid.

Yours as ever, —.

DEAR DAD,—Since I last wrote I have killed — flies,
— wasps, — caterpillars; dug — rods, poles,
— or perches of school allotment.

I love going to school at —.

I sincerely trust the Education Bill will go through.

Your loving Son, —.

DEAREST,—I hope your Q.M.A.A.C.'s are going strong.

I am so happy in my new post, and Capt. — is a
perfect dear.

Last week I had — joy-rides, — lunches, —
theatres, chocs (lbs.) —.

The Ministry of — is winning the War.

With heaps of love,

Ever your affectionate —.

P.S.—I got such a dinkie — at —'s White Sale,
only —/11½. (Full description follows by letter.)



THE COMFORTER.

Wife (who has lost a ten-shilling note). "WHY, WITH THE PRICE THINGS ARE, IT'S LIKE LOSING A SOVEREIGN IN PEACE TIME."

Husband. "ON THE CONTRARY, MY DEAR, OWING TO THE DECREASED PURCHASING VALUE OF MONEY, IT IS ONLY EQUIVALENT TO A LOSS OF FIVE SHILLINGS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"Laddie stopped to light his pipe. The match, *its work done*, glowed, warped and snapped off." After this quotation, the italics of which are my own, do you need telling that *The Anchor* (CONSTABLE) is not a story of the actual moment? Incidentally also it illustrates that passion for detail, relevant or otherwise, which Mr. M. T. H. SADLER has not yet apparently quite learnt how to hold in check. Apart however from this want of selection and a general excess of exuberance, I have nothing but praise for a story whose scheme and treatment reach an unusual level of distinction. Starting with an exquisite passage from *DONNE* as text Mr. SADLER follows the spiritual development of his hero, through sundry adventures that threaten shipwreck, to a safe anchorage in the arms of the one woman. It is, you may observe, a voyage that other novelists have essayed before. Fortunately Mr. SADLER has certain gifts, sincerity, enthusiasm, and (I venture to guess) youth, all of which he has been able to transfer to his story, with the result of giving it a refreshing originality. His pictures of journalistic London and of Berlin in the War-August read convincingly genuine, though I am thankful to say that good fortune compels me to take the latter on trust. As for the style, that, after all, is but another symptom of youthful enthusiasm, an incapacity to resist the lure of the startling phrase, with such results as "The Midland train lay like a tired red worm, leaning against the platform edge," or the

picture of the heroine "crumbling her unresponsive bread" (unresponsive in 1914! What must it seem to her now?) But when all is said these are but small and generous faults to set off against the honesty and freshness of Mr. SADLER's outlook.

I suspect that the title of *General Foch at the Marne*, by CHARLES LE GOFFIC (DENT), owed its origin not so much to anything that the book (a translation from the French) itself contains as to the fact that it happened to be published at or about the time when General Foch's name became the centre of a certain amount of controversy, which has now happily died down. M. LE GOFFIC's book gives us an account of the fine and confused fighting which has since come to be known as the battle of the Marne, but of General Foch it gives no special account, mentioning him merely in an incidental manner like any other General. Still, a book has a right to be judged by what it contains, not by what it calls itself, and therefore I owe it to M. LE GOFFIC to declare that his battle-pictures are admirable, especially that particular one which is concerned with the capture by the French of the Castle of Mondement, as splendid a piece of fighting as even this War can show. Before one of the unsuccessful attacks, "Major de Beaufort, ardent Catholic as he was, felt the need of commending himself and his men to God. He called a soldier-priest, Corporal Gallard, from the ranks, and asked him to give final absolution to such as wished to receive it. These soldiers were Vendéans. They all fell on

their knees. . . Major de Beaufort had drawn on his white gloves. He took one proud look at his battalion, then he lifted his cane: 'Forward! for France! Charge!' And thus did this great gentleman go to his death.

If you share my own happy memories of a volume of country-life sketches called *Through a Dartmoor Window*, you will call it cheerful news that Miss BEATRICE CHASE has been encouraged to re-open her magic casement and give us a companion book, *The Dartmoor Window Again* (LONGMANS). I do not know that I can say anything better of this than that it exhibits all the qualities, good and—no, not bad, but say less good—of its fellow. Miss CHASE writes with an almost startling fidelity to fact. Her chapter, for example, about the visitors whom the success of the first window-book brought to the scene of it, displays very entertainingly the compensations of popularity; while the account of the ill-bred behaviour of certain intruders will, one gladly thinks, be as a lash of scorpions to deserving backs. You shall find here all the former friends—the *Rainbow Maker*, for example, Mr. *Bluejacket*, and others. As before also Miss CHASE displays a very palpable sympathy for the land in which she has made her home. If indeed I were to say that her style is wholly free from sentiment, you, remembering, would very rightly decline to believe me; but the impulse is always genuine; and, if an allegory on the banks of the Dart has for her a fascination too compelling to resist, she can at least capture it with dexterity.

I have not had the privilege of pursuing the earlier adventures of the *McGlusky* person, nor am I, to be frank about it, waiting with feverish anxiety to see what another six-shillingworth will goad him to. I like my adventurers to be stout fellows, but when a middle-aged pioneer does a standing high jump of five feet seven in his top-boots my attitude is that of the Kansas farmer who was shown the hippopotamus at the Bronx Zoo, and, after contemplating it silently for several minutes, said, "Hell! There ain't no such an animal." For mark you this is no life-and-death effort of our hero along towards the end of the book, when the Indians and the wolves and the pirates look like having things all their own way. He does it right in the first chapter and with no provocation whatever except just to whet the dull reader's appetite. In a word, *President McGlusky* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a *lusus naturæ*, and not the only one by a long way that Mr. A. G. HALES introduces to our notice. For *McGlusky* encounters many a denizen of the wild that Mr. Pocock never wotted of. Indeed, disquisition on what purports to be natural history in a wearisome Scotch dialect is the great man's favourite occupation, that is, while he is resting between feats. Mr.

HALES explains in the preface to this work that some of it was written during the bombardment of the East Coast by German warships. We accept the excuse in the spirit in which it is offered.

Pencil Speakings from Peking, by A. E. GRANTHAM (ALLEN AND UNWIN) seems to me something very like a Pacifist tract disguised as a rambling history of China. He enforces his moral by ignoring all that is evil in the Eastern conception and conduct of life, and emphasising all that is good. About the only Western thing praised is the patriotism of Prussia (the Prussia of the early nineteenth century, I must in fairness add; but there is a long passage which I read as a very subtly veiled apology for German aggression); the only Western artists named are NIETZSCHE and STRAUSS.

Democracy and Republicanism are anathema. It sounds like the cry of a lover of beauty (this love of things beautiful is the pleasant note in the book) whose world has been rudely broken into by what seems to his superbly detached mind a senseless quarrel. What is liberty compared with white jade and vermilion lacquer and fair pavilions poised on bridges of veined marble? What indeed? Mr. GRANTHAM has an idiom and a syntax all his own. His sentences hang in the middle air. He will split any infinitive at sight, not with the mere split simple but the split triplex. Exuberant verbosity might not strike you as the aptest medium for compressing the age-long history of the Celestial Empire into seven chapters; but it is the medium the author has chosen. An irritatingly interesting muddle-headed book by the completely superior person. . . . The disorderly and diffuse manner of its writing has not sensibly mitigated my abysmal ignorance of Chinese history; but I can, I hope, impress you by writing KUNG-FU-TSZE for

CONFUCIUS and quoting "Om mani padme um," which the author reiterates but doesn't anywhere condescend to translate. Dates, chapter-headings, references, index—all are missing. But perhaps "Pencil Speakings" are like that.

Connoisseurs who follow the work of Lieut. A. P. HERBERT (late Hawke Battalion, Royal Naval Division) in the pages of *Punch* will be glad to know that "A. P. H." has collected another little volume of verses. Mr. Punch tries to refrain from singing the praises of his own young men and will therefore confine himself to the bald statement that its title is *The Bomber Gipsy* (METHUEN).

"Any parents who have difficulty in obtaining Milk for Children under 5 years of age are requested to consult the undersigned, who will give the matter immediate attention. A. —, Inspector of Nuisances, Town Hall."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

We don't like the tone of this at all.



Visitor. "I HAVE CALLED TO ASK YOU TO CORRECT A MISTAKE IN YOUR REPORT OF A SPEECH BY MR. BLOGGS, THE INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE, LAST TUESDAY."

Editor of "Dullbury Messenger." "DO YOU REPRESENT MR. BLOGGS?"

Visitor. "NO. I WAS THE VOICE FROM THE BACK OF THE HALL WHICH YOU REPORTED INCORRECTLY AS SHOUTING, 'IT'S A LIE!' WHAT I REALLY SAID WAS, 'YOU'RE A LIAR.'"

CHARIVARIA.

INTENDING organisers of Siberian republics are notified that all the seats of Government are occupied, though there is still a little standing-room in the Urals.

The police have issued a warning against forged Treasury notes. The spurious notes are said to be a very good imitation of the real thing, and this of course makes the offence more serious.

The Germans now complain that General Foch not only took over the French and British armies, but in his absent-minded way has recently started taking over a good part of the German army.

A letter that has just been delivered at Croydon was posted in the West End in November, 1911, and bore a penny stamp. It is really remarkable what people have done to avoid the new postal rates.

"Unless those who have had charge of it (the winding up of the German Banks) have egregiously blundered," says *The Daily Mail*, "Mr. Brougham ought to find that much of the undermining of these favoured edifices has been demolished." It will simply be a case of pulling the hole from under them and down they will come.

It is now stated that the illuminated address presented to Mr. DE VALERA by the East Clare Sinn Fein executive is not his present one.

A Berlin telegram reports that Count HERTLING is ill. The KAISER has not yet definitely decided what exactly is the nature of the complaint.

Nine previous convictions were proved against a Liverpool dairy woman charged with selling milk containing 9 per cent. of water. All the best testotolers will tell you how hard it is to break off the water habit.

The manufacture of twin-sister brick loaves is now forbidden. We had noticed the relationship, but never realised it was as close as that.

Burglars recently broke into a Nottingham Hill residence and made off with

two hundred pounds' worth of plate. To their everlasting credit let it be said that their sense of humanity was not wholly warped. They left behind them a box of matches.

A New York banker under arrest is said to have written several dramas and much poetry. It is not known how many other counts there are to the indictment.

A technical journal declares that there is a great shortage of timber in this country. If we may revive an old jest, we would ask, what are the heads of our Government departments doing?

A professor attached to the technical staff of KRUPPS claims to have dis-

delighted with the neighbourhood that he contemplates settling down there.

"Mr. Hoover's speech," says *The Irish Times*, "adds the *Tekel* to General Foch's *Mene* on the walls of the Imperial Palace at Potsdam." We are reminded of the KAISER's favourite song, "Stop your Tekelin', Foch."

A man who was found skulking in the Lobby of the House of Commons is being held pending further investigation. When questioned he was unable to state what Ministerial position he held.

"Farmers must alter their attitude towards the pig," said an officer of the Ministry of Food recently. Not quite so supercilious, please.



Victim. "I WONDER YOU DON'T USE A SAFETY-BAZOR."
Barber. "PARDON ME, SIR, ARE YOU ONE OF THESE 'ERE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS?"

covered a new explosive one hundred times more powerful than any yet used. Germany, it seems, intends to have peace even if she has to blow up the rest of the earth to get at it.

When charging a prisoner with stealing, a police officer stated that the man had one article of food which had not yet been identified, and they had no idea what it was. Can it have been a piece of cheese?

"It is a remarkable thing," says a contemporary, "that last year there were 2,678,000 births in the United States." It is all the more remarkable when we remember that it was in each case a first experience on the part of the person born.

Much has been written about the recuperative qualities of the air at Thanet. Only last week we heard of an old gentleman aged 104 who was so

was effected.

TINO'S REWARD.

[It is reported that the Germans contemplate placing the ex-King of GREECE on the throne of Finland.]

THE Lord of the Bosches in gratitude seeks

To reward his in-law who debosched half the Greeks;

So we're told that in Finland he's smoothing them down

With a view to their offering Tino the Crown.

You'd have thought that in making a start with a King

They'd have tried to secure a less pitiful Thing;

But a little reflection will cause us to own

That Tino is specially fit for this throne; For his fishy career and his slippery sins

Prove him perfectly suited to handle the Finns.

TO IRELAND IN NEED OF A BYRON.

[The *Cologne Gazette* admits that Germany has not got a Byron to lead a German-Irish movement. Nationalists (as distinct from Sinn Fein) would no doubt be glad of a Byron of their own to lead the cause of a purely Irish movement in favour of Home Rule.]

"THE Isles of Greece! the Isles of Greece!"—

So sang the bard in *Juan's* story;
But who will sing the sad decease
Of your superb ancestral glory,
All that you were or might have been,
O Isle of Green, O Isle of Green?

Anxious to take your people's part
Against the British brutes that bleed
em,

Germany seeks a man of art
Dowered with a vocal lust for Freedom;

But surely Erin's bitter moan
Demands a music all her own.

And yet the harp you used to strum
Hangs mute within the halls of Tara;
The voice of minstrelsy is mum
As in the silence of Sahara;
Where is the patriot full of rhyme
To boom (in *Erse*) your ancient prime?

DEVILS you have who talk in prose;
You have your dull pedestrian
HEALYS;

But none to versify the woes
Of that fair haunt of pigs and mealies,
Or galvanize with Gaelic songs
Your sense of unrequited wrongs.

You need—to biff the tyrant foe—
A tootler like the late TYRTÆUS;
You lack for inspiration's glow
To rouse the local MACCABÆUS,
To stir your passions deadly sick
Of DILLON's dismal rhetoric.

Ah! yes, for your distressful land
You badly want, just now, a BYRON
To step aloft and take his stand
In the Rotunda with his lyre on,
And swear, by Liffey's lucid waves,
You never, never shall be slaves.

Fill high the bowl with Irish stout
And pledge the quest of such a poet!
What, have your minstrels petered out?
Has none a trumpet who can blow it?
In this dark hour of warring fates
Where is your W. B. YEATS?

O. S.

"A discoloured and greasy skin is the usual accompaniment of indigestion and next Thursday's issue of the *Board of Trade Journal*." *Agricultural Paper.*

We do not think that official publications should be discredited like this. The fact that the paragraph is headed "Meal for Pigs" in no way diminishes our objection.

LETTERS OF A BOY SCOUT.

II.

DEAR UNCLE,—It was ripping of you to send a tent with floor-boards. I only sent the catalogue asking for advise. All the scouts of our petrol sent catalogues to their uncles asking for advise, and you are the only one who gave us a tent instead.

We camped out last night waiting for the invasion. There was no invasion except of tom-cats which howled awful. Belfitt, our petrol leader, says it isn't croolty to throw boots at tom-cats, because the tom-cats has a sportingspirit. Only he didn't throw his own boots, because the leader must be always prepared. One of my boots went down a well and the pater was very stuffy about it, though Belfitt says that the other boot would be most useful in case I lost a leg in the invasion, but I must be careful to lose the right leg.

We have done a lot of good work. We trailed a fat policeman who Belfitt said was too fat to be a real policeman and that it was proberble that he was a German spy. He went round to the back door of a public house and tapped and a hand came forth with a pot of beer. Belfitt says it was a signal and obviously arranged. So he is going to the public house disguised as an ordinary boy, and all our funds are to be spent on ginger-beer for him till he finds the secret. Belfitt says he doesn't care how much he spends if he saves England.

It is a great strain being a scout. You see a scout has to be truthful and honnerable and curteous to women, and when you've got to do all at once it's pretty tough work. For instance, Aunt Jane asked me what I thought of her new baby, which looks like a red pig. So I was curteous and truthful and said if she didn't mind I'd rather not say what I thought about her baby and she said I was most insulting.

We also have to smile under all circumstances and this is hard. When I was sent to the Head because during the preparation for the invasion I forgot my home-work, he gave me six, and when I smiled he said I was hardened and defiant and gave me six more. I broke that smile rule then and BANEN POWELL would do the same if he got twelve.

The pater has been put Grade Three because of bad eye-sight, and when I asked him if he didn't feel like giving us a trek-cart or a drum and bugles for a thank-offering he said it had been the dream of his life to slaughter Germans and that his disapointment was so great that he was blessed if he'd give a thank-offering. Yet he came home from the Medical Board whistling and took the mater to a theatre.

The trek-cart I wanted him to give is on page six of the catalogue. I know you will be interested to see it. It would be an awful thing if the invasion came and we missed it because we couldn't carry the tent quick enough. Belfitt says that if we had the trek-cart when you come out of hospital we could wheel you to camp with us, and you could tell us tales of your galant deeds, and even if your leg was bad still when the invasion came we could rush you down right into the front of it. Only Belfitt sayson noaccount ask your uncle for the trek-cart, for he is a great sport and would give it as soon as look at it. Also carrying the tent and floor-boards might make the petrol use profane langwidge which is not allowed on any account, not even in case of invasion.

We all hope your leg will soon be well enough for you to ride in the trek-cart on page six of catalogue.

Your loving nephew, JIM.

THE LITTLE MORE

AND HOW MUCH IT SEEMS.

CIRCULAR just to hand from National Salvage Council asks assistance in "collecting waste for the Government, which is urgently needed at the present moment"—the waste, I presume, not the Government. List includes—

"Bedsteads," which should be "tied up in lots as close as possible." Have done up in brown-paper parcels a few I found knocking about, though difficult to get two of the four-post beds into really small packet (but no use to me; no time for sleeping just now).

"Old ploughs." No careful housewife should ever throw away her old ploughs; every little helps.

"Fenders." Have sent off a few per parcel post. (No coal—so can't light a fire.)

"Sinks," listed as "heavy to move" (like the Government). Fancy there are one or two lying about which the children used to play with; must have a look round. Have given strict orders to the servants to keep spare sinks.

"Wool gathered by the roadside." Have drawn Bond Street and Piccadilly, but hardly taken anything.

"Roofing; this would have to be removed by contractor or the Government." Can't really spare any roofs just now with the air-raid season coming on; but have written to offer a backstairs and a few garden walls.

"Tanks." Always remember our brave lads in the trenches when tempted to throw away your tanks, triplanes, 15-inch howitzers, or ironclads.

NOTE.—No mention is made of steam-rollers, fire-escapes or locomotive engines.



SELF OR COUNTRY?

COVENTRY STRIKER. "IF I WAS A SOLDIER AND THEY TRIED TO SHIFT ME TO ANOTHER PART OF THE LINE JUST AS I WAS COMFORTABLE, I'D DOWN TOOLS."

FIGHTING MAN. "NO, YOU WOULDN'T. IF YOU WERE A SOLDIER YOU'D BE OUT TO DOWN HUNS."



Small Boy (to toothless veteran). "WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE GREAT WAR, GRANDPA?"
Small Girl. "S-SH! CAN'T YOU SEE? HE HAD ARMY BISCUIT."

SISTERLY ASSISTANCE.

I WAS talking to a very stupid man the other day. He was the stupidest man I have come across for many years. It is a hard thing to say of any man, but he appeared to me to be entirely lacking in intellect.

It was Celia who introduced me to him. She had rung up her brother at the flat where he was staying, and, finding that he was out, she gave a message for him to the porter. It was simply that he was to ring her up as soon as he came in.

"Ring up who?" said the porter. At least I suppose he did, for Celia repeated her name (and mine) very slowly and distinctly.

"Mrs. who?" said the porter, or "What?" or "I can't hear," or something equally foolish.

Celia then repeated our name again.

There followed a long conversation between the two of them, the audible part of it (that is Celia's) consisting of my name given forth in a variety of intonations, in the manner of one who sings an anthem—hopefully, pathetically, dramatically, despairingly.

Up to this moment I had been rather attached to my name. True, it wants a little explaining to shopkeepers. There

are certain consonants in it which require to be elided or swallowed or swivelled round the glottis, in order to give the name its proper due. But after five or six applications the shopkeeper grasps one's meaning.

Well, as I say, I was attached to my name. But after listening to Celia for five minutes I realised that there had been some horrible mistake. People weren't called that.

"Just wait a moment," I said to her rather anxiously, and I picked up the telephone book. To my great relief I found that Celia was right. There was a person of that name living at my address.

"You're quite right," I said. "Go on."

"I wish I had married somebody called Jones," said Celia, looking up at me rather reproachfully. "No, no, not Jones," she added hastily down the telephone, and once more she repeated the unhappy name.

"It isn't my fault," I protested. "You did have a choice; I had none. Try spelling it. It spells all right."

Celia tried spelling it.

"I'm going to spell it," she announced very distinctly down the telephone. "Are you ready? . . . M . . . No, M. M for mother."

That gave me an idea.

"Come away," I said, seizing the telephone; "leave it to me. Now then," I called to the porter. "Never mind about the name. Just tell him to ring up his sister." And I looked at Celia triumphantly.

"Ask him to ring up his mother," said the porter. "Very well, Sir."

"No, not the mother. That was something else. Forget all about that mother. He's to ring up his sister . . . sister . . . SISTER."

"You'll have to spell it," said Celia.

"I'm going to spell it," I shouted.

"Are you ready? . . . S for—for sister."

"Now you're going to muddle him," murmured Celia.

"S for sister; have you got that? . . .

No, sister, idiot. I for idiot," I added quickly. "S for sister—this is another

sister, of course. T for two. Got that?

No, two. Two anything—two more

sisters, if you like. E for—E for—"

I turned helplessly to Celia: "quick, a

word to begin with E! I've got him

moving now. E for—quick, before his

tympanum runs down."

"Er—er—" Desperately she tried

to think.

"E for er," I shouted. "That'll be

another sister, I expect . . . Celia, I'm

certain he'll spell it with an 'H.' Can't

you think of a better word?"



Wife of Profiteer. "ARE YOU QUITE CERTAIN I'VE HAD THE VERY LATEST FORM OF INFLUENZA?"
Doctor. "QUITE, MADAM. YOU COUGHED EXACTLY LIKE THE COUNTESS OF WESSEX."

"Enny," said Celia, having quite lost her nerve by this time.

"E for enny," I shouted. "Any anything. Any of the sisters I've been telling you about. R for—quick, Celia!"

"Rose," she said hastily.

"R for Rose," I shouted. "Rose the flower—or the sister if you like. There you are, that's the whole word. Now then, I'll just spell it to you over again. . . Celia, I want another word for E. That last was a bad one."

"Edith?"

"Good."

I took a deep breath and began.

"S for sister. I for Isabel—Isabel is the name of the sister. S for another sister—I'll tell you *her* name directly. T for two sisters, these two that we're talking about. E for Edith, that's the second sister whose name I was going to tell you. R for Rose. Perhaps I ought to explain Rose. She was the sister whom these two sisters were sisters of. Got that?" I turned to Celia. "I'm going to get the sister idea into his head if I die for it."

"Just a moment, Sir," said the dazed voice of the porter.

"What's the matter? Didn't I make it clear about Rose? She was the sister whom the——"

"Just hold the line a moment, Sir," implored the porter. "Here's the gentleman himself coming in."

I handed the telephone to Celia. "Here he is," I said.

But I was quite sorry to go, for I was getting interested in those sisters. Rose, I think, will always be my favourite. Her life, though short, was full of incident, and there were many things about her that I could have told that porter. But perhaps he would not have appreciated them. It is a hard thing to say of any man, but he appeared to me to be entirely lacking in intellect. A. A. M.

Le Mot Juste.

From General GOURAUD's address to his troops:—

"Your General tells you it will be a glorious day."—*The Shelland News.*

A youth who was recently brought up before the magistrate pleaded that he was "mad on wireless." There is talk of committing him to Marconi Hatch.

THE PHILISTINE.

ON our cheeks the keen salt breath of
 the wind came sweeping
 And our eyes beheld the sea;
 On the tawny sands I watched the wave-
 lets leaping

Like children in their glee;
 And he spoke of certain well-known
 politicians.

And laws that should not be.

On the far horizon I marked the day-
 light ending

In a crimson and pearl-grey sky,
 And heard from out the twilight mists
 descending

A weary sea-bird's cry;
 And he spoke of clever schemes for
 making money

And shares he hoped to buy.

In the darkening blue I saw a lone star
 burning

Gem-like above the bay;
 In our ears was the thunder of the tide's
 returning.

On our lips the wind-blown spray;
 And he spoke about the higher cost of
 living

And the price of pork to-day.

DEMOBILISATION.**SCHOOLS OF INSTRUCTION.**

O.B. 495/96.

September, 1925.

1. A CASE occurred recently of an ex-officer of His Majesty's Forces who, on being provided with a finger-bowl at a public dinner, committed the grave solecism of demanding soap and a towel.

2. The prospect of the resumption of civilian life generally, causing, as it must, a tremendous upheaval in our present orderly and well-defined military existence, renders it imperative that immediate steps should be taken to provide Schools of Instruction for officers and men in order that their difficulties and responsibilities may be made clear to them.

3. Our Standing Army of experts is at present little more than the members of the original Expeditionary Force which crossed to France at the outbreak of the Great War. From these, however, it is hoped that sufficient instructors will be available for the purpose of training a large number of really good civilians capable of freedom of action and thought and also of acquitting themselves at the table of the strictest observer of etiquette as if civilian manners had ceased to be an effort.

4. These courses will be held at the Army Schools, which are now in process of disbandment owing to the conclusion of hostilities (August, 1925).

Junior Courses will be held for those who have never known adult civilian life before the War; but officers for this course should not be above the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

ARMY SCHOOLS.

The following syllabus has been arranged provisionally. Please forward any suggestions or amendments you have to make as soon as possible.

GENERAL COURSE (three weeks).

Many years of impromptu ménage in the field have considerably blurred the finer points governing the interchange of conventional amenities, particularly at the table.

Special attention will be paid therefore to the following points during meals (which will throughout the course of instruction be treated as parades):—

(a) The use of the pre-war napkin.

(b) The employment of the special knife for the butter.

(c) Circumventing the elusive green pea with the fork proper.

(After the first three days all ranks will be warned and the knives sharpened.)

(d) The soup will be silent. Moustaches will be trimmed accordingly.

FOOD HINTS.

Students will be informed of the different kinds of civilian foods.

A special feature of this class will be the development of the national character by a return to the nutriment upon which our sturdy manliness was founded. The promiscuous partaking of the "omelette and café au lait" will therefore be discouraged, whilst the importance of preserving the national custom of making our Sunday dinner off roast beef, brown potatoes, Yorkshire pudding, cauliflower and apple tart, will be impressed upon all.

Part of the time may be profitably employed in giving general lessons in food extravagance.

There will be special courses of plain living for Staff Officers.

DEPARTMENT AND DRESS.

(a) Special lectures on the carriage of the civilian will be given by civilians and actors who have been unable (through varicose veins or the necessity of amusing the soldier on leave) to take any part in the Great War.

(b) *Dress*.—Dress is a most important item, especially for those who have never worn adult civilian clothes.

Instruction will be given by the leading newspaper sartorial experts.

Colour Schemes.—The simple rules governing the correct selection of shirts, ties and socks will be explained.

How to put on Civilian Dress.—If necessary this will be taught in squads (by numbers) until proficiency has been attained.

The Hut habit of dressing upwards must be discouraged.

SIMPLE RULES FOR PEDESTRIAN POLITENESS.

After the English rules of the road, our national coinage and the status of the policeman at home have been explained, the following points will receive special attention:—

(a) Raising the bowler hat with ease and grace. This may very well be included in the morning parade for Swedish exercises.

(b) Practice in passing officers without saluting. The hands will be strapped to the sides to begin with (except in the case of representatives of the Dominions).

The London General Omnibus Company have already asked that the attention of all ranks may be drawn to the necessity for entering the bus from behind, rather than attempting to board the front seat as if it were a lorry.

EDUCATIONAL.

(a) A thorough grounding in civilian English will be given, with special attention to the pronunciation of the

alphabet, which will in future supersede all signs, as "ack," "pip emma," etc.

(b) Officers and men will be required to pass the test of ten minutes' polite conversation without military idiom.

(c) It must be impressed upon all that a knowledge of a foreign language sufficient for the purchase of eggs and chocolate will not justify an application for a post as linguist or interpreter.

(d) Special classes for conversation without invective will be held for Sergeant-Majors.

PSYCHOLOGICAL CLASS (advanced).

Designed for those who have been a long time divorced from any form of civil life.

(a) The possibility of *choosing one's associates* (as distinguished from having to put up with people) must be brought to the notice of all.

(b) Shirkers must be instructed that in private life "swinging the lead" with the local doctor does not pay (except the local doctor).

(c) Normal ideas of personal value, suitable to their status in the life to which they are returning, will be inculcated in temporary Staff Officers.

REFRESHER COURSES FOR MARRIED MEN.

How to live on £300 a year, instead of £80 a fortnight's leave, *i.e.* the difference between Leave Income and Annual Income explained.

Hints on general conversation at breakfast imparted to those who have come to regard grumpiness as essential.

Instruction on the probable effect of military grouching if applied to the home.

How to rough it; or the difference between the civilian servant and the military batman.

Note.—Revolutionary though the idea may seem, it must be impressed on all Staff Officers that travelling by motor-car is a luxury and not a necessity.

QUESTIONS AN EX-PLATOON COMMANDER SHOULD ASK HIMSELF BEFORE LEAVING THE HOUSE.

The above pamphlet (S.S. 2007) is being prepared and will contain such useful reminders as the following:—

Am I wearing brown boots with a tail-coat?

Are my trousers turned up?

Have I left my waistcoat behind?

Will this walking-stick keep off the rain?

Is my hat on straight?

Signed, etc., etc. L.

Our Precisionists.

"To sell one she cow.—Apply —." *Daily Gleaner (Kingston, Jamaica).*



"WAR PICTURES."

The Mother. "OF COURSE I DON'T UNDERSTAND THEM, DEAR; BUT THEY GIVE ME A DREADFUL FEELING. I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK AT THEM. IS IT REALLY LIKE THAT AT THE FRONT?"

The Warrior (who has seen terrible things in battle). "THANK HEAVEN, NO, MOTHER."

THE GLORIOUS FUTURE.

I FORGET what we were talking about when dinner began—it was one of those pleasant tables where conversation is general, and not divided until half-time between twos and twos and then in the second half between other twos and twos—but needless to say that before very long we were exchanging our views on food. This ultimately is the most enthralling topic of all. Plays, books, money (and how on earth other people get their money), dress, law-suits, scandal, even the War—these may hold us for a time; but food is the conquering theme. Our own meal was simple and frugal enough—rationed and couponed and all the rest of it—but our imagination did not soar the less for that; rather, perhaps, the more.

There were six of us—the host and the hostess, a barrister and his wife, a pretty girl and the insignificant person who is now recording what occurred. Except that the host and hostess usually talked simultaneously and did not wait for a silence before they began, we were a coherent party with respect for each

others' opinions or preferences; which is only too rare.

"I made up my mind long ago," said the pretty girl. "What I mean to have is some *pâté de fois gras* and an iced meringue. Nothing else at all, except the best toast, made of course of white bread."

"White bread, oh, white bread!" we cried in unison, in a kind of groaning despair.

"Yes, white bread, and the freshest of butter and plenty of it."

"And what will you drink?" I asked.

"Just water," she said, with that astounding unreasonableness which pretty girls so often display.

"Water?" I repeated dully.

"Yes, water; but it must be very cold. And some black coffee after."

The barrister's wife addressed us next. "Jack and I have worked it all out," she said. "We are going to begin with salmon, with a Hollandaise sauce and new potatoes. Then we are going to have a duckling. One can get ducklings now, but they are not worth eating. A really plump duckling——"

"Oh don't!" we cried all together, almost too earnestly; "do have pity on us!"

"—— with stuffing and peas, and then a chocolate soufflé."

"Chocolate!" exclaimed the pretty girl. "I had forgotten that. I shall have that too."

"As well as the meringue?" I asked.

"No, instead. Or perhaps as well. I can't decide at the moment. It requires thought."

All this time, I ought to state, our host and hostess had been giving us their views; but first the pretty girl, being pretty, naturally held our attention; and afterwards the barrister's wife who, being a barrister's wife, had learned to command attention. But I was able to gather, hearing through their remarks, that our host's thoughts, both waking and sleeping, were set upon a sirloin with an underdone undercut. It was to be of a redness, and horse-radish sauce was to be its concomitant. So far as I could ascertain our hostess was longing once again for bread sauce, and that naturally involved the death of a chicken.



A BREACH OF THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

"AM I TO UNDERSTAND, SERGEANT-MAJOR, THAT THESE BOYS WERE CAUGHT ROBBING MY ORCHARD?"
 "YES, SIR. AND TO THINK THAT ALL THESE WEEKS I'VE BEEN TEACHING 'EM TO TAKE COVER, SIR."

"And we shall drink champagne," the barrister's wife continued. "I don't like champagne, but on such an occasion, yes. And then some very good black coffee—coffee for eight in cups for two, you know—and a cigarette. I haven't smoked for a long time, but I shall smoke then."

She leaned back with such an air of triumph as might almost have followed the meal itself, instead of its mere scenario.

"I've got it all right, haven't I, Jack?" she asked her husband. "You see," she added to us, "we often talk about it."

"I'm not sure," he said. "I've been wondering about one or two things. I'm doubtful whether turbot with a Mousseline sauce wouldn't be a better choice, after all. A finny bit, all gelatinous."

"Don't!" we exclaimed again in unison and agony. "Don't!"

"And I've substituted *canard à la presse* for the roast duckling."

"Oh, yes," our hostess cried, "of course—*canard à la presse*. We must have that too, George."

But George was adamant. "No,"

he said, "red undercut of roast beef for me—that is what I miss most now—with horse-radish sauce and baked potatoes. The horse-radish sauce really well made, not scamped."

"Then I must have the *canard à la presse* alone," said his wife, pouting.

"Never mind," I said, "you'll be able to have too much."

"No," she replied; "you dine with us and help me to eat it."

"Impossible," I said, "because my programme is wholly different. I am intending to confine myself to roast saddle of mutton, of which, when I have had a good deal, I shall have more. It will be accompanied by the best claret that can be obtained, at a very perfect temperature, and followed by—"

Here the pretty girl, who had completed her thinking, interrupted me. "As well," she said.

"Good," I replied; "—and followed by Stilton cheese. I shall then smoke a very long and costly cigar."

"What, no sweets?" the pretty girl inquired.

"Certainly not," I said; "the claret will be too good."

She made a face, but was still pretty.

"By the way," said our host, "doesn't anyone want oysters?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the barrister, "I had forgotten them."

And so we had to begin again and revise our menus; all but the pretty girl, who hates oysters as other people hate rhubarb. "Like eating bad pennies," she remarked.

But I have reported enough, or possibly too much.

And when are all these ideal visionary meals to be consumed?

Why, when peace is declared, of course. . . .

Thus did we build our—what shall I call them?—our *salle-à-mangers* in the air, our banqueting-halls in Spain; and then, the signal being given, the ladies rose to leave. But on their passage to the door our host stopped them.

"By the way," he said, looking at his watch and making a rapid calculation, "it might interest you to know that while we have been sitting here and talking and eating, the War has been going on for an hour and a-half, at a cost to Great Britain alone of something over £400,000."

Not very tactful, was it?



VERY MUCH UP.

A CHAMPAGNE COUNTER-OFFENSIVE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

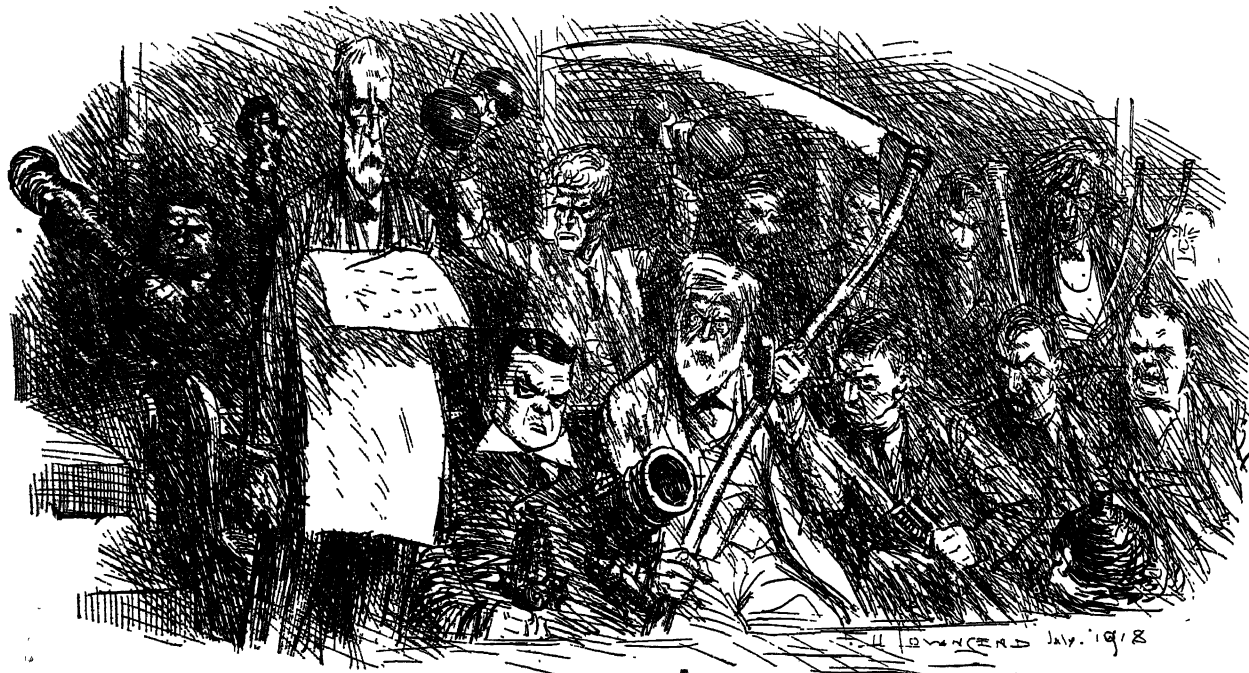
Monday, July 22nd.—The demand for a single authority to control enemy aliens will be strengthened by two replies given this afternoon. Satisfaction at the announcement that a certain enemy-owned business had been wound up and sold to a gentleman with the eminently British name of SMITH was a little dashed by Sir ALBERT STANLEY's subsequent admission that he had just become aware that SMITH was the son-in-law of the late proprietor. Members were even more perturbed to learn from the MINISTRY OF MUNITIONS that no fewer than five unnaturalized enemy

Grille at the announcement that the Government had not yet made up their minds whether ladies are eligible as candidates for Parliament. Now it seemed to cause no sort of excitement; probably because the ladies are confident that whatever the Law Officers may decide they can vote themselves into the House whenever they think it worth while. But I am not sure that a less obstructed view of the process of legislation has not diminished their desire to take part in it.

Mr. FIELD appeared as the advance-guard of the returning Nationalists. Even three months' absence seemed to have made a difference, and he looked a

his intention to move a resolution, as long as a leading article, to the effect that the present Irish policy of the Government is inconsistent with the principles for which the Allied Powers are carrying on the War. His apparently interminable recital was received in stony silence, but when he quoted with approval President WILSON's statement, that "what we seek is the reign of law," I am almost sure I "heard a smile" from the CHIEF SECRETARY, who hitherto has not received much assistance in this direction from Mr. DILLON and his friends.

On the Trading with the Enemy Bill the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE



"SEEKING THE REIGN OF LAW."

The Irish Expeditionary (Parliamentary) Force, after a severe training at home, takes up position at Westminster, according to plan.

aliens (and one of them a KAYSER!) were acting as managers of controlled establishments. "Cannot you get Englishmen to do it?" asked Major BOWDEN; but answer came there none. The next question, as it happened, dealt with the distillation of oil from cannel-coal; and it seemed to me that Mr. KELLAWAY put unusualunction into his reply that the Government would welcome "a good retort."

Encyclopædic knowledge is expected and usually forthcoming from the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND. But it has its limitations; and when Colonel YATE suddenly fired at him the startling question, "Do sheep eat potato-tops?" Mr. MASON confessed himself beaten and asked for advice.

In the old days there would have been much fluttering of fans behind the

little like *Rip Van Winkle* when he rose to ask the new CHIEF SECRETARY the momentous question whether anything had been done to provide a scale for the swine-market in Dublin. Mr. SHORTT's brisk reply, that two weighing-machines had been set up for the pigs of Prussia Street, failed to relieve his air of settled melancholy.

Tuesday, July 23rd.—The Nationalists, headed by their leader, turned up in full force, and were evidently surprised by the chilliness of their reception. Mr. FLAVIN, rising indignantly to ask if the price of coal in Ireland was controlled, and if not why not, was met by cries (some of them coming, too, from Members who but a few short months ago were staunch Home Rulers), "Nothing is controlled in Ireland!"

Later on Mr. DILLON gave notice of

forecasted so vigorous an administration of its provisions as to earn the unstinted approval of Sir HENRY DALZIEL—praise for Sir ALBERT STANLEY is (from this quarter) praise indeed. Mr. J. M. HENDERSON, though yielding to no one in detestation of Germany, could not refrain from dropping a tear over the unsaleable German bank shares in his safe, and had to put up with the sympathy of Mr. D. M. MASON. Even Mr. RUNCIMAN, that east-iron Free-Trader, confessed that it was no use viewing this matter as purely one of economics.

Wednesday, July 24th.—In the Lords the Education Bill was read a second time amid a chorus of praise, only broken by Lord MIDDLETON, who saw in it further power for the bureaucracy. As against that, Lord GORELL said that many soldiers abroad were keenly

watching the progress of the Bill, which they regarded as the first measure of reconstruction.

Lord CRAWFORD's outward appearance hardly suggests that his latest hobby is poking into dustbins, but it is so; and his investigations lead him to the conclusion that the British public is again guilty of bread-wasting.

Twice this week Mr. BURNS has broken his self-imposed silence in order to talk about gas and the nefarious conduct of the Companies in trying to increase their statutory charges. His first speech was harmless enough, though it did not carry the House with it; but the second brought him into sharp collision with the SPEAKER. Some years ago the Member for BATTERSEA said of certain newspapers that they were "owned by blackguards, edited by ruffians and read by fools." He was so pleased with his phrase that he repeated it more than once. To-night he essayed to use it again; but the SPEAKER, though he had passed it on the first occasion, now thought it "disorderly, unparliamentary and unprovoked," and insisted upon its withdrawal.

Thursday, July 25th.—Hitherto the new CHIEF SECRETARY has had a comparatively easy time in the House, for Mr. KING and Mr. MORRELL, who have been doing their little best to keep Irish affairs to the front, lack the special knowledge and the determination to drive their questions home. But now Mr. SHORTT was called upon to withstand the concerted attacks of men who used to be past masters in the game of pinpricks. Possibly three months' absence from Westminster has made them a little rusty, or it may be that the atmosphere of the House is no longer favourable; but anyhow the CHIEF SECRETARY kept up his end very well, and indeed seemed to be quietly amused at the whole proceedings.

A COT-CASE, COMPLICATED.

I AM impounded here with many more,
All helpless in our cots, and being so
We are the victims of a subtle wrong
Of which the world knows nothing, but
shall learn.

They bring us here inert but uniformed,
Still soldiers, with our badges and our
pride,
And, when they have us in their power,
behold

We are disguised, disgraced, in sleeping
suits

So shamelessly diverse, so wildly odd
As to breed madness in a warrior soul
Vowed to the cult of uniformity.

But this is not the worst, for hardly
one,
Doctor or sister, nurse or orderly,



Tommy. "WELL, I'M BLOWED. THAT'S A FUNNY KIND OF LETTER TO SEND TO A BLOKE, JOCK."

Jock (regarding blank sheet just come by post). "NAETHING FUNNY ABOUT IT. IT'S FRA MA WIFE; HER AN' ME'S NO SPEAKIN' THE NOO."

Can spare a glance from charts and
syringes,
From bandages and forceps, mops and
swabs,

The ruthless engines of their daily toil,
To mark how dreadfully poor Jones—a
blond—

Jars with the ochre of his sleeping suit,
Or note the bitter feud 'twixt Smith's
moustache

And the maroon effect allotted him.
Not one will intervene to save Macphee
From his profane pyjamas; his gay head,
Titian and yellow in the changing light,
Rests glowing on his spotless pillowcase
Like a ripe orange on a bank of snow;
But, let him once emerge above his quilt,
Such discord clamours that affrighted
sleep

Flies from the groaning ward. Magenta
stripes

With those hot locks, that fiercely
freckled face!

Macphee himself—poor scene of civil
war,

Poor unresisting battle-ground of hues—
Never complains, but under chloroform

He babbled of the tartan of his clan
As one grown desperate. Shall such
things be?

Oh, surely not for ever! Is there none
Amongst the hidden Powers who sport
with us

Will rise and pick some strong stern
soldier out

To right such wrongs and end such
suffering?

O.C. Aesthetics? What about myself?

"BIG TUNNEL PLANNED

UNDER GIBRALTAR STRAITS TO LINK EUROPE
AND ASIA."—*Irish Paper.*

The chain will be completed, we sup-
pose, by a bridge over the Suez Canal;
but it seems rather a long way round.

"GETTING READY FOR AN ELECTION.

LABOUR'S CANDIDATES READY.

... the present political outlook in Leeds
may therefore be summed up as follows:—

4,000 COTTON WORKERS IDLE."

Yorkshire Paper.

Are they all going to stand for Parlia-
ment?

AT THE PLAY.

"THE TITLE."

IF I emphasise the fact that Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT's little joke, seasoned with a lively wit free from malice, on the ever-fresh subject of Honours Lists has the defects of its excellent qualities, I do it of course in the interests of a professional reputation for nice discernment. Its very air of spontaneity marks it as written with a racing pen. I fear a few tired jests do make their appearance, including the pale ghost of one that, faintly improper, crossed the bars some seasons ago; but as a whole *The Title* is a first-class rag, and when we were not laughing outright we were smiling, which is even better.

Arthur Culver, comptroller of accounts, pattern type of public-spirited man of business, has the strongest views on the honours question and the usual stock of honest forthright criticisms of "The Government"—any Government. The real business of a Ministry, it would seem, is not to govern (even in war-time), nor directly to win the War, but to live. It is in constant danger of death, and needs, for its *elixir vita*, a compound of jobs and titles applied externally. If the danger be particularly acute the Honours List is more than usually full of profiteering scallawags and third-rate wire-pullers. But even the worst list has to be salted with a few really respectable names. And he, *Arthur Culver*, is invited to be a part of the exiguous salt ration in a peculiarly long and unsavoury New Year's List. And he is resolute to refuse the proffered baronetcy.

His son *John*, who, inspired by his prowess in the school debating society, is for a political career, and strongly disapproves of the hereditary principle, stands with the father. So does his sister, *Hildegard*, who, indeed, unknown to the family, is the author (pseudonym of "*Sampson Straight*") of some very trenchant articles—in a paper owned by the purely apocryphal nephew of three (no doubt, equally apocryphal) titled newspaper proprietors—on the subject of the traffic in honours. But there is a *Mrs. Culver*, a perfect dear and as clever as they make 'em (which is very clever), with the adroitest little finger in all Mayfair. *Culver* daren't tell her till he has drawn her into an impassioned denunciation of all and sundry titles bestowed by corrupt Governments. If he supposed he had cleared his path

this way he was a most sanguine man. You had only to look at *Mrs. Arthur* to see that she meant her denunciation to apply only to titles for other people. As to her *Arthur*, hadn't he got to win the War, and wasn't it won by accounts, and didn't he control them? And—and she did so wish to be called "Milady," to hear the actual parlour-maid actually call her "Milady."

Culver being a man of principle, there is a rumpus—an arch-rumpus, running to different sleeping arrangements and things not ever being the same again. For *Mrs. Arthur* roused is a Hun, out for victory, not the game. As to who won and how, I forbear to tell. The match is extraordinarily worth while



A FREAK OF NATURE;

Or, the Man who Didn't Want to be a Bart.

Mr. Culver Mr. C. AUBREY SMITH.

Mrs. Culver Miss EVA MOORE.

going to see. I don't like Mr. BENNETT's *diabolus ex machina* in the shape of the ex-convict, *Sampson Straight* (and I am sure that a joke about *Sampson* crooked which fell like a dud in mud ought to be cut), but I suppose the author felt that, as he had so heavily overdrawn his indictment against the Honours List, he must effect a purely bizarre solution for the sake of balance.

Mr. AUBREY SMITH and Miss EVA MOORE together, as the devoted pair of middle-aged lovers, gave us a fine exhibition of technical skill reinforced by the quality of personality. Rarely can either of them have been more happily cast or in better fettle. In particular there were a liveliness, a variety and, withal, a delicacy in Miss EVA MOORE's performance which were very attractive. *John Culver's* sixth-form precocity, ingenuousness and schoolboy humour, with his repeated prayers to be stayed with flagons, was played with great

freshness by Mr. LESLIE HOWARD. Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR's portrait of a bounder with a dash of criminal was an excellent (and necessarily isolated) piece of work. Miss JOYCE CAREY as *Hildegard*, and Mr. MARTIN LEWIS as the cynical *Tranto* (why *Tranto*, I wonder?) played well with the team.

The production was excellent. I dare prophesy a winner. T.

THE NEW EL DORADO.

In view of the munificent offer recently made by an illustrious contemporary to publish short articles of outstanding merit at a positively unprecedented rate of remuneration, the following article will be of peculiarly piquant interest. Here a veteran journalist of vast experience, sensible of the unparalleled opportunity offered to aspiring talent, furnishes young writers with invaluable advice as to the best means of storming the citadel of fame and winning the blue ribbon of a blameless calling.

THE PATH TO GLORY.

Remember that you need not be a trained journalist. That is an immense encouragement. The new departure of *The Daily Flail* opens the gates of Paradise to all. We all have marshal's bâtons in our knapsacks. I know a one-eyed bath-chair man, eking out a precarious living in his arduous calling, who earned five guineas for the first article he sent in. It was his first effort at original composition, but it had push. True, he had been pushing all his life, but physically, not mentally. Now he has found himself, thanks to the benevolent and paternal enterprise of a great newspaper.

The choice of a theme is, of course, crucial. Avoid the parochial tone—get clean away from the parish pump. You must appeal to the million, for *The Daily Flail* is read by millions, from the KING sitting on his throne to the gipsy squatting on the common. Avoid the Oxford manner, for the Classics are "dead and damned"; do not be afraid of slang, for slang is the shorthand of living speech. As the greatest living poetess puts it—

"High culture emasculates feeling,
The over-taught brain robs the heart,
And the shrine now where mortals are
kneeling
Is a commonplace mart."

Introduce the feminine on all occasions. Women compose a vast propor-



The Old Gentleman (sitting down). "CARRY ON BY YOURSELVES, KIDS. I'M FED UP WIV SOLDIERIN'."

tion of the readers of *The Daily Flail*. Remember that *la donna è mobile*, and that even strong women can weep like men. Be pathetic, humorous, vital, uplifting by turns. Be sparing of verbs but prodigal of epithets. Recollect that you are not a penny-a-liner, for the rate works out at about two shillings a line. Let your motto be *Noblesse oblige*, for acceptance enrols you under the banner of the greatest of world-influences. Be loyal to it and do not shrink from proclaiming its services to humanity.

Above all give your best energies to the framing of your opening sentence. Though I have been writing for the best papers for thirty years I often stay awake all night thinking over the exordium of a *Daily Flail* article. But it is worth the sacrifice. Remember that MILTON only got five pounds, not guineas, for writing the whole of *Paradise Lost*, and try to think what he would have got if he had lived to-day, written it in prose and submitted it as a series of articles to the Editor of *The Daily Flail*. Think, too, of the enormously wider appeal he would have made—e.g. the effect of his work on flappers. Think of all this, bless your stars that you were born to-day, fill your fountains and plunge into the fray.

THE EDUCATION OF SILENCE.

THE Westminster boys are made free of the House,
That wonderful focus of manners and nous;
They can listen to FLAVIN and PRINGLE and HOGGE—
Oh, the Westminster boy is a lucky young dog!

At Dulwich the boys have the right of admission
To view a fine permanent Art Exhibition,
Where the noblest ambitions swim into their ken
As they gaze on the portraits of eminent men.

Well now, Mr. FISHER, who's taken in hand
The task of improving the brains of our land,
Has boldly and publicly dared to decide
That Dulwich possesses more reason for pride.

"Oh, give me the pictures," he says,
"every time;
They're silent;" and silence is truly sublime

Compared to the chatter and hullabaloo
Of the freaks in our great Parliamentary Zoo.

Still FISHER's himself in that wonderful House,
And it's risky about your co-Members to grouse,
So I fully expect that the voluble freaks
Will give him "what for" the next time that he speaks.

Shortcircuited.

From a Wesleyan Conference report:

"Many circuits had done splendidly, but still some ministers were not receiving more than £140, and this ought to be stopped at once."
Birmingham Daily Post.

"Our French Allies are fighting with good old *furia Francesca*."—*Times*.
We don't know what *Francesca* is doing on the wrong side. We think good old *Paolo* ought to be told about it.

"The Turkish authorities are undertaking the mobilisation of Mohammedans at Elizabetopol, and officers of the old Russian Army are appointed if they know the Turkish and Tartan languages."—*Manchester Evening News*.
This is presumably the highly-coloured vernacular employed by the Sergeant-instructors of Highland battalions.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(The KAISER, VON HINDENBURG and LUDENDORFF.)

Kaiser. Things continue to look better and better for our arms; is that not true, HINDENBURG?

Hindenburg. What do you say, LUDENDORFF?

Ludendorff. I say not only that it is true but that it has been getting truer and truer ever since Your Majesty has deigned to interest himself more closely in our doings on the Western Front.

The K. Ha! I thought so. What means then this persistent rumour of a German retreat across the Marne?

H. What do you say, LUDENDORFF?

L. I say that it is not worthy of the slightest attention. Here is the latest bulletin, which I was just about to submit to Your Majesty. Perhaps Your Majesty will be good enough to read it?

The K. Yes, yes, let me have it. (*Takes it and reads*) "Yesterday was a day of brilliant victories for our brave troops. All the enemies' counter-attacks broke down with sanguinary losses before they could develop. Manœuvring according to a plan long settled we lured the enemy into Château Thierry and there annihilated him. Advancing vigorously from the South to the North we crossed the river Marne with complete success, thus foiling the enemy——". But I say, is that right? I thought we were moving from north to south?

H. What do you say, LUDENDORFF?

L. I say that it is quite right. Tactically we are moving from south to north, but strategically we are moving from north to south; that is the difference between the French and ourselves. We allow them now and then to win a skirmish tactically, in order that we may win a campaign strategically.

The K. Oh, I see. Then I suppose I am to assume that any French victories do not count because they are tactical?

H. What do you say, LUDENDORFF?

L. I say as I am bound to say that His Majesty is quite right, and I say further that His Majesty shows a wonderful grasp of the principles on which war is conducted.

H. I agree entirely. If all were like His Majesty on this point the War would very soon be over.

The K. But this system of fighting must not last too long; it would be unwise to lure them too far.

L. That is all provided for, your Majesty. There comes a moment when the strategic and the tactical are combined into one.

The K. How do you know when that moment has come?

H. What do you say, LUDENDORFF?

L. That is my secret.

The K. Well, I hope your secret will have satisfactory results when it is put into action, for, according to our expectations, we ought to have been in Paris by now, and here we are as far away as ever.

L. If Your Majesty is dissatisfied with the manner in which the campaign is conducted I can easily resign.

H. And I can say ditto to LUDENDORFF.

The K. Come, come, don't let us quarrel; you know you can always resign tactically and keep your positions strategically.

H. What do you say, LUDENDORFF?

L. I say that we will say no more about it.

The K. Very good; I will now go and make a speech to our storm-troops.

(*At this moment the CROWN PRINCE bursts into the room.*)

The Crown Prince. I say, you men, hurry up! hurry up! If you don't do something the French will be here in half-an-hour—or less.

(*They all depart hurriedly.*)

BALLADE OF THE INCOMPETENT PIONEER

(*who has come to grief over a branch of the military art that he had fondly hoped would never be required of him*).

I NEVER yet saw "knots and lashings" wrought,

Or in some text-book accurately penned,

Without a certain shiver and the thought,

"The man who made those things was not a friend."

Now falls the blow I knew that Zeus would send—

I am required to tie the lot at sight,

And, oh, for all the labour that I spend

I cannot make a bowline on a bight!

A harness hitch once tied itself unsought

(I don't remember what I *did* intend),

And once, though not by methods that are taught,

I certainly achieved a hawser bend;

The clove hitch, too, I dimly apprehend,

My reefs and sheep-shanks (now and then) come right,

But one defect no luck or art can mend—

I cannot make a bowline on a bight.

Alas, what boots that knowledge, earlier bought,

Of other arts that on this War attend—

How bombs are lobbed and poison gas is fought,

How with the bayonet men thrust and fend,

And the staccato guns of Lewis lend

The "bursts of fire" that put the Bosch to flight?

My Waterloo awaits me at the end—

I cannot tie a bowline on a bight.

ENVOY.

Sir, I plead guilty—let your wrath descend;

Demand my A.B. 439* and write,

"This officer I do not recommend—

He cannot tie a bowline on a bight."

* Army Book 439—the pocket-book now used to record an officer's services and accomplishments.

THE WAITER AND THE "WAITER."

9 A.M. I take my seat in the dining-room and wait.

9.10. The "waiter" pops suddenly out of his dug-out, observes me and takes cover. I wait.

9.15. The "waiter" approaches me cautiously, steering a zigzag course, flicks some crumbs off the next table on to mine and breathes on the back of my neck. I order my breakfast and wait.

9.20. The "waiter" bounces out unexpectedly and asks me whether I said 123 or 456. I reply and wait.

9.30. The "waiter" presents me with a plate of porridge and registers a vow to find me a spoon or perish. I wait.

9.35. Triumphant discovery (by me) of spoon hidden under dirty napkin. I eat my porridge and wait.

9.45. The "waiter" (having made his will, insured his life and filled up his income-tax return) reappears and drops a bloater (unordered) in my vicinity. I send it away and wait.

10.0. The "waiter," having suddenly remembered me in the middle of a cross Channel swim, returns and asks me whether I am being attended to, subsequently bringing me a petrified egg. I eat it and wait—the "waiter" having fallen into a trance.

10.15. The "waiter" revives and asks me whether I said tea or coffee. I reply and wait.

10.30. Having got married and lived happily ever after, the "waiter" repents, divorces his wife and by a supreme effort presents me with coffee, toast, saccharine and marmalade, all in one burst. I cease to wait.



She. "I HOPE YOU SEE THAT THEY WORK HARD."

Guard (over German prisoners). "WE AIN'T 'ERE TO SEE THEY WORK 'ARD; WE'RE ONLY 'ERE TO SEE NO ONE DON'T 'URT 'EM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

So deserved a popularity was attained by a little book of letters called *A Hilltop on the Marne* that it is hardly surprising that "persistent and sympathetic demands for news of us after the battle" have impelled Miss MILDRED ALDRICH to collect a further series under the title of *On the Edge of the War Zone* (CONSTABLE). For the benefit of those who missed the earlier volume I may explain that Miss ALDRICH is an American lady, who in June, 1914, settled down in a charming old house (you can see it drawn in the new book) overlooking the Marne, with the pleasant intention of leading a life of literary rusticity. You may imagine that her actual experiences have been somewhat different. The earlier letters, written to a friend in America, carried events as far as the first victory of the Marne; these present continue the story for the two and a-half years following. They give a picture of peace in the midst of war that is both fascinating and strange. Miss ALDRICH is careful to describe herself as no longer young (in reality she quite obviously possesses the eternal youth of all brave and kind and humorous ladies); and her account of a life spent, almost alone, in quiet gardening, jam-making, mothering pleasant young French officers who were billeted at La Creste, and between whiles stepping out upon her hill-side lawn to glance (as it were casually) at a battle—these things furnish a picture as odd as it is attractive. The writer makes no attempt

at a serious history of events—she was perhaps too near to them for that—though her letters contain at least two facts, or rumours, that were startlingly new to me; but as an intimate sketch of one corner of the world-war, viewed at close quarters over a garden hedge, these little books will have earned for themselves a place apart.

Whether you regard *Little Miss Muffet* (DUCKWORTH) as a somewhat amateurish and indifferently written novel or as a penetrating study of a certain type of feminine temperament, will depend, I suppose, upon your angle of vision. For my own part it kept me in an alternation of moods. Now I would be almost angrily put off by ELIZABETH KIRBY's too frequent asides, her appeals to the reader, and generally the Victorian manner of her nods and becks and wreathed smiles; and again something in the very ingenuousness of her tale would convince me of its honesty. The plot could hardly be more simple. *Miss Muffet* (there you are, at the very beginning—how could one's interest not be handicapped by such a name?) is a young woman who sets out to pursue fame and fortune as a writer; falls in with two male pursuers whose intentions towards her are strictly dishonourable; has a nervous break-down, and eventually marries the doctor. Behold all. Yet however you may think, with me, that the author's experience of literary society must have been exceptionally unfortunate, and however much you may be tempted to mock at her over-emphasis, there remains a disturbing truth about her

picture of the lonely girl, demanding youth's heritage of pleasure, and drifting almost to ruin for no better reason than that of boredom. But, having said so much, I desire that nothing in this tribute shall be taken as implying any belief in the two literary villains of the author's drama. They are, and remain to the end, scarecrows of most palpable straw.

Mr. BELFORT BAX's *Reminiscences* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) is not what you would call everybody's book and even a student of politics is likely to fall to wondering how so interesting and forceful a personality should so nearly have achieved dullness. Partly due this, I fancy, to a charming habit of not obtruding his ego. In fact his egotism takes the shape of prejudice. He can't be fair to opponents; to the Nonconformist ascetic jingo, for instance, with mining shares and a stake in war (I confess I was unaware of the existence of this as a type). Nor is he fair when he attributes to "the terror of the rich" the increase of the Mansion House Unemployment Fund from three thousand pounds to seventy-five thousand pounds in the three days following the

famous Trafalgar Square *mêlée* of 1887 in which he joined. Terror generally takes less benevolent forms, and surely knowledge and sympathy awakened by so dramatic an advertisement of discontent account for a good part of the increase. As for Feminism it wouldn't be at all unfair to describe our vigorous author's attitude as—feminine! The chief interest of the book is the record of Mr. BAX's friendship or acquaintance with large numbers of active mid- and late-Victorian Socialists, some obscure, others sufficiently well-known to the general

public, such as MARX, ENGELS, the elder LIEBKNECHT, BEBEL, JAURÈS, STEPNIAK, KROPOTKIN, and of course the Englishmen MORRIS, CHAMPION, QUELCH and HYNDMAN. The unsympathetic may chortle over the fact that friends of humanity have their full share of the individualist weaknesses of spleen and petty spite. But it is a pleasure to record that the author is a passionate defender of the justice of the Allies' Cause in the War. By the way, as Mr. BAX is very severe on loose thinking, I venture to point out to him a startling *non-sequitur* on page 273, *à propos* of religion, England and Germany.

Captain BALL, V.C., of the Royal Flying Corps (JENKINS) is a posthumous record of one of our most notable heroes of this War, or, if you prefer the plainer term, of one of our "absolute toppers." British officers, old army or new, regular or irregular, territorial or aerial, are not as a class unpleasant fellows, lacking in vitality, gaiety and courage; self-satisfaction and self-assertion and a passion for self-protection are not their main characteristics. Moreover, it is fair to say that, if every one of them at the fighting front who ought to have received the D.S.O. or the M.C. had done so, all would have both, and most would have the V.C. too. Consequently they are such that a man must have a most remarkable character and the most astounding achievements to stand out amongst them. Captain BALL, it is clear,

did so stand out, and this was due as much to the extraordinary charm of his personality, I think, as to his record-making feats of battle in the air. His history and quoted letters show him to have been in action an expert exterminator of Huns, terrible and fearless, and yet at leisure a normal, straight, entirely unaffected and perfectly natural boy, at once tremendously serious and cheerfully inconsequent. He is in himself the type of all the best that is in the B.E.F. The book is based upon his own letters, and is written by Messrs. WALTER A. BRISCOE and H. RUSSELL STANNARD, with a foreword by an eminent statesman, and appreciations by certain distinguished officers. I trust that I shall be neither prosecuted nor court-martialed if I say that these gentlemen, with their testimonials and all, do their unconscious best to spoil the impression of the reader, and only one thing saves the book from failure, the spirit of BALL himself, shining always through his simple letters and not to be extinguished by a flood of superlatives and portly phrases.

In a paroxysm of verbal ingenuity Mr. JOHN S. MARGERISON has called his latest

volume of sea-stories *Petrol Patrols* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). This is perhaps rather overdoing it, but it must be admitted that the title adequately describes the contents of the book. *Temporary-Lieut. Roderick Frazer, R.N.V.R.*, offered his racing motor-boat, *Chi-Chi*, to the Admiralty, and hunted the U-boat with success almost beyond my power to credit. But the many thrilling moments that the author has given me are more than compensation for the strain he puts on my muscles of belief. There is ap-

parently not a move on the sea-board that he does not know, and the adventures of *Chi-Chi* are told with the most exhilarating gusto. Moreover it is pleasant to read of the enemy being scored off time after time. Even when, as in some of his incidents, fiction seems stranger than fact, one never tires of hearing how the Hun has been done in by British imagination.

In a preface to *Gentlemen-at-Arms* (HEINEMANN) "CENTURION" informs us that "The writer makes no claims—and possesses none—to be considered a writer of fiction." At the risk of being rude I am compelled to disagree with him. The majority of these tales are based on actual incidents of the War, but the best of them are the two imaginative chapters called "The Husbandmen." Here the author compares favourably with Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS at the top of his form. The War-stories, some of them almost intolerably grim, are unequal in merit; but when "CENTURION" does get home he gets right there; and he is helped along his way by an admirable economy of words. He knows what he is writing about and he can write. And you are not to miss "The Husbandmen."

Soft Soap.

"Wanted, Polite Woman to wash and clean, day and half a week; permanently, for two amiable ladies." Apply, Politeness.
New Zealand Paper.



MEETING OF DIRECTORS OF A LARGE DRAPERY ESTABLISHMENT, CALLED TO DECIDE WHETHER THE NEW LINE OF BLOUSES SHOULD BE SOLD AT 25s. 11½d. OR 26s.

CHARIVARIA.

"God speed the spade until we are out of the wood," said Mr. PROTHERO to the Leeds allotment-holders. As a factor in the food situation this tribute to the truffle comes none too soon.

"Everything is being done," says a Sunday contemporary, "to inspire the German people with the courage of despair." It is even threatened that the Allies may insist on LITTLE WILLIE taking sole command of the German armies.

The French Government is fathering a law by which Generals who blunder are to be tried by a civil court. It is unlikely that a similar measure will be passed in this country owing to differences of opinion as to the amount of promotion which the Court should have the power to inflict.

According to the *Berliner Tageblatt* HINDENBURG has declared that he was not in favour of the July offensive. LUDENDORFF, on the other hand, points out that it isn't his offensive any longer.

A Maida Vale man who appeared in the dock at Marylebone Police Court wearing a pair of trousers, a waistcoat and a "dickey," was put back for the state of his mind to be inquired into. This is a shrewd blow for some of our music-hall comedians who get large salaries for dressing like that.

An applicant recently informed one of the North-Country Tribunals that there are a hundred-and-twenty different shades of green. Speculation is rife as to which one Mr. DILLON, M.P., is now wearing.

A Central News telegram states that the Saxon General, VON DER PLANITZ, has been compulsorily retired. Other retirements, according to PLANITZ, are said to be imminent.

"The ex-Khedive of Egypt," says a Berlin wireless, "has departed for main Army headquarters." The CROWN PRINCE, alive to the exigencies of Oriental punctilio, is making an effort to meet him half-way.

A higher rate has been fixed for extra-

clean milk in sealed bottles. Surprise is expressed by a number of people who have been harbouring the delusion that their milk is perfectly clean because it gets a cold bath every morning.

Two Donegal men were summoned last week for refusing to take out dog licenses unless they were written in Irish. Fortunately the Bench was able to remember the Erse for seven days' imprisonment.

When charging one of his tenants with assault at County Tyrone a landlord stated that he had done nothing to irritate him. This of course is ridiculous when we remember that he had actually asked for his rent.

People contemplating suicide are in

The caterpillar plague, we are credibly informed, is as bad as ever, and people are asking, "Is *The Daily Mail* the paper it used to be?"

"Where is HINDENBURG?" asks a contemporary. There is a rumour that he is going about disguised as a military strategist.

Dozens of live crabs were seen in Gray's Inn Road the other day, owing to the upsetting of a crate. It is years since so many have been seen about in the neighbourhood.

Since the petrol shortage has reduced the number of motor-cars in use the general public has come into its own. Only last week a pedestrian was seen walking in the middle of the road.



Guide. "YOU'LL 'AVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL ALONG 'ERE, SIR. BIN MANY A MULE LORST ABOUT 'ERE, SIR."

a bit of a hole in Middlesex, where the County Council has refused to increase the salaries of the coroners and there is some talk of a strike. Another rumour suggests that the coroners will resign and set up in private practice.

We gather from the newspapers that Government cheese has disappeared at 1s. 8d. a pound.

Captain AMUNDSEN is now on his way to the Pole, but we fear he will not find any cheese there.

In view of the menace of a General Election this year a number of people are asking whether they will be allowed to go to Russia for a little peace and quiet.

A cyclist losing control of his machine crashed through a tobacconist's window in London last week. With great presence of mind he asked the shopkeeper for a box of matches.

THE SILENT (NURSING) SERVICE.

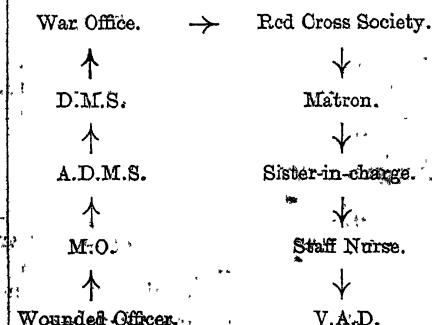
At a large hospital for officers in the Midlands, V.A.D. nurses are forbidden to converse with the patients, and it is expected that the following Army Order will shortly be issued:—

Army Council Instruction XY 123.

It having been brought to the notice of the Army Council that the regulations governing the conduct of V.A.D. nurses are not now being so strictly observed as they should

be, it is hereby ordered that the attention of all concerned be drawn to the Order in Council wherein and whereby it is ordained:—

- (a) That no conversation (lengthy or otherwise) shall take place between officer patients and V.A.D. nurses.
- (b) Where any communication is necessary it shall be sent through the proper channels in accordance with Army custom and routine.
- (c) A diagram showing the method of communication is appended.



"ACCORDING TO PLAN."

TO THE GERMAN PEOPLE FROM THE HIGH COMMAND.

CIVILIANS! there lies in the virtue
Of patience an infinite balm;
No rumour of horrors can hurt you
If only you smile and are calm;
Though you find us apparently waiving
The offensive we lately began,
Bear up; we are simply behaving
According to plan.

Did you suffer a pain in your liver
When you saw some invincible corps,
After gallantly crossing a river,
Resume the original shore?
'Twas a mere reconnoitring excursion;
We went and we saw and we ran;
Yes, we did it (including immersion)
According to plan.

In those very identical regions
That sunder the Marne from the Aisne
We advanced to the rear with our legions
Long ago and have done it again;
Fools murmur of errors committed,
But every intelligent man
Has accepted the view that we flitted
According to plan.

If you doubt our traditional fitness
For hacking our way in the West,
Château-Thierry may serve as a witness
That our culture is still of the best;
For our Prussians made hay of its treasure
(As only a gentleman can
Whose duty is one with his pleasure)
According to plan.

With feats such as these to inspire you,
Don't talk of the turn of the tide;
With the fame of our record to fire you,
Let patience be sister to pride;
Though the look of affairs be misleading
(Like your bread, which appears to be bran),
Rest assured we are always proceeding
According to plan. O. S.

WITH THE AUXILIARY PATROL.

THE JONAH.

His name was Albert and he joined the ship as a deck-hand in place of one of the crew who, seeing a petty-officer of the ex-R.N.A.S. in amiable conversation with a sergeant of the ex-R.F.C., had taken an unauthorised extension of shore leave under the impression that the War was over.

The Second-Engineer said afterwards that he suspected Albert of being a Jonah as soon as ever he noticed the downward droop of his moustache-ends. He says that somehow or other you can always tell Jonahs like that. It seems there's nothing like a moustache for bringing good or bad luck. A cheerful moustache, he says, is as good as a depth-charge aboard any ship, but a drooper is fatal. There was certainly something horribly depressing about Albert's. It was impossible to look at it without thinking about torpedoes and submerged mines. It cast a gloom over the whole ship's company.

On that trip misfortune dogged our trawler's footsteps (in a manner of speaking) from the first. We had to go to sea in the teeth of a stiff gale from the nor'-east; the first day out the steward slipped down the cabin steps, squan-

dering a tin of delectable soup into the skipper's sea-boots before our famished eyes; and the same evening it was discovered that the monthly issue of tobacco had not come aboard, and we were faced with the prospect of ten days at sea with scarcely enough to provide a smoke-screen capable of obscuring the German Mercantile Marine. The crew passed some very unpleasant remarks.

"It's that new deck-hand," declared the Second-Engineer. "Look at his bloomin' whiskers; did ever you see the word 'Jonah' writ plainer on any object in your life? If he had any proper feeling he'd either shave 'em off altogether or else twist 'em up a bit more lively-like. The ship hasn't a fair chance with a cargo like that aboard."

"It ain't no Jonah," protested Albert indignantly. "I've had the same whiskers all my life and they've never brought no bad luck. Do you think I'd have 'em a-sticking up like that Kaiser BILL and my own brother-in-law been fired on in an open boat? Not if I knows it."

But the crew muttered ominously.

One evening at dusk we were having a peaceful game of cards down in the cabin. The Skipper, whose luck had been out, had just triumphantly declared his intention of going "Nap," when sounds of excitement were heard from the watch on deck.

"Fritz ahoy!" someone shouted down the companion-way.

I always like to think that when the news of the Armada's coming was announced to DRAKE on the bowling-green at Plymouth the gallant Admiral had a little wager on the game and stood in a winning position. Unfortunately for the Skipper, U-boat tactics do not allow of the little delays that were possible in the more spacious days. We dropped our cards and rushed to action stations.

When I had got the news away to the base I sat in my wireless cabin listening to the gun hard at it and smoking a cigarette in careless bravado. After a while the noise ceased and I considered I might venture on deck for a look-see. Albert was leaning dejectedly against the mast.

"Have we sunk him?" I asked eagerly.

"It wasn't no sub," he replied; "it was only a boundary buoy they mistook for a conning tower."

Away aft the skipper was saying bitter things about a hand of Ace, King, Queen and two more trumps he had been prevented from playing, and from the bridge came sounds strongly reminiscent of a scythe being sharpened. I think it was the Lieutenant gnashing his teeth.

The final blow came when we were ordered to remain at sea three days beyond our lawful period of patrol. The crew were in a state of almost open mutiny. I quite expected that some morning would find Albert missing and yet another dark mystery added to the long tale of ocean tragedies.

The day we eventually came into dock the Lieutenant sent for him on deck. He had a razor in his hand, and I closed my eyes in horror.

"Take this," said the Lieutenant grimly, handing him the razor. "Now, go down the fo'c'stle and remove that moustache. If you leave enough hair on your face to trip up a weevil your name goes down in the Commander's Report." Silently but with tears in his eyes Albert withdrew.

We passed through the jetty, and as we were coming to our moorings an ex-mate of the ship, who was seated on a bollard smoking his pipe, hailed us.

"What cheer, Skips?" he called out to the Captain. "I see you're on the list for dry dock this time in, and ten days' leave for all hands."

In the enraptured silence that followed this joyful announcement, Albert, looking the very picture of misery and shame, emerged from the fo'c'stle. His countenance was as innocent of moustache as the surface of a new-laid egg.



THE CHASTENED MOOD.

HINDENBURG (to Germania). "YOU'VE NOT QUITE CAUGHT THE IDEA, MADAM. WHAT I RATHER WANT IS AN EXPRESSION OF CALM AND SERENE PATIENCE."

[HINDENBURG has confided to a newspaper correspondent that the German people needs to develop the virtue of patience.]

THE MUD LARKS.

THE scene is a base camp behind the Western Front. In the background is a gravel pit, its brow fringed with pines. On the right-hand side is a black hut; against one wall several cast-iron cylinders are leaning; against another several stretchers; behind it a squad of R.A.M.C. orderlies are playing pitch and toss for profit and pleasure. On the left-hand side is a cemetery.

On the turf in the centre of the stage are some two hundred members of the well-known British family, Atkins. The matter in hand being merely that of life and death those in the rear ranks are whiling away the time by playing crown and anchor. Their less fortunate comrades in the prominence of the front ranks are "havin' a bit o' shut eye"—in other words are fast asleep sitting up, propped the one against the other.

Before them stands a Bachelor of Science disguised as a Second-Lieutenant. From the green-and-black brassard about his arm and the *attar de chlorine and parfum de phosgene* which cling about him in a murky aureole one would guess him to be connected with the Gas Service. And one would be quite correct; he is.

* * * * *
LECTURER: "Ahem! Pay attention to me, please; I am going to give you a little chat on Gas. When you go up the line one of two things must inevitably happen to you; you will either be gassed or you will not. If you are not gassed strict attention to this lecture will enable you to talk as if you had been. On the other hand if you are gassed it will enable you to distinguish to which variety you succumbed, which will be most instructive.

"There are more sorts of gas than one. There is the Home or Domestic Gas, which does odd jobs about the house at a bob a time, and which out here is fed to observation balloons to get them off the earth. There is Laughing Gas, so called from the fun the dentist gets out of his victims while they are under its influence; and lastly there is Hun Gas, which is not a bit amusing.

"Three varieties of gas are principally employed by the Hun. The first of these is Chlorine. Chlorine smells like a strong sanitary orderly or weak chloride of lime. The second on our list is Mustard Gas, so called because it smells like garlic. Everything that

smells of garlic is not Mustard Gas, however, as a certain British Division which went into the line alongside some of our brave Southern allies regretfully discovered after they had been sweltering in their masks for thirty-six long, long hours.

"The third and last is Phosgene. Phosgene has a greenish-whiteish-yellowish odour all its own, reminiscent of decayed vegetation, mouldy hay, old clothes, wet hides, burnt feathers, warm mice, polecats, dead mules, boiled cabbage, steved prunes, sour grapes, or anything else you dislike.

"As all these gases have a depress-

goggles, a clothes-peg, a foot of garden hose, a baby's teether (chewers among you will find this a comforting substitute for gum), a yard or two of strong twine (first-aid to the braces), a tube of Anti-Dimmer (use it as tooth-paste, your smile will beam more brightly), and a record card, on which you are invited to inscribe your name, age, vote and clubs; your golf, polo and ludo handicaps; complaints as to the cooking or service and any sunny sentiments or epigrams that may occur to you from time to time.

"Should you be in the line and detect the presence of hostile gas in large

numbers your first action should be to don your respirator-box and your second to give the alarm. The donning of the respirator is done in five motions by the best people:—

"1. Remove the cigarette, chewing-gum or false teeth from the mouth and place it (or them) behind the ear (or ears).

"2. Tear the sponge-bag out of the knapsack (what-not or satchel) and slap it boldly on the face as you would a mustard-plaster.

"3. Pin it to your nose by means of the clothes-peg.

"4. Work the elastics well into the back hair.

"5. Swallow the teether and carry on with deep breathing exercises, as done by Swedes, sea-lions and suchlike.

"The respirator once in position, pass the good news on to your comrades by performing fortissimo on one of the numerous alarms with which every nice front line is liberally provided. But please remem-

ber that gas alarms are for gas only, and do not let your natural exuberance or love of music carry you away, as it is liable to create a false impression; witness the case of some of our high-spirited Colonials, who, celebrating a national festival (the opening of the whippet racing-season in New South Wales) with a full orchestra of Klaxon and Strombos horns, rattles, gongs, shell-cases, tin-cans, sackbuts, psalteries and other instruments of musick, sent every living soul in an entire army area stampeding into their smell-hats, there to remain for forty-eight hours without food, drink or benefit of clergy.

Having given you full instructions as to the correct method of entering your respirators I will now tell you how to extricate yourselves. You must first be careful to ascertain that there is



German Prisoner. "VY VOS YOU SPARE MINE LIFE?"
British Tommy. "'CAUSE YE'RE SO MUCH LIKE A LITTLE GAL-FRIEND O' MINE AS I LEFT BEHIND ME DOWN WHITECHAPEL WAY."

ing effect on the consumer if indulged in too freely the War Office has devised an effective counter-irritant, the scientific wonder of the age, the soldier's friend and *multum in parvo*—in short, the Respirator Box. Here you will observe I have a respirator-box as issued to the troops.

"There are other kinds with lace trimmings and seasonable mottoes worked in coloured beads for the use of the Staff; but they do not concern us. Let us now examine the ordinary respirator-box. What do we discover? A neat canvas satchel, knapsack or what-not, which will be found invaluable for the storage of personal knick-knacks, such as soap, knives and forks, socks, iron rations, mouth-organs, field-marshal's batons, etc. Within the satchel (what-not or knapsack) we discover a rubber sponge-bag pierced with motor



Newly-joined Subaltern. "I SAY, STAFF-SERGEANT, YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT WHEELS AND THINGS, DON'T YOU? I WANT YOU TO MEND THE HAIRSPRING OF MY WRIST WATCH."

no gas left about. Tests are usually made (1) with a white mouse, (2) with a canary.

"If the white mouse turns green there is gas present; if it don't there ain't. If the canary wags his tail and whistles "Gee! ain't it dandy down in Dixie!" all is well, but if it wheezes "The End of a perfect Day" and moults violently, beware, beware! If through the negligence of the Quartermastering Department you have not been equipped with either mice or canaries do not start sniffing for gas yourselves, but remember that your lives are of value to your King and country and send for an officer. To have first sniff of all gas is one of an officer's privileges; he hasn't many, but this is one of them and very jealously guarded as such. If an officer should catch you sniffing up all the gas in the neighbourhood he will be justifiably annoyed and peevish.

"Now, having given you all the theory of anti-gas precautions, we will indulge in a little practice. When I shout the word 'Gas!' my assistants will distribute a few smoke bombs

among you, and every man will don his respirator in five motions and wend his way towards the gas-chamber, entering it by the south door and leaving it by the north. Is that quite clear? Then get ready. 'Gas!'"

Four or five N.C.O. Instructors suddenly pop up out of the gravel pit and bombard the congregation with hissing smoke grenades. The front ranks wake up, spring to their feet in terror and leg it for safety at a stretched gallop, shedding their respirators for 'lightness' sake as they flee. The rear ranks, who, in spite of themselves, have heard something of the lecture, burrow laboriously into their masks. Some wear them as hats, some as ear-muffs, some as chest-protectors.

The smoke rolls over them in heavy yellow billows.

Shadow shapes, hooded like Spanish inquisitors, may be seen here and there crouched as in prayer, struggling together or groping blindly for the way out. One unfortunate has his head down a rabbit-hole, several blunder over

the edge of the gravel pit and are seen no more.

There is a noise of painful laboured breathing as of grampuses in deep water or pigs with asthma.

The starched N.C.O. Instructors close on the helpless mob and with muffled yelps and wild waving of arms herd them towards the south door of the gas chamber, push them inside and shoot the bolts.

The B.A.M.C. Orderlies are busy hauling the bodies out of the north door, loading them on stretchers and trotting them across to the cemetery, at the gates of which stands the Base Burial Officer beaming welcome.

The lecturer, seeing the game well in progress, lights a pipe and strolls home to tea.

PATLANDER.

Georgians and Victorians.

Brighton's popularity began in the late Georgian period; but with the present rush for railway accommodation the only people who have a chance of getting there now are early Victorians.

HINTS FOR POULTRY KEEPERS.

(By our Scientific Expert.)

DURING the present month many fowls drop into grump, especially broody hens. Food should be given sparingly until grumping is in full swing, and all rich and stimulating food should be omitted, such as fresh-water mussels, eels, crayfish, whelks, sardines or short-bread. Green food should be provided in abundance, especially green peas, which are now plentiful; they assist the feather-growth, which is a great drain on the hen's constitution but an essential factor in its well-being, for, as the old proverb says, "A hen without a feather is like a boot without leather." Bombay ducks are especially liable to grump, and a valuable preventive in their case is a little clam chowder dusted in sulphur mash, with a dash of ammoniated quinine. The treatment is as follows: Spray the gills every hour with warm rum and milk and rub a little radium on the nostril. Also give either "Grumpo" pills or powder in guava jelly night and morning. In acute cases isolation is absolutely necessary.

The poultry-house should be lit preferably with acetylene gas at night, as the delicate odour of garlic in this illuminant is much relished by bantams, cockerels, pickerels, pangoffins, porbeagles and other heavy layers. The needs of runner ducks must be carefully studied, as they are liable to be alarmed by a strong artificial light. Smoked-glass spectacles, which can be procured at 10s. 6d. a pair from any good optician, are indispensable, as inflammation of the eye, if not promptly dealt with, passes rapidly to the mesenteric tract and exacerbates the solar plexus. At this stage hot fomentations of hydrochloric acid sometimes effect a cure; but it is perhaps safer to blow up the bird with a small dynamite charge, and saturate the infected area with tincture of cinnamon.

Some strains which are immune from grump suffer from migraine, Spanish influenza and botulism. Buff Orpingtons, for example, are curiously botulistic in their diathesis, but if properly fed and housed in hygienic conditions they enjoy a remarkable freedom from these troubles. The formula for air space may be crudely expressed by saying that in the perfect poultry-house the cube root of the hypotenuse should never exceed the parabola of the rotating focus, otherwise disaster is sure to supervene. All poultry-houses should have a continual supply of pure air, not draught. The open-air treatment for fowls of every age is now recommended by all aviculturists. Revolving shelters, with electrically-driven fans in the hot weather, demand a certain

initial outlay, but they work wonders with backward bantams. The main poultry-house should be open in front with a plate-glass wind-screen and a buffet for light refreshments at either end. The walls should be of encaustic tiles.

Imperfect voice-production in roosters can be remedied by the employment of model crowing records periodically emitted by a gramophone. Fowls are essentially imitative and amenable to discipline. Cruelty to ugly ducklings should be vigorously suppressed and in every way an atmosphere of cordiality and mutual good-will encouraged. Prizes for good conduct, regular laying and lustre of plumage should be instituted, and suitable decorations awarded to the winners. In this way the friendly co-operation of poultry and their keepers can be materially promoted, and the satisfactory solution of the problem of food-supply reconciled with the dictates of an enlightened humanitarianism.

GLORIOUS GLUE.

["Dover's bad meat has been made into glue."—*The Evening News*.]

Dover's bad meat has been made into glue!

Bully for me! bully for you!

Meat that is good may be scanty, it's true,

Still it's not nearly so charming to chew;

Therefore let's let it go bad through and through

So that we're able to bake (or to brew) Glue, glue, glorious glue!

Who does not gloat over glorious glue?

Cutlets are coy and chops very few,
Porterhouse steaks are quite off the menu;

Jolly good joints have all vanished from view;

What does it matter and why should we rue

Beef that is breezy and balmy and blue?

Can't we transform it and have in its lieu

Glue, glue, glorious glue?

Can't we all gloat over glorious glue?

Dover's bad meat has been made into glue!

Very nice too! very nice too!

All through a lack of cold storage?—Hooroo!

Waste, do you call it?—I answer, Pooh-pooh!

Who would not willingly give a meat coupon for two pennorth of glutinous stew?

Glue, glue, glorious glue!

Come, let us gloat over glorious glue!

W. B.

MORE PROPAGANDA.

SUCH of our readers as may have doubted in their ignorance the industry or, at any rate, the efficiency of all the gifted and decorated gentlemen who toil (largely in officers' uniforms) in the Propaganda Departments which now exist—one prominent effect of the War having been to make two Propagandist Departments flourish where none grew before—will be glad to hear of the campaign which, unless rumour is a lying jade, is about to be inaugurated in rural districts.

Although at Coventry and Birmingham there seems to have been a want of appreciation of the dangerous character of the Hun as a foe, it has been decided that our rustics shall entertain no such hallucination. But how to get the light into a head not normally too acute and rendered more than commonly dull in these days by Hodge's efforts, forced upon him by the Government's ploughing activity early in the year and recent vacillations concerning the value of crops, to do the work of three men and so be ready for the harvest. There have, it is true, been placards on the walls and lectures have now and then been delivered; but the yokel mind moves slowly. Fortunately, however, the yokel eye is quick, and this is the Propagandist's chance.

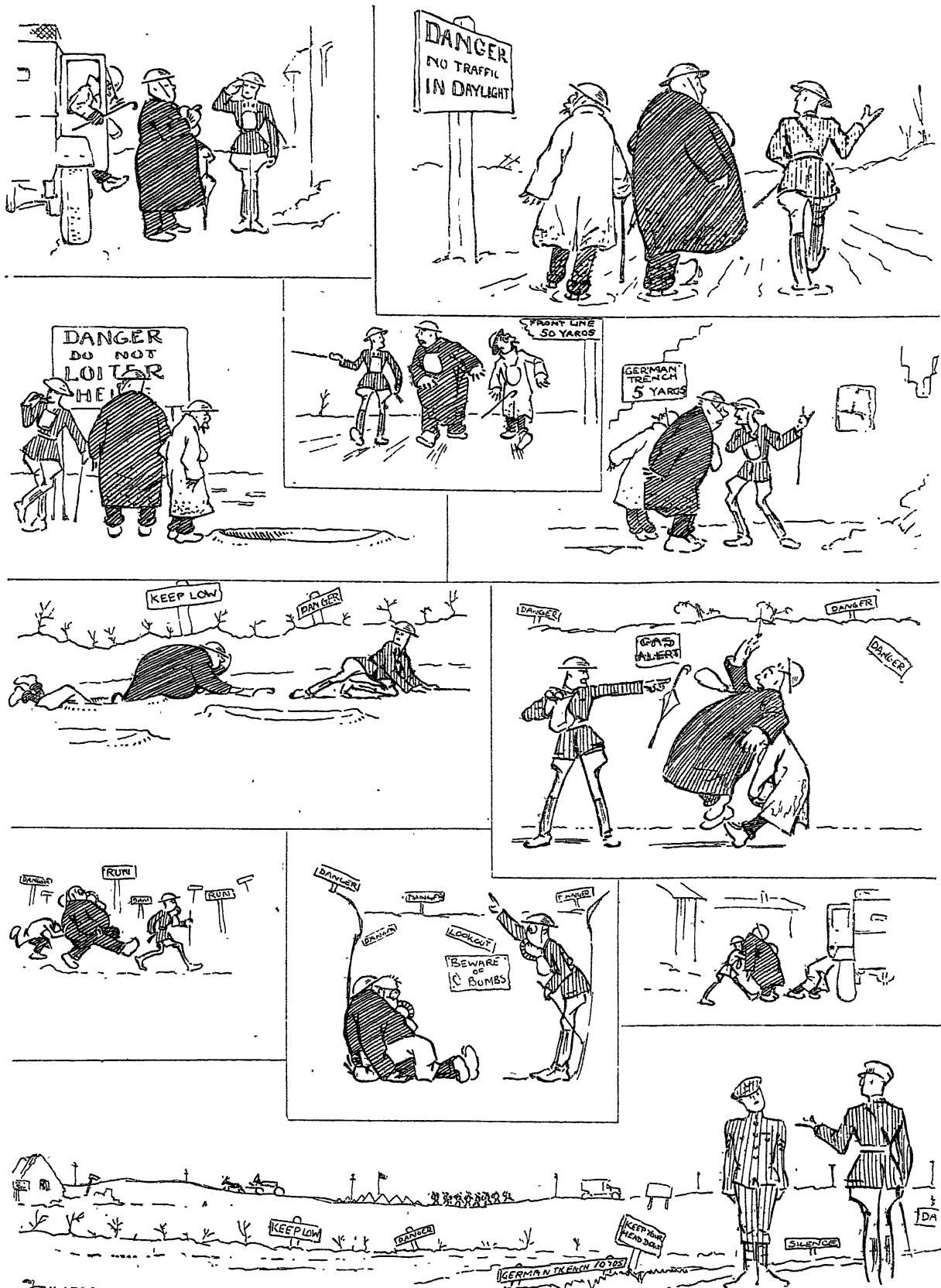
We understand that the new measure proceeds from the report of a roving Commissioner in an agricultural district, who wrote as follows: "I have been much struck by certain wasted opportunities for influencing rural opinion against the Hun, and in particular the Arch Hun. Never before have I seen so many scarecrows in the fields, and never scarecrows so badly constructed. Surely it would not be too difficult to set up a factory where scarecrows (or boggarts, as they are called in some places) could be made in large numbers in the likeness of the KAISER. These, if supplied free to farmers, would serve the double purpose of frightening the birds and perpetually reminding the country people of the deplorable personality of our enemy; and since a scarecrow is one of the lowest terms that can be applied to a human being a healthy contempt for everything German would be fostered."

It is the task of translating this admirable suggestion into fact that (unless, as we say, rumour is a lying jade) has made all the O.B.E.'s in the Propaganda Department so busy just now. Heaven help their enterprise!

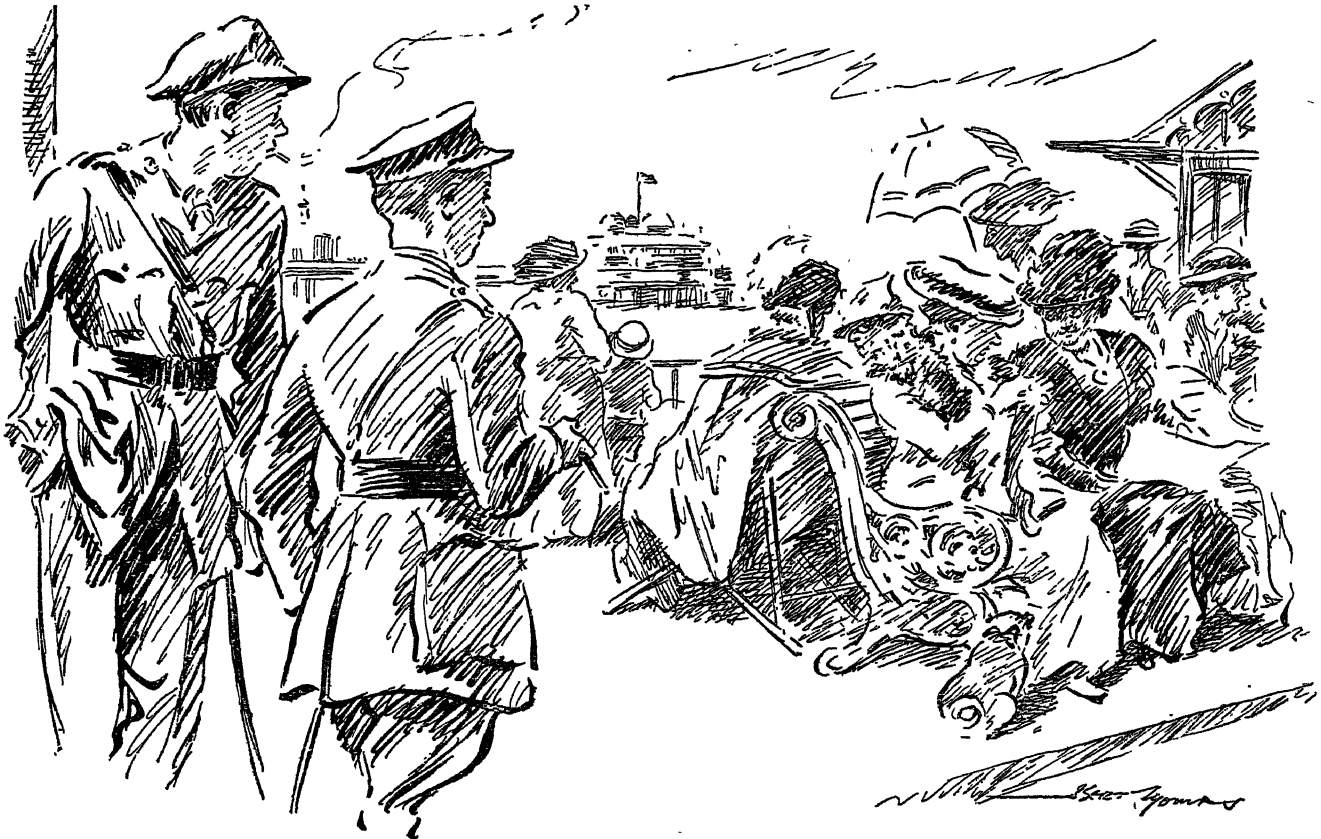
A Champagne Counter-Offensive.

SONG FOR LITTLE WILLIE: "Oh! what a difference in the Marne-ing."

THE VISIT TO THE FRONT.



"YOU CAN CLEAR AWAY THOSE NOTICE-BOARDS NOW, SERGEANT. THE VISITORS HAVE GONE."



Lothario. "I SAY, OLD BEAN, NOT MUCH DOIN' ON THE SOUTHERN FRONT THIS MORNIN'—WHAT?"

THE DEATH OF DORA, 19**.

[A high authority has pronounced that D.O.R.A. will automatically expire at the close of the War. The following memorial verses may seem a little premature, but Mr. Punch, forestalling his contemporaries, who keep reams of memorial matter ready pigeon-holed against the decease of distinguished personages, proposes to publish these lines at once as an example to the nation of perfect readiness for Peace.]

WEEP, weep, O England, and from shore to shore
Let the loud bells their crude carillons cease,
For she that did resist all storms of War
Lies stricken in the very hour of Peace.
Now all our songs are silent, and no wonder,
For poor old Dora has at last gone under.

Bring ye no cypresses nor yew-leaves dark;
Only with palm shall Dora's pyre be stacked;
For lo! it seems superfluous to remark
The Realm she loved is happily intact;
Ah, sorry fate! she only lived to win,
And it was victory that did her in.

Not oft in history, when Great Ones pass,
Does all their life-work perish with themselves;
The humblest bard must wither like the grass,
But leaves his legacy on *someone's* shelves;
And Dora's work was admirable, but
She kicked the bucket and it all went phut.

For hark, what laughter jars upon our pain
Now that the gaols eject into the sun
Bosch, Pacifist, Objector and Sinn Fein,
And the best work of Dora is undone;
While all acknowledge, as they dry the tear,
It is less difficult to purchase beer.

Hark, in the clubs, how everybody knows
The secret mysteries that used to be,
While rapturous Editors unscathed disclose
That England too had submarines at sea,
And Correspondents are no more confined
To vivid pictures of the way they dined.

The lights begin to twinkle from the bars;
The slow moon climbs, but no one cares a blow;
Men ride in most unnecessary cars
And reckless quaff *two* whiskies at a go;
Life without Dora, love itself seems drab,
And one may whistle for a taxi-cab.

Yet shall she live in patriotic minds;
Haply at even, when the church-bells boom,
Will old men start and guiltily draw the blinds
And snap the lights out in the dining-room;
Will speak of Dora when their sons demur:
"It was her wish; I do it, lad, for her."

Haply munitioners will tell the tale
Of the old days, the piping times of war,
And humourists and profiteers bewail
The trench-jokes dead, the surpluses no more;
Shall say, "Old Dora would have sympathised;
'Twas Peace that killed her—and I'm not surprised."

And how commend her? for she used to seek
No people's flattery, no vulgar pars.;
We did not see her picture week by week,
With notes about her war-work at bazaars;
This be the praise no caviller can rob,
"She wore no chevrons, but she did her job."

A. P. H.



THE RIVER SEASON.

FRITZ. "THEY TOLD ME TO CROSS THE MARNE, AND I'VE DONE IT—BOTH WAYS.
NOW WHERE'S THIS AISNE THEY TALK ABOUT?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 29th.—The more strait-laced Peers were a little shocked at the spectacle of Lord LANSDOWNE, hitherto regarded by them as a pattern of propriety, introducing a Bill to re-establish lotteries. It seems that the Red Cross Society has lately come into the possession of some three thousand pearls, presented by a multitude of distinguished donors, and of a solitary pig, the gift of an allotment-holder to Her Majesty the QUEEN (his Lordship, despite a recent experience, still persists in putting pearls before swine); and it is assured that the only effective way of turning these treasures into cash is to raffle them. But that, though it is done every day, is illegal. Hence the Bill, which received a Second Reading, despite an animated protest from His Grace of CANTERBURY. But I tremble for its fate if it ever reaches the other House. As Hon. Secretary of the Anti-Gambling League Mr. HOGGE will have all his bristles out.

Colonel THORNE, as a representative gas-worker, implored the Ministry of Munitions not to encourage the employment of women in retort houses; the work, he averred, was not suitable for them. But Mr. KELLAWAY assured him that he was mistaken; under certain conditions women were most successful in retort work. As Mr. KELLAWAY is a married man, while the COLONEL, I gather from *Debrett*, is still a gay young bachelor, I am backing Mr. KELLAWAY.

Not content with Mr. BONAR LAW's assurance that the whole question of the use of motor-cars by Public Departments was under inquiry, Mr. HOUSTON asked for an immediate prohibition of the use of large cars in London. Was there any physical reason why a General or an Admiral could not go about in a small car? Nobody could think of an answer to this pertinent question.

If Mr. DILLON got a chilly reception for his indictment of the Government he had only himself to blame. You can't desert the House of Commons for three months and expect it at once to take you to its bosom on your return; and if your wooing is conducted in alternate wails and whispers it is still less likely to be effective. The Nationalist leader had to be content with the punctual applause of his faithful followers, the silent approval of Lord WIMBORNE in the Peers' Gallery, and the bright green

socks of which Mr. ROCH, sitting exactly opposite, made prominent and sympathetic display. Almost the only passage in his speech which evoked general approval was his tribute to the patriotic services of his predecessor; and even that, I fear, suggested unfavourable comparisons.

There was very little left of the motion after Mr. SHORTT had done with it. For years past the House has been so much accustomed to seeing the Nationalist Party kowtowed to by statesmen on both sides that it was almost as much delighted as surprised to hear the new CHIEF SECRETARY—an avowed and unrepentant Home Ruler

division they were handsomely beaten. Of the few Liberals who joined them in the Lobby most, I fancy, voted, not because they loved Ireland more but because they loved LLOYD GEORGE less.

Tuesday, July 30th.—The Lords spent a lively couple of hours in debating its own procedure. A recent speech of Lord CURZON's had suggested to Lord RIBBLESDALE that the immemorial right of the Peers to ask questions was to be curtailed by D.O.R.A., and that their historic Chamber was to become a "controlled establishment." Lord LONDONDERRY joined in the protest. He declared that the Lower House was tending to become a subservient body of Coalition placemen, and then, by a process of reasoning too subtle for anybody but an Irishman to follow, argued that the best way to save the Upper House from a similar fate was to put more Ministers into it.

Lord CURZON disclaimed any intention to reduce their Lordships' privileges, which included the right to put down a question on one subject, make a speech about another, and wind up with a motion of which no notice had been given. No wonder that newly-created Peers, fresh from the control of the SPEAKER, felt as if they were roaming in a spacious park after being confined to the trim alleys of a Dutch garden. All he asked was that when they were politely requested to postpone an inconvenient question they should do so and not grumble about freedom of speech "and all that rubbish."

In the Commons Mr. DILLON endeavoured to raise as a question of privilege the regulation that requires intending travellers to Ireland to obtain a permit from the police. Incidentally it meant that his friend, Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, had been obliged to have his photograph taken, though it is only fair to say that on this shocking outrage being brought to the notice of the authorities they had modified the order. Irish Members were no longer required to produce their portraits, but still had to obtain passes before they could return to Ireland. The SPEAKER, however, ruled that the subject, if of importance, should have been raised six weeks ago.

An attempt by Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL to reduce the Secret Service Vote—the thought of that photograph was still rankling—suffered defeat; and the House then passed all the remaining Votes in Supply—unimaginable millions—in a quarter-of-an-hour.



THE OPENING ROUND.

MR. DILLON RECEIVES A SHORTT HOOK.

—telling Mr. DILLON's followers a few plain truths about themselves. In vain Mr. DEVLIN endeavoured by rasping interruptions to put him off his stroke. Smiling and implacable Mr. SHORTT rubbed in his points—that they had made no effort to turn the Home Rule Act into a practicable measure; that, instead of denouncing Sinn Féin, they had followed its lead; that they had attacked the Irish Executive when they should have supported it, and by their refusal to help recruiting had forfeited the sympathy of the British working-classes.

Many other speeches were made. Sir GEORGE REID purred statesmanship, Sir MARK SYKES scintillated, Mr. ASQUITH temporized, and Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL prattled of the Peace Conference. Half-a-dozen Nationalists said ditto to their leader in various degrees of stridency; but when it came to the



Nurse. "WHAT DO YOU THINK, EFFIE? THERE'S A LITTLE BABY BROTHER COME TO LIVE WITH YOU."
Effie. "WELL, HE CAN'T STAY UNLESS HE'S BROUGHT HIS COUPONS."

OLD RHYMES RE-SUNG.

THE ASTRONOMER'S GREEN-SICKNESS.

OH, Daddy dear, your fine career a wondrous close has found,

For now your eyes that searched the skies are glued upon the ground;
No longer you contribute to the learned magazines,
But devote yourself exclusively to growing roots and greens.

Discarding logarithms and algebraic signs

You welcome as your masters HOOVER, PROTHERO and CLYNES;
And the only sort of science to which your fancy leans

Is the theory of MENDEL as exemplified by greens.

At eight o'clock each morning with the gusto of a grig

You are off to your allotment to hoe and sow and dig,

And, with a tough endurance that I envy, in my teens,

Seldom homing till the gloaming, you cultivate your greens.

I met with Gaffer Blandy and he couldn't understand

What had made the old Professor take to working on the land;

"He's the curiousest old gentleman, and him a man of means,
To be slaving like a Trojan at his 'taties and his greens."

Anyhow, I know you're happier than since the War began

With your budget of seed-packets, with your spade and water-can;

You never seem to hanker after academic scenes,

But you worship your potatoes and you idolize your greens.

When HAIG and FOCH have banged the Bosch and drowned his Hymn of Hate,

Your zeal for raising food-stuffs may conceivably abate;

But till the sea is rid of mines and safe from submarines,

You'll probably do well to stick to growing roots and greens.

"The Kaiser watched the Rheims battle on July 15 from the top of a tower about seventy-five feet high."—*Observer*.

"The Kaiser watched the Rheims battle on July 15 from the top of a tower about 45 ft. high."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

We should like to think that this apparent discrepancy was due to the fact that the French gunners got on to it while the ALL-HIGHEST was there.

"CURE OF INFLUENZA.

The medicinal value of Spirits is incontrovertible. There is no other medicine just as good, hence the wicked mutiliation of our whiskey, &c., by extreme reduction (by order) is Vandalism gone mad."—*Provincial Paper*.

The evil spirit seems to have got into our contemporary's spelling, which is considerably under proof.

"Canada is threatened with a telegraphists' strike. A strike of telegraphists is threatened in Canada."—*Daily Paper*.

A little more of this and we shall be reluctantly driven to the conclusion that trouble is brewing in the Canadian telegraph service.

"Of course the college is empty; it is the Long Vacation. A few stray scholars at the most can now enter here and drink the breezes laden with perfume and hear the murmur of the immemorial bee."—*Times*.

This, of course, is not one of TENNYSON'S bees (they were "innumerable"), but he seems to be a noble relic of antiquity.

Provocation.

A dog bit a man at Southend, And, when asked what the deed might portend,

"Though a peaceable cur,"

He replied, "I demur

When he calls me his four-footed friend."

AT THE OPERA.

"THE VALKYRIE."

IN the triumphal finale of the BEECHAM Opera Company's season the brilliant orchestra and their conductor once more carried off the honours. But Mr. ROBERT PARKER, as the Wall-Eyed One, sang nobly and with a high seriousness. This is no easy matter when one regards the humour of *Wotan's* situation, compelled as he is by his wife *Fricka* to uphold the sanctity of marriage vows (so rudely outraged by *Sieg-mund*), and electing to utilise for this purpose one of his own numerous illegitimate children.

It is a sadly rare thing to find youth and slimness and grace of motion in a Wagnerian heroine; but these qualities are possessed by Miss GLADYS ANCRUM, and her *Sieglinde* was a very delightful figure. I wish I could report that her lover, *Sieg-mund*, in the person of Mr. WALTER HYDE, conveyed a like suggestion of romance, or that Miss PERCEVAL ALLEN'S *Brünnhilde* corresponded to my conception of a young Amazon of the *haute école* of mounted aviation. Her sister *Val-kyrie* looked more probable, but their united voices failed badly in competition with the orchestra.

Sir THOMAS BEECHAM tells us that "after three years of

uphill enterprise, the fate of Opera in London is decided to the point of its having just turned the corner." He has plans in contemplation for "raising still higher the standard of accomplishment in his country." With the idea of meditating upon these plans, which are at present unpublishable, he is about to retire from London till next February. If I dared offer a contribution to his designs I would recommend—but this also is unpublishable. Meanwhile I am free to add my little word to the chorus of gratitude for what he has already done to advance the cause of Opera in England. O. S.

Precocity.

"A grandfather of seven has been put in Grade 1 at Ramsgate."—*Daily Sketch*.

THE INVENTOR.

It gives us no pleasure to discourage enthusiasm, but it was difficult to extend a really warm welcome to the very sanguine company promoter who called this morning for our support.

"It's a sure thing," he said. "A gold mine. A bonanza."

We composed ourselves to listen.

"The country has at this moment," he said, "two needs. Metal for munitions and fuel against a winter that promises to be only half-warmed. You grant that?"

by the wheels of heavy vehicles. Come into Fleet Street," he said, "I'll show you."

But we had already noticed it.

"Very well then," he said, "my idea is to acquire these blocks, and after extracting the precious metal from them sell them for firing. Two sources of supply at a blow: all the metal that the munitioners can want; all the fuel for shivering London when the winter comes. Splendid! And there's a fortune in it for us. What do you think?"

"What about the traffic while the blocks are being removed—and after?"

we asked.

"I never thought of that," he said.

ANIMALS AND ALIENS.

THE account in *The Spectator* of July 27th of the dog on the Western Front which can distinguish between German and British type of aeroplane has brought us a batch of letters recording similar instances of animal intelligence. Perhaps the most remarkable is that contributed by Mr. Gosling, of Fakenham, who writes as follows:—

"I have a pet lobster, which I keep in a salt-water tank and feed daily on mushrooms. When the name of Sir GEORGE CAVE is mentioned in its presence, even in the lowest of tones, it becomes violently agitated and turns a



Tommy. "NAH THEN, 'IDENBURG, NOT SO MUCH OF THIS WAR OF MOVEMENT."

We admitted that there was something in the statement.

"Very well," he went on. "What would you say if I could show you at your very door a supply of both those commodities going to waste?"

We murmured something.

"You may have observed," he resumed, "that the main thoroughfares of London are paved with wood?"

We had.

"But have you ever looked at that wood with any close attention?" he asked. "Because if you had you would have noticed that the blocks are packed, much as a pudding used to be packed with plums, with scraps of iron, screws, bolts, nuts, washers, tyre-buttons, all of which have fallen from the machinery of cars and been crushed into the wood

bright red colour, but can be at once restored to its normal hue and serenity if I briskly ejaculate the words, '*Daily Mail*.'"

Mrs. Bunting, of Battle, Sussex, describes a touching incident which occurred recently during the visit of a lady who called with the view of taking her house for the holidays. Directly the stranger was shown in, Mrs. Bunting's bull-terrier, "Nelson," flew at her and was with difficulty restrained from tearing her to pieces. It subsequently transpired that the lady, though married to an Englishman named Jobson, was descended on the mother's side from a great-great-grandmother who had been educated at a school in Dresden. Owing to the dog's wonderful sagacity Mrs. Bunting was fortunately saved from



M.O. (at sick parade on the Macedonian Front). "HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN IN THE BALKANS?"
Pat. "I AM NOT IN THE BALKANS, SIR; I AM IN THE CONNEMARA FUSILIERS."

committing herself to so undesirable a tenant.

Another correspondent records the intelligence of a parrot which, if ever a conscientious objector comes within a hundred yards of his house, cries out, "Intern them all;" and another the strange behaviour of a Barbary ape, which feigns death when a copy of *The Westminster Gazette* is brought into the room, but salutes with a profound reverence the names of Mr. KENNEDY JONES or Mrs. DACRE FOX.

THE NEW SOLITAIRE.

A TELEPHONE commutator, which is to be found in small signal offices like Richard's, is very much like a solitaire board, with plugs in place of the marbles. Having been, before the War, a solitaire professional, I can never resist making the plugs of a commutator jump over one other.

In solitaires of course the object is to clear a board full of marbles by jumping them over each other and removing each time the obstacle that you have negotiated.

The game is rendered more interesting on a commutator by the fact that (so Richard informs me) the position of the plugs decides who shall talk to whom.

Every time a plug jumps, one of the conversationalists has to start talking to someone else, and one of them is cut off altogether as his plug is removed, according to the rules.

I find that Signal Officers, like Richard and people who live at the end of telephone wires, are rarely solitaire enthusiasts. Possibly they have some excuse.

For instance, I strolled into Richard's signal office the other day; I had had a hard day's work and, finding the plugs favourably placed, I considered the hour ripe for a little well-merited relaxation, so I settled down to a quiet game.

Richard, who by the way runs the Artillery communications of his Division, happened to be talking to a Kite Balloon when I made my first move. I jumped him through to his C.O.

"Hullo, Sausage," said Richard, hearing a click and missing the heavy breathing of his friend in the balloon, "is that you, old bird?" (Richard's voice is unfortunately unmistakable). He was reassured by hearing breathing again, heavier than ever. At this moment I made another move, again with Richard's piece. Richard continued his conversation, this time with the General for his audience.

"Do try and master that breathing

of yours, Sausage, old lad. As I was saying . . ."

It was rather a pity for Richard that he couldn't jump any further at the moment, because the General hates explanations and doesn't know about my solitaire. However, after a few masterly moves I jumped over Richard and removed him from the board, thus probably saving him.

Richard argued about it afterwards. I pointed out that his view was narrow, not to say selfish. Even then he might eventually have forgiven me, had it not been for a further rebuff. It was during another short conversation that he had with the General next day.

"My communications," said the latter, "have lately not been all that could be desired. I am continually getting through to people. I don't want to talk to. What do you propose to do about it?"

"I would suggest, Sir," said Richard, hoping to cheat me of my solitaire board, "that you get an exchange."

"Which Division do you recommend?" said the General on a note of bitter irony.

Of course Richard at once explained the innocence of his meaning, but, as I have already said, the General hates explanations.

ODE TO A DUTCH CHEESE.

Not for this face! Oh, not for such as I
 Didst ripen into beauty, radiant sphere;
 Rather, methinks, it is thy lot to lie
 Beneath the zone of some rich profiteer,
 Or haply some internment-fretted Hun
 Fed to the teeth with weekly jaunts to town
 And being well supplied with legal tender
 Will hold thee cheap at fifteen and a bender,
 And Lofthouse Parkward bear thee, beauteous one,
 And there with the beakered bubbly wash thee down.

Not mine to indulge the grosser appetite,
 But, being in love with beauty all my days,
 I view thy shapeliness with sheer delight
 And fain would crown it with a wreath of praise.
 Let whoso will devour thee; I will keep
 Unsullied by desire the soul of me,
 Singing, "O ripe round rosy one! O redolent
 Of dappled kine and sunshine and sweet meadow
 lent
 A deeper charm of greenness by the deep
 Delit blue of sky and zephyrless Zuyder Zee."

Not in the hives of men, but in some rare
 And aromatic dairy wast thou churned,
 And she that wrought thee—in her aureoled hair
 A smouldering fire of ruddy amber burned,
 Lighting an answering flame in thy red heart;
 And when they brought thee to the market-place
 The wise old doppers dwelt upon thy rounded
 Flanks and the skill with which thou wast com-
 pounded,
 Acclaiming thee a masterpiece of art,
 A wonder-cheese, the pride of the Edam race.

And many sought to buy: the pro-Hun Swede
 Was fain to bear thee to his Northern land;
 The blustering Teuton, mingling guile with greed,
 Offered huge sums—in German notes-of-hand—
 And threatened *Schrecklichkeit* should he refuse
 Who owned thee. But he was a stalwart wight
 And vowed that thou shouldst go to swell the
 rations
 Of those who fought to save the little nations,
 Putting new power in honest British thews
 And heartening British stomachs for the fight.

Vain hope! Methinks the Hun will get thee yet,
 Some Schweinstein guiltless of his country's *Kraut*
 Will guzzle thee or some Home Office pet
 Whose name was Schmidt before the War broke out,
 Who holds up Prussia's economic ends
 And "*Hochs*" the KAISER at his German club,
 Will wolf thee down with *Kalbsfleisch und Kar-
 toffel*,
 With *Plockwurst oder Wienerwurst* (*née* offal),
 Thanking his stars and influential friends
 For life and liberty and lots of grub.

What matter, so one patriot eye has seen,
 One patriot bosom leaped to thy allure?
 Thou canst not, but thy memory shall grow green
 Shrined in the living verses that endure;
 So, though men swallow thee, thou shalt not die,
 But unborn generations, sitting near
 The Winter fire, a prey to hopeless titters
 At Mr. Punch's peerless brisket-splitters,
 Will read of thee and pause; then, with a sigh—
 "There was a cheese; we shall not know its peer."
 ALGOL.

"LITTLE FILL."

At intervals of five or six years a new Minister of Education arises and resolves that education shall at last be placed upon a permanent basis. One of these efforts has, as I understand, been made quite recently by Mr. FISHER, and we are allowed to hope for wonderful things from the provisions of the new Act. I hope with the rest, but I have seen so many efforts made in this direction and have seen so many promises only half fulfilled that I hope with an enthusiasm which is perhaps more reasonable than the sanguine hopes of earnest men and women who keep the lamp of idealism alive in our midst. One thing I am sure these idealists will not be able to do: they will not succeed in reducing the spelling of the English language in our elementary schools to a dead level of conformity. Indeed, I am sure that our public schools, if they were examined in spelling, would show considerable variations from the normal. For my own part I trust that, in spite of Mr. FISHER, such examples of picturesque spelling as that which I am about to submit to Mr. Punch's readers will not be rendered utterly impossible. There is about this MS. a wild lawlessness which is extremely attractive. Mrs. Bliss, the writer, is a charwoman. She is incorrect in her spelling to a point that one would have thought almost impossible, for she gives herself great trouble to produce the most amazing results. The "Little fill" to whom she refers is her grandson, Philip, and the "Conadunt"—how felicitous is this wonderful word!—is the Commandant at the military hospital for which her services have been engaged. Here, then, is the letter, which Mrs. Bliss wrote to a lady of my acquaintance.

"DEAR MRS. —,—Just a line hoping this will find you in the Best of health I am sending to Let you know that Little fill have been veary Bad and he have been sufing from 5 Conplants wich he as hade the Dachter Everyay day fore this theere week Friday and I have not knawn what It have been to tacke of my Close fore theer week and have not to bed night are day but thank god he has ternd fore the Best And I have hade a Letter from the Conadunt to ask me when I was coming Back But the Dachter told me that I culd not think of liveing him fore a naugere week till he was a Little Stranger But I hope nest week fore sertem I shall be back to work and pleased to get back thats if thay keep my place aupen fore me hopen and trusting thay will fore my sake hope Miss — and all the famly are quite well and allso your self dear Mrs. — I hoping you will not be afend at me write-ing to you but have you eny Little thing you culd send him as I shuld be veary thankfull with It as times are know evearythink being so Dear hoping you will Drap me a line as I shall be veary pleased to hear how you are all gawing on. "I am yours sinclly "MRS. BLISS."

"It is understood that the Attorney-General, Sir F. E. Smith, has been offered by the Lord Chancellor the post of Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, vacant on account of the death of Lord Parker. The holder becomes a life peer, and enjoys a salary of £,000 per annum." *Liverpool Echo*.

But it is only fair to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to say that his refusal of the post was not based on considerations of salary.

Letter received by a discharged soldier:—

"The Minister of Pensions . . . has decided to continue your pension (conditionally) at the rate of 22/9 a week from 31/7/18 to 28/1/19; then 19/6 a week from 29/1/19 for life, at the expiration of which you will again be medically examined with a view to the consideration of your claim to further pension."

And yet Mr. HOGGE complains that the Ministry of Pensions is not sufficiently generous.



Alarming Aunt. "WELL, HAVE YOU FOUND ANY WAR-WORK YET?"

Alarming Aunt. "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?"

Niece. "N—NOT EXACTLY. B—BUT I'VE MADE A START."

Niece. "WELL, I—I'VE C—CUT MY HAIR OFF."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is really becoming almost impossible to say anything fresh about a war-book. *Quot scriptores tot sententiæ* is about the only verdict, since it of course remains true that every fresh volume does provide its fresh angle of vision. Conspicuously is this the case with one that I have just been reading, *Three Anzacs in the War* (SKEFFINGTON), in which Lieut. EUSTACE A. DUNN has described the experiences of an Australian from the moment of joining up to that which sees him returning on six months' sick-leave after a wound. I found the recital very attractive for several reasons, amongst them being the care-free unforced style of the writing and a certain very unfamiliar candour in the matter of place names (even permitting the inclusion of that well-worn Tommy jest about going to eat apples). Lieut. DUNN takes his heroes through every kind of experience, nor is that cheery pen of his always particularly squeamish about shaking his readers' nerves. He has obviously no use for the dressed-up version of war's horror. On the whole, for those who are not satiated with war-writing, and especially for any having associations with the Australian forces, I can cordially recommend this engaging account of their outlook and adventures. I should add that, though his book was primarily intended, I suppose, for the Antipodean reader, the author finds life on the Western front only one of a number of strange experiences—others being Cambridge in June, or a Queen's Hall concert during an air-raid.

Mrs. VICTOR RICKARD has chosen a sad title for her novel,

The Fire of Green Boughs (DUCKWORTH). By this fire she typifies the creeping destruction that is consuming the young life of the world. Elsewhere she repeats the same idea: "We have been thinned out . . . not the tares but the wheat has been dragged from the earth." Rather strangely, however, the motive thus stated plays actually but a small part in the story; only one life, the intensely tragic but shadowy figure of *Archie*, is shown in the burning; for the rest we get a well-written but not strikingly original story of London in war-time, varied with a single dramatic episode in an adventure of the heroine on the coast of Ireland. *Sylvia* had gone to Ballinadree because she was poor and superfluous, and the other characters in the book hardly knew what to do with her. And into the lonely house and her life of exile there staggered one stormy night the half-drowned officer of a wrecked U-boat. Hard case problem—what should S. do? Her solution (which I do not propose to reveal) leads to a peck of trouble for all concerned, and effectually pulls the story out of a slight danger of stagnation which was just becoming apparent. Mrs. RICKARD has a considerable sense of character; her people, even when they are dull, are alive and capable of being roused. I liked especially the whole conception of *Sylvia*, who is a refreshing change from the super-perfection of most heroines; a girl who begins by stealing jewels from her dead aunt is at least above suspicion of conventionality. But perhaps I was prejudiced by my delight at her quotation of an exquisite and too little appreciated poem that has long been a favourite of my own. After that, *Sylvia* might have murdered her aunt before robbing her, and been assured of my forgiveness.

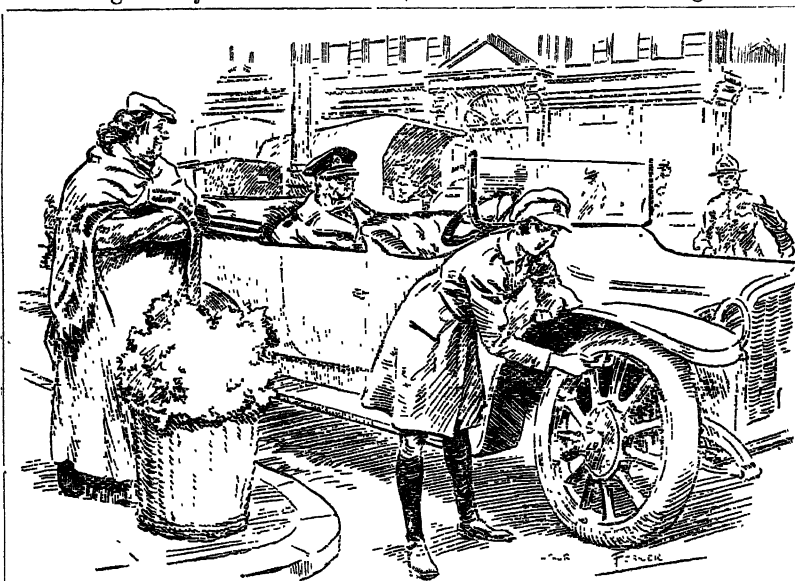
Winged Warfare (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a thrilling account of the many air-fights that Major BISHOP, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., has had with the Huns, and to a mere earth-lubber like myself it is a marvel that he should still be alive to tell the tale. In the first instance he came from Canada with a cavalry detachment of the Second Canadian Division, and the Flanders mud, which has done us so many bad turns, has, at any rate, to its credit the fact that it gave us one mighty flier. "Ordinary mud," the Major writes, "is bad enough when you have to make your home in it, but the particular brand of mud that infests a cavalry camp has a meanness all its own." So he made up his mind to get out of it into the air. When he left France he had forty-seven victories to his credit, and you must read of them to understand what such a record means. I like particularly the way in which he grieves over himself when he has missed what in his opinion was an opportunity to bring down a Hun. Apart from the adventures we have here a considerable amount of advice on flying in general and on the particular necessity for practice in shooting. Major BISHOP's book breathes a fine courage, and it is written with a determined effort to be as modest as the truth would permit.

Resuscitated Pharaohs are no new thing in fiction, but in *A King in Babylon* (HUTCHINSON) Mr. BURTON E. STEVENSON has handled the theme in a convincingly original manner. We may believe that SEKENYEN RE and his "Christian Slave"—the anachronism is HENLEY's, not Mr. STEVENSON's—were really reincarnated in the persons of *Jimmy Allen*, moving-picture actor, and his leading lady, or we may ascribe

the whole affair to excessive emotionalism begotten of the Egyptian climate and a highly exciting scenario. The author is cleverly nebulous, commits no material assaults on our credulity, and at the same time avoids an excess of mysticism. Naturally he must pay the penalty of steering this non-committal course and face as best he may the dilemma of disposing of the afflicted pair. Even allowing for the difficulty of ending all mystery stories it cannot be said that he tackles the problem in a manner which does justice to the rest of the story. By sending the young people off to a neighbouring oasis with a substantial retinue of camel-drivers, but with no money and apparently no object, he gets rid of them, it is true; but that is all that can be said of it. And the cheerful incuriosity with which their friends wave them farewell is a little hard to swallow. Mr. STEVENSON might at least have sent a sandstorm to lend some colour to their failure to reappear at Shepherd's Hotel when the charms of the oasis had begun to pall. On the whole, however, the story is an excellent one, though one is jarred by a few minor lapses, such as the introduction of a chimpanzee into an Egyptian ruin:

My theory about *Piccadilly Jim* (JENKINS) is that if ever a story was really a play disguised, this is that tale. Quite

possibly, indeed, there already exists upon the Transatlantic stage a theatrical version of the escapades of these singularly theatrical characters. If not, Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE should certainly rectify the omission at the earliest possible moment. So much I can tell you off-hand, but as for relating the plot—well, have you ever tried to recount the complications of American crook-farce to even the most sympathetic listener without regretting the venture? *Piccadilly Jim* is precisely that sort of story. The scene being laid in New York, the dialogue is naturally written in Freedom's tongue, as this medium is understood in the less realistic style of dramatic entertainment. Of the cast there are (to name but a few) a sporting young lead in the title rôle, who, being on the "other side" under an assumed name, conspires with the principal girl to pretend to be himself. And so when his father, who was pretending to be his own butler, recognized him as *Jim*, of course the girl thought—what I mean is, when the thief who was pretending to be *Lord Wisbeach* saw *Jerry* pretending to be himself, of course he couldn't give him away, so he stole the explosive; and after all, when the dog bit him and he dropped it, it didn't explode. And there you are! I have an idea that, if played very quickly by persons in the visible flesh, this intrigue would have a better chance than in the delaying fetters of type Still, now I have explained it all so clearly you can form your own conclusions.



Facetious Lady. "YER 'USBAND 'ERE AIN'T 'ABF ANGRY, DEARIE."

The word "nomad," in Lady JEPHSON's book of memoirs, *Notes of a Nomad* (HUTCHINSON), seems to be used with uncommonly little reference to that simple pastoral life of a wandering shepherd which

my dictionary, at any rate, used to associate with it. Perhaps she is thinking of the high altitudes where shepherds may be supposed to lead their flocks, for certainly the atmosphere of her book is that rare ether where royalties—mostly minor—mingle in small—mostly very small—talk with other persons of pedigree. Ordinary mortals could hardly be expected to breathe in so rarefied a heaven. To be included in the Olympus of her pages is in itself a kind of deification, for a more liberal largesse of adjectival appreciation can rarely have been lavished on any writer's fortunate friends. In just compensation they will have to endure, in reading a volume which the general public will probably decide to leave to them alone, a good many trite quotations and reiterated favourite expressions, not to speak of other minor sources of irritation. All the same, squeezed in among much dreariness, they may find a few quite vivid sketches of places as opposed to personages, and of events as contrasted with occasions. Lady JEPHSON has travelled and lingered, sketching, in places as far apart as French Canada, where she was born, and Corfu; in Burgos and in Cowes; has been honoured as a guest at a Turkish wedding and detained as a prisoner at a German spa; and at times she ceases from her hobby of collecting acquaintances among the nearly great and tells us what she saw.

CHARIVARIA.

"THE enemy," says the *Cologne Gazette*, "is still reeling from our hammer-strokes." And now Prince RUPPRECHT has just dealt us another heavy blow in the fist with his eye.

The PREMIER's Welsh terrier, on his return to Downing Street, was overjoyed to find that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had not, as he had feared, been snatched up by some souvenir-hunter while his owner's back was turned.

At Pwllheli Bay mackerel have been selling at seventeen for a shilling. It is quite in order, therefore, to tell your profiteering fishmonger to go to Pwllheli.

"Our lowest ambition should be a life of ninety years," says Dr. T. BODLEY SCOTT. As a rule it is only expectant relatives who refer to it in just that way.

"At the National Cathedral of St. Patrick," says *The Irish Times*, "there were large congregations at all services. The music was of a lofty character." Not the trashy rag-time stuff one so often hears in cathedrals.

A Kingston woman with twenty children has been fined ten shillings for not sending them to school. It does not seem to have occurred to the Court that she might reasonably have expected that the school should be sent to the children.

It is wrong to say that the Germans lose their heads in an emergency. During the railway accident at Lundsberg, Prussia, crowds attempted to rob the dead and dying.

Since a sunbird has been stolen from the Zoo we understand that Mr. Pocock contemplates putting an extra padlock on the lions' den.

Five centenarians have died in Great Britain during one week. A dear old lady is of the opinion that it must be a very unhealthy profession because we rarely hear of centenarians unless they are dying.

A Lydd allotment-holder has grown a cabbage measuring forty-two inches in circumference. A jealous rival was heard to say that if he had grown a

cabbage that size it would have been a radish.

Small green apples, says a contemporary, are proving popular. A boy correspondent, however, desires us to say that he has a little inside information to the contrary.

Since the assassination of Field-Marshal VON EICHORN at Kieff it appears that the KAISER has intimated that Russia must cease these petty annoyances.

"Germany," says the Special Corre-

APPLICATION FOR LEAVE.

Lieut. Wooster, R.A.M.C.(T.), sat in his patent partially collapsible chair in his completely collapsible tent, squared his determined shoulders, settled his chapeau of tin firmly on his head, gave a hitch to his magnum-bonum field boots and proceeded to draft his application for leave.

To apply for ordinary leave was useless; he had enjoyed two days at the beginning of his service, before embarkation, and that was only three years ago. As for "urgent affairs," everybody knew that he had made a comfortable pile years ago. There was "the troubled state of Ireland"; but, alas, he was not an Irishman. The death of a "favourite dog" had been used by others too often.

At last he hit on it: "Lieut. Wooster begs to apply for special leave on the occasion of the birth of two or three grandchildren."

"Working Man Lost, between Saturday and Sunday, £5; finder suitably rewarded."—*Provincial Paper*.

Having regard to the time of the disappearance we hazard the suggestion that the local public-houses should be dragged.

"Pte. E. — ran in the 100 yards and 440 races at the Brigade Sports, and carried off the premier honours in each case, after a tight finish. He has now been recommended for a commission."—*Sportsman*.

We don't wonder. Not many men can win 441 races in one day.

"In spite of all the tremendous events which have happened since, one carries vividly in the memory this day four years ago. It was a Sunday."

Evening Standard, August 3rd.

It happens to have been a Monday, but what is the use of a vivid memory if it is to be trammelled with unimportant little details like that?

THE VOICE OF THE RIVERS.

'Twas the voice of the Marne
That began it with "Garn!
Full speed, Fritz, a-starn!"
Then the Ourcq and the Crise
Sang, "Move on, if you please."
The Ardre and the Vesle
Took up the glad tale,
And cried to the Aisne,
"Wash out the Hun stain."
So all the way back from the Marne
The French rivers
Have given the Bosches in turn the
cold shivers.



"HERE, LISTEN TO THIS. IT SAYS THE GOV'T HAVE BOUGHT UP ALL THE STRAWBERRIES TO MAKE JAM FOR THE TROOPS."

"GO ON, GEORGE! HOW CAN THEY MAKE PLUM-AND-APPLE OUT O' STRAWBERRIES?"

spondent of the Press Association, "with all her weight poised for a plunge forward, has been grappled with in mid-air and slowly but inevitably forced back off her balance. Nothing approaching this feat has happened before." Except perhaps in the annals of ju-jitsu.

In view of the fact that some people have complained of losing their purses on the Tubes, it is proposed to put up a notice at the entrance of the stations, "No Pickpockets Admitted."

We learn that a conscientious objector at Dartmouth had a very exciting adventure recently. It seems that he was mistaken for a man by a young lady typist.

RATS.

"Do any of you fellows happen to know a good way to get rid of rats?" I asked. "The huts in our camp are simply full of them; life's absolutely not worth living there."

"We haven't got any here," said my host.

"But you're only five minutes' walk from us," I said. "It sounds incredible."

"Nevertheless the fact remains," said he. "I was overrun with them too a month ago, and to get rid of them offered a stick of chewing-gum for every tail. I was nearly broke in a week."

"Talking about chewing-gum," I said, "do you know a couple of old reprobates called Ah Sin and Dam Li, who——"

"I should think I do," interrupted my host; "they got about a thousand sticks apiece."

"I thought they wouldn't be far away if there was any chewing-gum going," I murmured.

Later on I sought out these two gentlemen to try to discover how they had earned it.

"Lats," said Dam Li, "him velly hungly. You give um good dinner, catch um plenty much."

"They're eating me out of house and home already," I replied. "Look here," I went on, "if I give you two fellows a stick of 'Wrigley's' for every tail will you get rid of them for me?"

Ah Sin and Dam Li looked much hurt at such a mercenary suggestion.

"China boy no wantee plesent," said Ah Sin reproachfully. "'Sides, him gottee plenty too much chewing-gum allee longa now. No wantee chewing-gum."

However it appeared that they were willing to do their rat-catching for love, and the next afternoon they arrived at my camp and set to work.

"You givee China boy big ballel," said Ah Sin.

"Cut um top off," interpolated Dam Li, producing a roll of stiff parchment from a capacious pocket.

The barrel was procured and Ah Sin proceeded to pour water into it, while Dam Li came over to me.

"You givee China boy one blick," said he.

"What on earth do you want a brick for?" I asked.

"China boy puttee blick in watee for lat to sit," replied Dam Li.

Having got his brick and put it in the bottom of the barrel, Dam Li then spread his parchment all over the open top and tied it down firmly.

"How do you expect the rats to be

able to go and sit on the brick if you tie that stuff over the top?" I asked.

"Him sittee on blick plenty latee four, five days," said Ah Sin.

"To-morrow, him sittee on paper," said Dam Li. "You givee plenty good dinnee, allee same blead and cheese—velly good lations."

At first I demurred, but in the end I agreed to let them have their way, and the two Chinamen departed with a promise to come again the next afternoon to see how things were going.

On their arrival we all went to the barrel against whose side there now lay a sloping plank for the rats to get up by.

Ah Sin inspected the barrel from afar.

"Him velly beauty ballel," he announced. "Lats eatum allee lations."

"Give um meat, biscuits, allee same officee's dinner," said Dam Li, turning an excited eye towards me and clapping his hands together in anticipation of joys to come.

What these joys were did not appear till three days later, when, their preparations complete, Ah Sin and Dam Li carefully cut a large cross in the parchment cover of the barrel.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"Lat, him comee up allee same for dinner an' fall allee long into watee," explained Dam Li.

"Then him cleep on blick," said Ah Sin darkly.

"Then 'nother lat gettee down in watee an' go to blick allee same as first," said Dam Li with a far-away look in his eyes.

Ah Sin's eyes were by now positively sparkling.

"Then um fight," he shouted.

"Then allee lats in countly hear him scleam, an' lun plenty too much quick to fight allee same as firs' lats," went on Dam Li in a frenzy of delight.

"Then there plenty big low," resumed Ah Sin.

"An' to-morrow me dlessee tin hat allee same Blitish soldiee man," prophesied Dam Li.

"An' me dlessee beauty kilt allee same Scotchee man," vaunted Ah Sin.

I couldn't get the kilt, but he allowed himself to be content with a couple of pair of "tlousees."

Dam Li got his tin hat.

LORD LANSDOWNE'S LETTER: There spake PETTY and not FITZMAURICE.

"After becoming a howling wilderness, a gentleman came forward and gave £1 per week for the keeping of the park in order."
Scotch Paper.

Very sporting of him, after such a painful transformation.

LYRICAL DOPE.

[We learn from a paragraph in an evening paper that poetry is a stimulus to women in war-time.]

WHEN the Armageddon diet
Makes Priscilla feel unquiet,
She prescribes herself (from POPE)
An acidulated trope.

When the lard-hunt ruffles Rose
WORDSWORTH lulls her to repose,
While a snippet from the "Swan"
Stops the jam-yearn of Yvonne.

Digging in her garden, Doris
Cantillates the *Odes* of HORACE;
Strap-hung on a Streatham tram,
Georgiana chants KHAYYAM.

Phyllis, when she can't get sweets,
Sips the honeyed strains of KEATS;
And when Gladys gasps for ices
MATTHEW ARNOLD's muse suffices.

When the man-slump makes her fretty
Susie takes to D. ROSSETTI,
Though her sister Arabella
Rather fancies WILCOX (ELLA).

When the lady Jones—who chars—
Ventilates her views on Mars,
SHELLEY (known to her as PERCE)
Pacifies her with his verse.

When the milk-wench on our circuit
Yodels till her tonsils shirk it,
BURNS (whom she delights to quote)
Like a gargle soothes her throat.

When Evangelina swoons
At the sound of the maroons,
Mrs. HEMANS comes in handy
As a substitute for brandy.

And when Auntie heard by chance
That the Curate was in France,
BROWNING's enigmatic lyrics
Helped to save her from hysterics.

"House to Let for August and September, with or without attendance; splendid scenery in view of the outer Isle of Skye; egg and rum."—*Provincial Paper.*

In these days it sounds almost too good to be true, but we are assured, upon making inquiry in the neighbourhood, that the supply of both Egg and Rum is practically inexhaustible.

"LAW.—Wanted, Cashier, Book-keeper, and Costs Clerk for West end Solicitor's office; must be able to draw cash without supervision."—*Lark Times.*

We think of applying for this post.

"This great offer is made to introduce the famous——Pen to *Church Times* readers; over 100,000 have now been sold."

From an Advt. in "Church Times."

Well, the others can't say they haven't had fair warning.



THE RISING SUN.

THE WATCH DOGS.

LXXV.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—The other day I was sitting in the foyer of the hotel, talking to a spy and smoking one of his cigars Yes, my dear boy, a real spy and a real cigar. Does this take your breath away, unnerve you a little? Very good; we will go slow.

This was once a beautiful innocent little country, with cows yodelling at each other playfully, large honest mountains bathing their feet in nice clean lakes, and pure wholesome milk nestling snugly in its tin. Now the whole place is a mass of spies; you never saw anything like it in your life; rows of people in the street with their hats pulled down over their eyes, spying away day and night and overtime on Sundays. And so it came about that I, dropped into this country by chance, have at last found myself chatting with a spy about one thing and another.

He was spying on me and I was spying on him out of common politeness. It was satisfying to my pride to be spied upon at last. I have been in this sordid place for six months now, wearing an important look and waiting to be accosted by strangers (fair strangers hoped for) and never a soul has evinced the slightest interest in me, save Artful Annie, the Turkish Patrol. But I suspect that woman, Charles; I have always distrusted her, and now am sure that she is not a spy at all. Carried away by the atmosphere of the place, she is just trying to make-believe; she is pretending that her being here for her health is all a pretence. Besides, her boots squeak. When she smiled at me the knowing smile, practised to perfection during fifty years, I determined to test her. I followed her to the reading-room and, taking up a paper at random, sat and watched her round the corner of it. I very soon discovered that she too had taken up a paper at random and was sitting watching me round the corner of it. What gave her away, as not being really in the profession, was the fact that she was holding the paper upside down. I recognised this as the act of one not in the business, because when I got tired of watching her watching me and settled down to read my own paper I discovered that this too was upside down.

It is depressing to know all about everything and never have a sinister

soul ask one a word about anything. There was one really thrilling moment, I must confess; a matter of bedroom doors, corridors, two men pitting their wits against each other—a grim silent struggle. About 7.30 P.M. on a Saturday evening I found myself in my bedroom, contemplating a bath before dinner. The bathroom was full, so I had the more time to contemplate. Peering casually round the door of my room you may conceive my horror at catching sight of a man of German extraction, indeed official position, looking round his door at the other end of the corridor—looking at me, but ceasing to do so and withdrawing hurriedly the



NATURAL AID TO HEAT-SAVING.

USE A MAGNIFYING-GLASS AND HARNESS THE SUN'S RAYS TO GRILL YOUR MID-DAY MEAL.

moment I looked at him. I determined to develop the affair; you know how one's instincts tell one when there is something afoot. I withdrew my head, waited a little and then had another look. There he was again looking at my door. There was no doubt about it, he was looking at me; I was looking at him; we were looking at each other. I left my door slightly ajar and waited, listening.

All was still. Then I heard the bathroom door open and the occupant come out with a noisy joviality entirely in contrast to our stealthy proceedings. I had forgotten about the bath; but this reminded me that it would now be consistent with perfect innocence and uprightness to saunter casually forth, a move so cunning in its sheer simplicity that it was more than likely to lead to my discovering the German doing something sinister. It did; I discovered him running like a hare and

getting to the bathroom first. What with this and Artful Annie being ejected from the hotel for not paying her bill, you can imagine I was just about fed up, when at last I was offered a real cigar by a real spy.

How do you tell a spy when you see one? By your *flair*. Very few persons have the gift, the peculiar instinct, but so far I have not yet met anybody who was not one of the very few. It is the undefinable something, the extraordinarily undefinable something which tells you that a man or a woman is up to no good. There is only one form of no-good in war time, and that is spying. A man may attract your suspicion by being reluctant to fill up his hotel bulletin, pretending that he wants his dinner and is sick to death of filling in forms. A woman may blush uncomfortably under long relentless scrutiny, or your suspicions of a neutral may be aroused by his nodding to a *Militaerischer-unddiplomatischeroffizieranderspitzedesamtesfuermilitaerischeundhandelsfragen*; a sure sign, since no man would do that unless he was bribed to. Or, lastly, it may just be that you have the inhuman gift of telling a spy without any signs at all. It is generally that way. Any old how, this fellow of mine was a spy, and if you are going to argue about it you are not the patriot I have always taken you for.

Talking to enemy agents, you button up your coat firmly and feel a sort of hot feeling. Will the diabolical fellow manage, or will he not, to extract from your breast pocket the Secret and Confidential Draft of the Allies' Peace terms? You are rather afraid he will. Incidentally you are rather annoyed with yourself, in your curiosity to know what these terms might be, for having omitted to have a look in your own breast-pocket yourself. That however is by the way. Is he going to worm your secrets out of you, or isn't he? You determine not to give yourself away; but sooner or later you have to unbutton that coat in order to assure yourself, and button it up again slightly more firmly. You then feel relieved but hurt to find there is no Secret Draft there after all.

We had got into one of those chance positions in which you have got to say something to a man. When I had found there was nothing in my breast-pocket I fixed my eye on his. One must conform to the fashionable habits, must not one? As I looked at it it

bulged; and the more I looked and it bulged the more uneasy he became. Finally he gave in; put his hand inside his vest pocket and fetched out a cigar-case.

Not a very good spy, perhaps; not a very good cigar. But not bad for a start. There was I talking to a spy; I was spying on him and out of common politeness he was spying on me. Both of us were saying what we really thought, in order to deceive the other fellow into thinking we were not really thinking what we said. Both of us knew we were. Under what words did all this pass? In the excitement of the moment it is hard to remember. Something about the weather, I fancy.

Yours ever, HENRY.

THE FOOD OF FANCY.

THE PATRIOTIC POET TO HIS FAMILY.

THOUGH Food-Controllers inculcate
Restraint in all things edible,
The bard, unbound by price or weight,
Sees on his daily dinner-plate
Comestibles incredible.

A fowl we can't afford, but you
Won't grumble over lost riches;
On Ariel's wing let us pursue
Across the sands of Timbuctoo
A flight of juicy ostriches.

Remote and visionary seem
The cutlet, chop and *gigot*, dears;
But while the Congo jungles teem
With plump okāpi we can dream
That there a-hunting we go, dears.

Although our hopes of veal are naught,
Or tantamount to vanity,
Yet on the coast of Hadramaut
The sea-calf swims, and there in thought
We'll revel on roast manatee.

Though I in slings and bows am weak
And but a third-class shot am I,
Now beef is dear we often speak
Of journeying to Mozambique
To feast on hippopotami.

If thence our road for many a mile
Through virgin forest we lop hard,
We'll tap the sources of the Nile
And every night our table pile
With sirloin of camelopard.

Blithe Fancy thus provides a feast
Spiced with a genial bonhomie;
The dusky loaf may be increased
By tasty *plats* of bird and beast
Consistent with economy.

— SOAP.

THE IDEAL ANTISEPTIC.

Advt. in Scotch Paper.

With its aid cleanliness is not merely
next to godliness, it is the same thing.



Jealous Rival. "LOOK 'ERE!—MUCH MORE OF IT AN' I'LL WIPE THE BLOOMIN' STREET WITH YOU!"

Tommy. "YOU'LL MAKE ME LABR IN A MINUTE. I'VE BEEN KILLIN' THINGS LIKE YOU FOR THE LAST FOUR YEARS."

THE ENDORSING.

It was not without some trepidation that the War-baby approached the cage of the teller at Cox's and tendered the cheque over whose inscription he had spent such pains—"Pay to Self or Order, Three Pounds."

With a glance at the amount and a general summing up of our hero's *tout ensemble* the teller returned the slip with a laconic, "You'll have to endorse it, you know."

Why not? Nothing more natural. And with a loving flourish the newly-commissioned flying officer wrote below his signature, "I heartily endorse this cheque."

Cælum non animum mutant.

Notice put up in the area of the 10th (Irish) Division, Palestine: "No traffic along this road by day excepting at night."

From an official summary:—

"The Berne correspondent of the — thinks we may be placing too much reliance on hopes of a revolution in Austria. Austria-Hungary in fact is a blind alley at either end of which stands Germany in arms."

A kind of double-headed *Kultur de sac*.

"Llanthony, Sprint, and Snowden have been sold for military purposes and go to France." *Bolton Evening News.*

Why not give RAMSAY MACDONALD and TREVELYAN a chance too?

THE INSECT PATRIOT.

ATTEND, war-workers all, to this my song,
And, charitable patriots, give ear
While I set forth his praise who midst the throng
Of labourers was not the least sincere,
Nor passed unworthy of a poet's tear—
The insect (saving your gentility)
Known in our village as the Red Cross Flea.

No random strain is mine; I prayed the man
Who trained the flea to come and give his show;
"It would," I said, "be quite a pleasant plan
For you to charge us nothing." He said, "No;
'E've got our bread to earn, 'ave Romeo;
There's times 'e finds it 'ard too—seems to fret
For 'is pore mate wot I called Juliet."

I paid him what he asked, and oh, the mite,
The nimble Romeo, was worth it all!
He washed his face, he sparred in mimic fight,
He drew a quaint coach infinitely small,
He—well, he took by storm the village hall;
From Bill the poacher to the gurgling Squire,
They rocked with laughter to my heart's desire.

And I—I rose and took my old cloth hat;
"No one need pay," I said, "who's feeling bored,
But all who've raised the roof stump up for that."
Pounds, shillings, pennies, ha'pence, in they poured;
Still Romeo performed, still people roared;
But ah! methinks we pressed too close to see
And roused the dormant savage in the flea.

He sprang on whom he deemed a likely prey—
On Bill; and that inept and thankless lout,
Who must have harboured dozens in his day—
At the first puncture William gave a shout
And with one swipe the little life crushed out..
O cruel fate! to labour half the night
And then be killed for natural appetite.

Judge him not harshly; in his trainer's phrase,
"That hinsec' were a patriot—must 'a' been,
For never in 'is 'ole performin' days
'Ave I known Romeo wash 'isself so clean,
Nor 'aul 'is coach so quick as wot you seen.
An' now 'e's done in, 'coz for once he thought
'E'd draw 'is rations where 'e didn't ought."

WITH THE AUXILIARY PATROL.

THE SILENT MENACE.

No one knows where the Silent Menace came from
or why he chose our trawler for his abode. He walked
aboard one morning in a casual manner as we were casting
off from the quay-side and has stayed with us ever since.
My own opinion is that the pleasures of life ashore had
palled for him and he desired solitude and the untainted
sea. None of us understands him in the least, and his
nature is not of the sort that easily awakens affection,
but I think we should all miss him if ever he were to
desert us.

He is, we think, a dog. As he is obviously not a cat
or any known kind of rabbit, and as the third hand, who is
an authority on all matters connected with the Turf and
once won a bet, declares that he is not a race-horse, he
must, as the Second-Engineer said, be a dog or nothing.
In breed he is a cosmopolitan. In his younger days he
must have lived a very knockabout sort of life; one ear
is sadly tattered, one eye is missing, and his tail, which

reminds one of a tallow dip that has been kept in a warm
cupboard, is attached to his person obliquely as though
stricken with a sudden paralysis in the act of wagging.
It never wags now.

His manners are unsociable and he is utterly indifferent
to all circumstances. Nothing seems to please or annoy
him; he is occasionally bored, that is all. If you venture
to pat him on the head he looks at you with his only re-
maining orb, as much as to say, "Please don't be idiotic,"
and edges away. You feel foolish. If he shows any par-
tiality at all it is that he prefers as a couch the duffel coat
of the Teddy Bear to any other garment aboard. The
Teddy Bear, a rotund woolly-haired deck-hand, quite obvi-
ously escaped from a nursery to join the Trawler Reserve,
has often to borrow a watch-coat because his own has been
requisitioned by the Silent Menace.

When the ship is at sea he behaves much like the rest
of us; he takes his regular watch on deck and watch below.
He has a habit at times of running on to the bows, placing
his fore-paws on the rail and sniffing the air vigorously.
"Smellin' for submarines," the Teddy Bear says he is.

Once and once only has the Silent Menace betrayed any
sort of feeling, and that was on the occasion of a visit from
the Inspecting Officer of Armed Trawlers and Drifters.
The Inspecting Officer, as befits one who holds a shore
billet, has dignity and wears yellow gloves. I think it was
the gloves that upset the Menace.

As the I.O. stepped aboard the Silent Menace emerged
from behind the winch, stopped dead and then deliberately
"pointed" at him. The I.O. was obviously confused, but he
mastered what must have been an overwhelming impulse
to take cover, and began to inspect. Whereupon the Silent
Menace followed him round the ship at a distance of three
feet, never once removing his intense gaze from the Inspect-
ing Officer's left ankle. It was positively uncanny. The
I.O.'s nerves were so overstrained that he forgot to register
a single complaint, a thing unknown before in the annals of
the Service. He also left one of his yellow gloves lying on
the after-hatch when he finally left the ship. The mate
was just going to pick it up when the Silent Menace anti-
cipated him. Reaching the glove at a single bound he took
it delicately by the thumb, walked to the rail and deliber-
ately dropped it overboard. Then, with an impressive
glance in the direction of the Inspection Officer's retreating
figure, he turned to the crew and solemnly winked his
solitary eye, and sauntered away in search of the Teddy
Bear's duffel.

"I tell you that dog ain't human," remarked the skipper.

He is certainly one of those that say little and think much
—a characteristic of all great British seamen.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

At this holiday season, when their own children are enjoy-
ing the air of sea and country, Mr. Punch begs his kind
readers not to forget the needs of the children of the poor.
The Children's Country Holiday Fund finds hospitality
for them in country homes, where their flagging health,
which has suffered in many cases from influenza, may be
restored. It is pitiful that any child of the town should
miss this chance for lack of help; but subscriptions to the
Fund have fallen off during the War, while expenses have
unavoidably increased.

Mr. Punch knows of no cause that is more certain to appeal
to the hearts of his readers and he very confidently prays
that liberal cheques, made payable to the Children's Country
Holiday Fund (of which Lord ARRAN is Hon. Treasurer),
may be sent to the Secretary, C.C.H.F., 18, Buckingham
Street, Strand, W.C.2.



"LAST-BUT NOT LEAST."

THE PLURALIST WAR-WORKER.

I LEANED upon the garden fence, surprised at the spectacle of Jenkins digging in his back-yard.

"Are you," I asked, "preparing for the interment of a household pet?"

He did not condescend to answer.

"Or are you prospecting for minerals?" I hazarded; "treasure-hunting, perhaps?"

"I am," he said.

The excavation of a mouldy claret-bottle engaged his attention for a moment; but with a sideways glance he had observed my pitying smile.

"Let me tell you," he said, digging deeply for a pre-historic coffee-pot, "that you are privileged to watch a man working on behalf of four departments of His Majesty's Government—responding with a single gesture," he continued, driving his fork into the ground, "to four distinct appeals to win the War."

He exhumed what was once a kettle and added it exultingly to his other mineral treasures.

"Exhorted by the Director of National Salvage," said Jenkins, "I am recovering what was previously discarded as waste. I am conserving national resources." And he bayoneted a sardine-tin.

"These waste products," he went on, "will presently be sold and the money

will be invested in National War Bonds. I am therefore working for the Treasury. . . ."

"Splendid!" I exclaimed, leaning less heavily on the garden fence, which seemed inclined to collapse as the hole in the back-yard yawned deeper.

"You have not heard all," he went on. "This stuff will be eventually utilised as material of war. I am therefore also working for the Ministry of Munitions and," he proceeded, with a certain exaltation in his voice, "for the Admiralty. As requested by the Controller of Shipping I am saving ships—reducing the tonnage that is occupied in the importation of new raw materials. You follow me?"

"Admiralty, Munitions, Treasury—working for them all, inspired by the Director-General of National Salvage! You are marvellous, Jenkins," I said, and in my excusable enthusiasm brought down the fence.

But Jenkins, preoccupied by some new discovery, disregarded the catastrophe.

"In saying that I am working simultaneously for four Departments," he informed me, "I was, in fact, understating the case. You see before you what appears to be a useless hole, and spread about it the soil I have raised. That newly-turned soil, at the instigation of the Ministry of Food Production, will presently be planted with potatoes.

One helps to win the War in many ways. . . ."

"And the hole?" I asked eagerly.

"Yes, that too will help," said Jenkins; "indeed, what has now become the primary purpose of the task I am pursuing is to prepare the foundations of a pigsty which I have been persuaded to undertake by the new Director of Pig Production.

"It is astonishing how things work together," he went on genially. "The fence you have knocked down will supply a need I did not know how to provide for in erecting the sty, and I have here"—he produced triumphantly the object with which he had been wrestling for the last few minutes—"some wire that will take its place and which, being rusty as well as barbed, will discourage idlers from disturbing me when it requires a clear head to remember all the ways in which I am helping to win the War here in my back-yard."

Germany's Internal Troubles.

"Admiral Von Holtzendorff, the Naval Chief of Staff, has literally thrown up the sponge."

Manchester Guardian.

After literally eating the leek.

"THE ARCHANGEL LANDING."—*Times*. There was a rumour of something of this kind after Mons, but this is apparently official.



Small Child (frightened by the breakers, to her mother). "I WON'T COME IN JUST YET; I'LL WAIT TILL IT STOPS."

LETTERS OF A BOY SCOUT.

III.

DEAR UNCLE,—I know that you will be glad to hear that your tent and the Cuckoo Petrol are on war-work. We are camped in an orchard to protect the fruit and are on our honour to eat nothing but windfalls; and Belfitt, our petrol-leader, says he never knew calmer weather and that the strain of this war-watching is awful. Belfitt eats all the windfalls himself, because he says it is best for young Scouts not to get the taste for apples, and leaders have got to make sacrifices. He has great courage, for he has dreadful pains. He says it is appendicitis, but he sticks to his post.

He gives us lessons in war-work in the daytime. He has been showing us how to throw a German cavalry horse over when the Ulans come. He had to practise on a donkey and he threw it beautifully only the donkey fell on the top of him. But Belfitt says that is because a donkey is a beast with a dense understanding, and that a horse being intelligent would go down different. I do hope the Ulans' horses are very intelligent. We set boy-traps every even-

ing as the common boys have a habit of coming to steal apples. One night we dug a lovely trap inside the orchard gate and left it open. It was a hole covered with brown paper and with a bell to ring if any one fell in. It hadn't been set half-an-hour before the bell rang and we charged the trap. It was an old gentleman who was staying at the farm, and he broke his spectacles and swore something awful, and said if this was the way Boy Scouts treated respectable gentlemen who came to give them an adress on our war aims the Boy Scouts ought to be in blazes. But Belfitt said afterwards that he had always had his doubts about that old gentleman, and that most likely he was a German bent on eating up our food supplies.

Belfitt went out disguised as a spy in ordinary clothes and told a lot of boys what beautiful apples there were in this orchard. We caught two that night besides a lot that fell into the tar-trap we had put on the wall and their paters would lay into them if I know anything about paters. Belfitt said that the best way to treat thieves was not as criminuls but as diseessed and that we must make them sick of

apples. So we tied them to apple trees and put apples in their mouths so they couldn't shout and practised bomb-throwing at them with rotten apples. And I hit one on the nose first shot, and Belfitt said there was hope for England while there were Scouts like me, and that I must get my acurate aim from my brave uncle, and would I ask you if you had happened to bring a spare bugel back as a trofy from France because the petrol needs a bugel dreadful badly.

Your loving Nephew, Jim.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE.

THERE was an old man of Cape Race
Whose mind was a perfect disgrace.

He thought that CORELLI
Lived long before SHELLEY,
And imagined that WELLS was a place.
There was an old Marquis in Spain
Who had an inquisitive brain,
So he cabled to Gosse
To send him across
His views on the art of HALL CAINE.

Not Quite "According to Cocker."

"Cockerel Spaniel Dog, black, Found.—
Apply Chief Constable."—*Provincial Paper.*



VON POT AND VON KETTLE.

GERMAN GENERAL. "WHY THE DEVIL DON'T YOU STOP THESE AMERICANS COMING ACROSS? THAT'S YOUR JOB."

GERMAN ADMIRAL. "AND WHY THE DEVIL DON'T YOU STOP 'EM WHEN THEY ARE ACROSS? THAT'S YOURS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, August 5th.—Lest the Peers should get a bit above themselves on the good news from France, Lord INCHCAPE thought it necessary to warn them of the gloomy financial future that awaited them. Their Lordships' depression was deepened by Lord ASHTON OF HYDE, who urged the Government to inquire into the practicability of a levy on capital. Lord EMMOTT, who a short time ago was dilating on Germany's financial difficulties, was now, with fine impartiality, almost equally eloquent about Great Britain's, and urged the importance of cutting our coat according to our cloth so soon as that cloth had ceased to be khaki-coloured. The Peers would have gone to their dinners in melancholy mood but for a few heartening words from Lord CURZON, who cheerfully declared that though we should have to spend a lot of money after the War in rebuilding a shattered world we should find it a very good investment.

The little group of Bolsheviks below the Gangway in the Commons are apparently perturbed by the prospect that Russia may be helped on to her legs again by the Allies. Mr. BALFOUR assured them that our aim was to bring about the political and economic restoration of Russia "without internal interference of any kind"; but when Mr. LEES SMITH invited him to translate this proviso into an undertaking that we would not assist anybody to overthrow the Soviets he turned a deaf ear—rather fortunately, since at that very moment the Allied forces in Archangel were engaged upon that identical enterprise.

The long-promised debate on the Ministry of Information was a little disappointing. Lords BEAVERBROOK and NORTHCLIFFE were expected to figure as the villains of the piece. But Lord NORTHCLIFFE had already publicly dissociated himself from its deeds, whether good or evil. As Chief Propagandist in Enemy Countries he reports direct to the PRIME MINISTER—or the PRIME MINISTER reports direct to him. As for the other noble Lord he only came to the Ministry in March, and therefore was not responsible for most of the crimes laid to its charge, including the expenditure of thirty-one pounds on alcoholic liquor by a party of propagandists in Dublin, an incident which

sorely vexed the temperate soul of Mr. LEIF JONES.

Tuesday, August 6th.—The India Reform Report was discussed at large in both Houses. It was a pity that Mr. MONTAGU could not have been at both ends of the corridor at the same time. The Commons were quite disarmed by his account of what India had done for the Empire during the War, in money, provisions and men. If the native really wants a vote who would grudge it him? Possibly Mr. MONTAGU's delicate reminder to Members who had served in the Peninsula that conditions might have changed since their lamented

he had expected. And as Lord CURZON said that the Government had not yet made up their minds on the subject and no legislation need be expected for some time, the Peers went home with the comforting reflection that the British *raj* was good for a few years longer.

In spite of an earnest appeal by the HOME SECRETARY to bring the law into accordance with the facts, the House of Commons in its wisdom threw out by 81 votes to 77 the Bill which was to have enabled charitable societies to hold raffles during the War. The hostile majority was, I imagine, largely due to the compelling eloquence of Mr.

THEODORE TAYLOR. Who could neglect the warnings of a historian capable of drawing a parallel between the diamond necklace of MARIE ANTOINETTE and the pearls that Sir ARTHUR STANLEY has collected for the Red Cross, or doubt the sincerity of a Dissenter who expressly disclaimed "the Non-conformist Conscience and all that sort of rot"? What the Red Cross will do now with its pearls—and incidentally its pig—remains to be seen. Personally I should brave Mr. TAYLOR and all the other denizens of Tooley Street and hold the raffles just the same, in the confident hope that Sir GEORGE CAVE will continue to turn a blind eye on such innocent speculations.

Wednesday, August 7th.—The announcement that the House would adjourn until October 15th—a week later than had been anticipated—confirmed Mr. PRINGLE's hopes, or fears, of impending Dissolution and caused him to inquire, "Will the right hon. gentleman give an undertaking that we shall ever meet again?" Mr. BONAR LAW is beginning to acquire the "pawkins" of the late Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. "I cannot give an undertaking that we shall *all* meet again," was his reply.

Whether the PRIME MINISTER means to go to the country—in the political sense—is a secret at present unrevealed. There was certainly no electioneering flavour about his review of the War, which was in the main a record of the achievements and the sacrifices of the British Empire by sea and land throughout the whole of the past four years—and not specially during the period since he became Premier. A warning was given to the peacemongers not to expect their efforts to succeed until the enemy knew he was beaten. But of



Mr. Punch. "GOING TO THE COUNTRY, SIR?"

Mr. Lloyd George. "WELL, WE'LL WAIT AND SEE."

departure also helped to stave off some liverish comments. Even Sir JOHN REES was mollified and gave the Report his blessing.

In the Lords, on the contrary, the official defence was postponed until after Lord SYDENHAM had delivered a heavy indictment against the Report. In his opinion Mr. MONTAGU's visit to India had been "a real misfortune," and his so-called reforms were "a concession to a denationalized *intel-ligentzia*"—which I take to be a periphrasis for Mrs. BESANT—and would if carried out end in the destruction of the Indian Civil Service. Happily other returned pro-consuls took a less melancholy view. Lord LAMINGTON admitted that, having now read the Report, he found it less dangerous than

vote-catching I saw no sign, and I was rather surprised at the querulous tone of some of Mr. SAMUEL's comments.

Fresh from America, Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR made a clever balancing speech, demonstrating to his own satisfaction that the cause of the Allies was the cause of freedom, but that *Hibernia irredenta* could not be expected to fight for it. His elaborate compliments to Lord READING (in the Peers' gallery) would have been more grateful to the recipient, I fancy, if they had not been accompanied by a savage attack upon another eminent lawyer-politician, who, according to "men in Wall Street"—notoriously experts in ethical problems—"ought to have been shot or hanged long ago."

Thursday, August 8th.—To Lord ROBERT CECIL's complaint that a certain Question contained "implications not in accordance with facts," Mr. KING indignantly replied that he had no implication in his mind. The cerebral convolutions of that majestic intellect are unmarred by a single kink.

On the adjournment motion the Pacifists made another futile attempt to convince the House that the Germans were ready to make an honest peace if only our Government would listen to them. Their principal spokesman, Mr. ANDERSON, was well answered by Mr. J. M. ROBERTSON, who was a Pacifist himself until this War converted him; and by the FOREIGN SECRETARY, who declared that we were quite ready to talk to Germany as soon as Germany showed any indication of a change of heart. Up to the present there has been no sign of it.

The news of Sir DOUGLAS HAIG's advance on the Somme was ringing in our ears when the House adjourned.

THE SEXAGENARIAN TO HIS NIECE.

"WHAT was it like when you were young?"—

O maid with the persuasive tongue,
Whose wish is law, I'll do my best
To satisfy your large request.

Know then that, in those far-off years,
We learned to read with many tears;
For in the era mid-Victorian
The methods were not Montessorian,
And, duly schooled in *Line upon Line*,
We turned with rapture to BALLANTYNE.
Boys were boys or whippersnappers,
And girls were girls (there were no flappers);
They cheated at croquet and knew not hockey
Nor said that things were "ripping" or "rocky."

The swell, the ancestor of the "knut,"
Wore whiskers and trousers of peg-top cut,



General. "AND WHAT WERE YOU DOING, MY MAN, WHEN YOU STARTED THIS WAR?"
Tommy. "'Oo SAID I STARTED THIS BLINKIN' WAR?"

And Angelina was mostly seen
In a pork-pie hat and a crinoline.
We sang of Dinah and her Villikins
And young folk played, not bridge, but spillikins;

WAGNER, the great Bayreuth colossus,
In music had not begun to boss us,
For *Traviata* and *Trovatore*
Still flourished in their untarnished glory,

And no one had ousted MENDELSSOHN
From his seat on the British musical throne.

DICKENS and KINGSLEY, TROLLOPE and READE

Helped us our hours of leisure to speed.
SWINBURNE was singing, MEREDITH writing,

BURNE-JONES and ROSSETTI Pre-Raphaelitising;

ARNOLD's work excited no scorn,
For LYTTON STRACHEY had yet to be born;

And, though we hadn't a BEGGIE or WELLS

To ladle out "uplift" or sound our knells,

CARLYLE and RUSKIN with frequent volleys

Of satire and prophecy flayed our follies.

No doubt we see our youthful days
Through a celestial golden haze,
But, though 'tis very much the fashion
To view the "sixties" with compassion,
We didn't have so dusty a time
In good VICTORIA's golden prime.

The Foresight of Dickens.

"I felt as though it would have been an act of perfidy against Dora to have a natural relish for my dinner."

"David Copperfield," Chapter 28.

Consolation.

"To Officers' Lonely Wives.—Three charmingly beautiful Pekingese, perfect companions; very affectionate and sweet."—*Times*.

"General Snow has received K.C., B.K.C., M.G. and the Legion of Honour."—*Daily Mail*.
The Machine Gun is not much of a decoration, but the first two are rare outside the legal profession; and even inside it not many men have received a B.K.C., or Bar to their K.C.



RABBIT-KEEPING BY THE B.E.F.

Officer (arriving at the Mess after Fritz has sent over a big one). "ANY CASUALTIES, SERGEANT?"

Sergeant. "MURGATROYD AND CLARENCE HAVE GONE WEST, SIR, BUT ALGY 'ASN'T EVEN GOT A BLIGHTY."

SHAVINGS.

"Good morning, Sir. Yes, it is showery, but we've had a week of fine weather and we can't complain. Shave you, Sir? Yes, Sir. You've got a pretty stiff beard, Sir, but we'll soon reduce him to order, just as they're reducing HINDENBURG and the other party whose name I always forget—LUNENDORFF, yes, that's the name. It's wonderful how we seem to be walking over him. We've got them fixed up in that pocket, and they'll have to do all they know to get out of it. They tell me the CROWN PRINCE is in there along with them, and with a bit o' luck we might swab him up with the rest of the army. Forty thousand prisoners and more than four hundred guns seems a tidy haul, but they've got so accustomed to losing guns that it don't seem to matter to them. Anyhow, it's no end of a game to have got 'em on the run, as you might say. They'll be wishing they never had got into that pocket. Razor a bit rough? I'll strop you another and see how that does. Is that better, Sir? Yes, Sir, thank you. Razors sometimes go a bit sulky, and no matter what you do they won't do themselves justice. They're tricky things, as you might say, but a good razor's all right ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Did you notice that gentleman who come out of the shop as you come in? Yes, Sir, he's a regular character, Sir. He can't bear being talked to while he's being shaved. 'Shave me,' he says, 'as much as you like. That's what I come for and that's what I pay for, but don't talk to me when you've got a razor in your hand.

It always leads to my getting a cut somewhere or other. There, Sir! If I haven't gone and taken a chip out o' your chin! It's nothing to matter, and the bleeding'll soon stop. Anyhow you're not so badly off as a man I once shaved in London, where I served my apprenticeship. This man I'm talking about was a new customer, and he sat down in a chair and called out, 'Shave!' in a very husky voice. 'You seem to be sufferin' from a cold, Sir,' I says to him. 'Cold?' he says, 'I should just think I am; and so would you if you'd had your mouth stepped on by a stonemason just as you was climbing down out of the back end of a 'bus. That's what lost me four front teeth, and not being accustomed to having such a big hole in my mouth of course I caught a cold in it, and my lips and chin are as sore as if I'd spent a happy evening in sparrin' with the raw 'uns.' He was a rum customer, and I was glad to let him go without any more accidents. Any'ow I hope the good news'll continue. It seems to give you a much better appetite for breakfast to read of the Germans doing good heel and toe the same way as they come, with Prince RUPERT to show 'em how to do it.

"Thank you, Sir. Yes, Sir. Good morning, Sir."

"Detective — was in hiding on Friday night. A man armed with a hand-barrow, upon unlocking the door and entering, was arrested."—*Evening Standard*.

It is understood that he will plead that the barrow was not loaded.



THE TWELFTH, 1918.

Diana. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?"
THE BARRAGE TO LIFT, AFTER THAT LAST BIRD GOT UP, DON'T YOU KNOW."

Capt. Jones, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., etc. "IT'S ALL RIGHT; I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR

A CASE FOR INTERMENT
(Being an experience of last September
and a warning for the coming one.)

Telegram from Mrs. Prallow to
Lady Lafferty.

Have had gift of venison do not eat
would you like it ENID PRALLOW

Telegram from Lady Lafferty to
Mrs. Prallow.

Many thanks for offer but would
rather not LAFFERTY

Telegram from Mrs. Prallow to
Mrs. Minson.

Have had gift of venison do not eat
would you like it ENID PRALLOW

Telegram from Mrs. Minson to
Mrs. Prallow.

Please don't send venison writing
MINSON

Telegram from Mrs. Prallow to the Rev.
Mordaunt Cumberlege.

If you like venison should be so
pleased send you haunch ENID PRALLOW

Telegram from the Rev. M. Cumberlege
to Mrs. Prallow.

Exceedingly kind of you but regret
say no one here eats it CUMBERLEGE

Telegram from Mrs. Prallow to her
brother, Richard Heron-Hill, K.C.

Have haunch of venison from Sir
Henry may I send it on to you ENID

Telegram from Richard Heron-Hill,
K.C., to Mrs. Prallow.

God forbid DICK

Telegram from Mrs. Prallow to her sister-
in-law, Mrs. Presgrave [Reply paid]

Should so like send you haunch
venison ENID

Telegram from Mrs. Presgrave to
Mrs. Prallow.

Very sorry but one thing nobody here
eats should love butter or jam if any to
spare ANNIE

Letter from Mrs. Prallow to her
Mother.

DEAREST MOTHER,—A very unfor-
tunate thing—at any rate in war-time,
when there is such a shortage of food—
has just happened. Sir Henry Ring-
fence sent us a haunch of venison; and
venison is to my mind not human food
at all, while even Jack, who, as you
know, devours most things, can't bear
it. The haunch had been hanging quite
long enough before it reached us, and
there was nothing for it but to find
someone who liked it and pass it on.
I assure you I spent three or four shil-
lings in telegrams, all to no purpose.
I tried Lady Lafferty first and then
Mrs. Minson. It was not to be won-
dered at, perhaps, that they should de-
cline, but I must confess to a feeling
of surprise when the Vicar said No. I

had always understood that the Church
enjoyed these mediæval delicacies.

Meanwhile the venison was getting
higher and higher and Jack began to
say horrid facetious things about har-
nessing it to the lawn-mower and getting
some work out of it, and the servants
made great play with pocket-handker-
chiefs. Then I thought of Dick, who
sets up for such a gourmet that I felt
sure of him and wondered why I hadn't
asked him sooner; but he was quite
rude. There was just time for Annie,
but she actually also said No. Fancy
being so dainty, and with all those
children too! It's perfectly absurd.
I couldn't decently do any more as the
house was becoming unbearable, and
so it was buried under the vine.

Of course it was awfully kind of
Sir Henry, but I think he might have
been as considerate as I was and have
just asked me if I wanted it; although,
of course, it would have been very
difficult to refuse. Jack says my letter
of thanks for it was abject in its ful-
someness, but then Jack, as you know,
always is so unsympathetic.

What I want to know is, Who does
eat venison? because I am told by
various people that at this time of year
this kind of thing, followed by burial, is
going on all over England.

Your loving . . ENID.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS."

APOPTHEGMS are in the theatrical air just now. At the New Theatre it is *Chi Lung* who is throwing off epigrams of Oriental philosophy; and here at the Haymarket we have *Adoniram Wallace*, captain of a tramp steamer, delivering a series of tropes purporting to be drawn from "the Good Book." There is a pleasant irony about this alleged derivation, for *Adoniram* is a godless rogue who has lost his certificate through drink and is now in league with two other rogues—one of them the wireless operator—to scuttle his ship, whose cargo he imagines to be a bogus one, for the sake of the insurance money.

But he is a true British rogue and innocent of the other conspirators' scheme for handing over the precious cargo to the crew of a Hun submarine. The clever device by which the enemy plot was defeated I will not divulge, but merely say that it was a great piece of luck that secured for our Navy in mid-ocean (where the tramp had picked up a few relics of a torpedoed liner) the unrehearsed services of a perfect lady who had been brought up as a telegraph clerk and could read a wireless message by ear while it was being tapped out by somebody else.

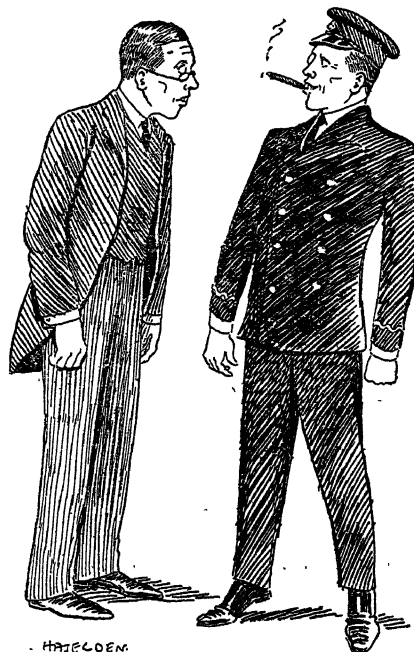
To turn to the hero, *George Smith*. Starting life as an indifferent clerk to a solicitor, he is persuaded to believe that only a strong and original initiative will enable him to achieve his ambition of marrying his employer's daughter. So he gets a commission (I don't know how) in the R.N.V.R., and ultimately finds himself placed, at a moment's notice, in charge of *Adoniram's* tramp, and incidentally in control of the fates of his late master and that gentleman's daughter, who are on board, having been rescued from the submarined liner.

The atmosphere is heavy with reminiscences of *Admirable Crichton*; but *Smith* is not much better as a sailor than he was as a solicitor's clerk, his two-and-a-half-years' experience in opening envelopes at the Admiralty having taught him very little about the handling of ships. He does nothing really nautical, and could not possibly have carried out his own instructions to alter the course of the tramp so as to avoid the attentions of a submarine. At the moment of crisis, when guns are booming, he is safe under cover, making love to the solicitor's daughter, whose rather worthless hand he eventually wins without performing a single heroic action. To an average audience, eager for the poetic justice of melodrama, this is bound to be most unsatisfactory.

I ought perhaps to give him credit for his victorious struggle with a villain twice his size; but it was done in the dark, and I think the result must have been arranged.

However, we had some pretty humour in the dialogue and several really excellent character-sketches. Notable among these was *Stanley Bolton*, a Canadian with a fine gift of worldly wisdom, who induced *George Smith* to strike out on a line of his own, explaining to him that if you want to be a first-class squirrel you mustn't stay on the ground. Mr. TOM REYNOLDS played the part most admirably.

Another entertaining study was that



AFTER THE SEA-CHANGE.

George Smith (new style). "YOU CAN'T GUESS WHO I AM."

George Smith (old style). "OH, YES, I CAN. YOU'RE MR. DENNIS EADIE."

of *Jenny Weathersbee, U.S.A.* (interpreted with a nice sense of humour by Miss MARION LORNE), whose wardrobe, on which she largely depended for her recognition as a lady, had been torpedoed. "I was a telegraph operator," she privily admits, "but people think by my manner that I come of a very good family." Mr. VINCENT STERNROYD was delightful in the too-brief part of *Horatio Gamp*, veteran clerk to *George Smith's* firm; and as the pompous head of the firm Mr. HOLMAN CLARK had the sort of part that fits him like a *maillot*.

But the outstanding figure was *Adoniram Wallace*, and I cannot remember ever to have seen Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE in better form. As for Mr. DENNIS EADIE, I have known him more happily

suited. Probably it was my fault for not being better acquainted with the ways of second-rate solicitors' clerks and amateur Naval officers, but I found it hard to believe that he was anybody but just Mr. DENNIS EADIE, though that is always a very nice thing to be.

The minor characters—in particular Mr. RANDLE AYRTON's wireless operator—were well played, though I must confess that neither Miss BILLIE CARLETON nor her love affair very greatly intrigued me.

I have an apprehension (groundless, I hope) that the many excellent qualities of Mr. HACKETT's play that appealed to the quick and generous sympathies of a first-night audience are not solid enough to ensure for it a very firm residence in the general British bosom. O. S.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

Colonel Tuffen, stoutish, short,
Bald and connoisseur of port,
Spoke in terms of ruddy tint
Quite unsuitable for print.

Majors, Captains, Loots with fair words
Tried to dam the stream of swear-words,
But without avail—he swore
More intensely than before.

When his unit went to France
Colonel Tuffen got his chance;
His ability to cuss
Won a decoration, thus:

In a trench-attack one day
Colonel Tuffen led the way,
Stumbled in the mud and fell whole-
Heartedly into a shell-hole.

Everybody heard the splash,
Followed by a smothered "DASH!"
Then arose a seething torrent
Of expressions most abhorrent.

Second-Loots burst into tears;
Hardened sergeants stopped their ears;
Husky privates "took the knock"—
EVERY GERMAN DIED OF SHOCK!

"Records are being broken weekly, and there is no harm in saying that on one single day no fewer than 100,000 left America's shores, and arrived safely at their destination."

Scotch Paper.

There is no harm in saying it, but we fear nobody will believe it.

"The question of authorizing escaped prisoners of war to wear chevrons, and the possibility of allowing them some distinctive mark, is under consideration."—*Times*.

We understand that, with characteristic modesty, the League of Escaped German Prisoners of War have refrained from pressing this question. If, however, any distinction is to be awarded they recommend the M.B.E. as being the least conspicuous.



THE SENTIMENTALIST.

"THIS IS A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU, MY PUISSANT LORD. TO-DAY IS OUR SILVER WEDDING, AND I HAVE BROUGHT OUT THE FAITHFUL CHARGER WHO CARRIED US WHEN WE FLED TOGETHER FROM MY FATHER'S CASTLE. I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE ROMANTIC IF WE RODE HIM TO-DAY AS WE DID THAT NIGHT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I FIND myself tempted to join issue with the publishers of *Up and Down* (HUTCHINSON) when they call it "a new book by the author of *Dodo*." Because, though it is certainly signed by Mr. E. F. BENSON, this is by no means the same Mr. BENSON whose engaging satires have moved me so often to laughter. *Up and Down* is at once more and less than these; indeed it is hardly to be called a story at all, since there are but two characters, Mr. BENSON himself and a friend, and for the most part it is a record of the mental experiences common to us all during the last four years. Such a book, dealing as it does with the most intimate emotions of a man's soul, stands or falls by one simple test, that of sincerity. No one can ever be certain of this quality in the work of another; but what Mr. BENSON finds to say of the hazardous and disquieting problems that these evil times have called up, of patriotism, friendship, survival of personality, and so on, has all of it the ring of a genuine conviction. Glancing at the volume after reading it, I see a number of pages dog-eared for quotation (a foolish habit, since there is hardly ever enough room) and find that I proposed to draw your attention to the author's views upon middle-age, the spirit of houses, Germany as a mirth-provoker, and a dozen other wise and witty comments, which now you must find out for yourselves. *Up and Down*, as its title hints, is not a very equal work; it has, to be frank, its superfluous moments; but at its best (and apart from some wholly delightful pictures of life on the delectable island of Capri) it has both charm and, to employ a detestable word that for once seems appropriate, helpfulness.

If library subscribers wish a change of fare in the direction of truth which is stranger and lovelier than fiction, let me recommend them *For Dauntless France* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). This is a record by Mr. LAURENCE BINYON of the work done by British men and women for the French wounded and the victims of the War in the devastated areas. It is rare that records of the kind are couched in so felicitous an idiom or ordered with so nice a sense of proportion. "Record," indeed, is too dull a name for so interesting and human a story, pointed with anecdote and charmingly documented with letters that bring forcibly before you the courage, the stress, the zeal and patience of the work—work in hospitals and ambulances in and behind the fighting areas, in canteens, refugee shelters, maternity homes; work done—and we are not so much proud as grateful to recall it—by British volunteers in the service of France and the French. Differences of language and custom, little racial prejudices, the effect of contemporary legends; *e.g.*, of the British as proud sad dogs, all had to be overcome, and you cannot read these pages without realizing how completely they have been overcome and how firm a cement for the future *entente* has been manufactured as a by-product of the contact between sufferers and healers. And you get some measure of the scale of this process by the fact that over seven thousand five hundred British workers were in the service of the French Red Cross by the end of 1917. Nor should you miss some fine lines in a dedicatory sonnet of the poet-recorder, nor a preface, the perfect pattern of such hazardous things, in the simplest, most lucid and most graceful French, by M. PAUL CAMBON.

It seems hardly decent that "Q," having become a learned professor, should have had the effrontery to turn out a book

so full of excitement and humour as *Foe-Farrell* (COLLINS). I enjoyed every word of it, from its dedication, "To any one who supposes that he has a worse enemy than himself," down to the epilogue on the demoralising factor in hate. *Farrell*, reckless Radical and successful tradesman, has ruined the life-work of *Foe*, the scientist, through a false charge of vivisection practices. That charge led to a riot and a fire which burnt *Foe's* records of an eight-years' research. The latter's revenge is to pretend to be reconciled, to win the artless man's friendship, and at the well-prepared moment to explain the intensity of the hate which impels him, and to promise that he will never desist from studying, and thereby torturing, him at close quarters. The perpetual fellowship of an enemy, bitter to the point of madness, but much too clever to do anything which would justify appeal to police protection, with the hinted possibility of a sudden death, of which the victim may be only too glad at the end of it, that is the prospect of *Farrell* at the hands of *Foe*. A fantastic thesis made plausible by the most accomplished artistry and lightened by a genuine unforced humour. Naturally, hunted and huntsman twist and turn over a wide field; shipwreck and marooning give Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-ROUCH's adventurous pen its chance, and I never hope to read a more exciting account of the horrors of long days in an open boat or meet a finer character among sailor men than *Captain Macnaughten*. . . . This is indeed the Perfect Shocker—much more indeed, but that first and chiefly.

Everyone would acknowledge that the future of our disabled fighting men constitutes a problem whose gravity and importance it is impossible to over-estimate. But not everyone is aware of the precise nature of the problem or of the means that are being adopted to overcome its difficulties. This is the reason for the appearance of a new, or rather a reincarnated, quarterly magazine, named *Reveille*, issued by the War Office under what seems to Mr. Punch the remarkably able editorship of Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY. Put in few words, the object of *Reveille* is to rouse and instruct popular opinion about the after-war position of the disabled sailor or soldier—what that position threatens to be. The wise measures offered by the authorities for the continued physical treatment and re-training of discharged men, and the obstacles (mostly inherent in human nature) that prevent full advantage being taken of these, are all set out in Mr. GALSWORTHY's very powerful and convincing editorial. The greatest difficulties appear to be two—the fatal facility with which, owing to the present labour shortage, any discharged man not wholly incapable can obtain a job for the time being, and the very understandable reluctance of men already weary of treatment and discipline to subject themselves to the further re-training that would fit them for the changed conditions that must follow

demobilization. It is that you may inform yourself on these facts, and possibly pass on the information to some quarter where it is needed, that Mr. Punch most warmly commends to your notice a publication that costs half-a-crown and offers (though this incidentally) many literary and artistic attractions—a cartoon by MAX, a playlet by Sir JAMES BARRIE, and so on—which, even unsupported by patriotism, would be cheap at four times the price.

I gather that Mr. T. R. ST. JOHNSTON, the author of *The Lau Islands (Fiji)*; and their *Fairy Tales and Folk Lore* ("TIMES" Book Co.), was for some time District Commissioner in Fiji, and was lately Medical Officer to the Fijians in France. The duties of his commissionership often took him to the Lau Islands, where he made it his pleasure to collect from the very lips of the inhabitants such myths and fairy tales as were still a part of memory. These he has now put together. The result is a most fascinating book, brightly written, and an important contribution to the study of comparative Folk Lore. Readers will there learn many strange things, amongst others how Ligadua, the one-armed god of Matokano, flew away with the spirit of the great drum of Kabara, leaving behind only the material part of it, which refused thereafter to make any sound. Or they can listen to Adi Letila, a very old widow, while she tells the story of Adi Mailagi, "a goddess who was very fond of young men, especially if they were handsome." But she did them no good. However, it seems that when she appears as a rat all may look on her



Orderly Officer. "WHAT WAS THE EXCITEMENT IN NO. 1 DINING-HUT TO-DAY, SERGEANT?"

Orderly Sergeant. "LANCE-CORPORAL SMITH FOUND A PIECE OF KIDNEY IN THE STEAK-AN'-KIDNEY PUDD'N, SIR."

without harm. Many other tales there are in Mr. ST. JOHNSTON's book, to which I extend a cordial welcome.

Should *The Secret of the Navy* (MURRAY) chance to fall into the hands of a Hun he will be rudely disappointed if the title leads him to look for any indiscreet disclosures within its pages. Discretion, indeed, is one of Mr. BENNET COPPLESTONE's qualities, and fair-mindedness is another. Proud as he is of our Navy, he does not hesitate to praise German sailors and seamanship when he thinks they deserve it. "Count von Spee," he writes, "though a Prussian Junker, was a gentleman and worthy to serve under the White Ensign." To belong to our Navy is to be as near heaven as is permitted on this earth, and even a German when he plays the game is considered fit to enter that charmed circle. The sea-battles of the War are here described in detail and with scrupulous impartiality, and it may be a tonic to those gloomy people who croak that we never have any good luck to find that in more than one instance the author considers that fortune has been on our side.

"Covent Garden is flooded with vegetables of all kinds, and should be cheap to-day."—*Daily Paper*.

Another chance for Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY.

CHARIVARIA.

"THE cuckoo left earlier than usual this year," says a Reading correspondent of *The Daily Mail*. It looks as if the coal situation must be worse than the Government is willing to admit.

A man charged at Kingston last week stated that he left his wife because she had twice thrown him down three flights of stairs, struck him with a garden rake and locked him out at night. It is good to find, even in these brutalising days, that there are still men who can take a delicate hint.

The Metropolitan Asylums Board announces a decrease in lunacy. It is only fair to say that this report was made before the issue of the COAL-CONTROLLER'S forms to the public.

Miners, we are told, have raised three hundred thousand pounds for motor-ambulances. While applauding this generosity we still hope that they will go further and raise a little more coal.

A remarkable incident is reported from Manchester, where a man entered a tobacconist's shop and, without any warning, asked for a couple of boxes of matches. We are glad to be able to report that the shopkeeper is progressing satisfactorily.

A West-End jeweller states that wrist-watches are passing out of fashion. It is hoped now that the grandfather-clock will once again come into its own.

Can it be that the Bolsheviks are losing their dash? It seems that DONSKOI, the assassin of Field-Marshal VON EICHORN, was only executed once.

"There are nearly twenty shipyards in this country ready for making concrete ships," it is announced. A good many seem still to be devoted to the construction of abstract vessels which don't materialize.

At Kingstown sessions a railway-porter was charged with stealing two cream-cheeses. We are surprised that the defence did not claim that they had followed him home in the dark.

Under a new Defence of the Realm regulation boys between sixteen and seventeen may drive taxi-cabs plying for hire. "Plying for hire" is a new idea for taxi-cabs. Anyhow we never seem to catch them at it.

There were 1399 births in London last week, we are told. Thank goodness that in spite of the threatened Luxury Tax we can still be born!

Nottingham children, it is stated, are to be paid 3d. a pound for gathering blackberries. They are not to use their own receptacles.

At the first session of the Scottish Advisory Committee the chairman

dering what they have done to be over-looked.

There seems to be some natural confusion about the case of the man named NERO, who was charged with drunkenness in the police-court the other day. We understand that there was no charge of arson.

"There are few bright spots about men in these days," observes a Sunday paper gossip. Can this be a belated tribute to Government ale?

The New York World denies the rumour that Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN had been invited to go to America. This is the first intimation that America is not the curio-collecting country it used to be.

We understand that a man carrying a Gladstone bag, who was seen loitering near the Elephant House, was ordered to leave the Zoo, as they had missed things before.

With reference to the whale twenty-two feet in length and weighing eighteen tons caught off the Scottish coast the other day, we understand that the angler who caught it made a rush for the mountains and has not been heard of since.

"Some high official—we are told of the War Office—is dashing about London in the magnificent Rolls Royce car belonging to the Empress Marie, with the Imperial crown and coat-of-arms on the panels! We saw the car the other day in the courtyard of the Savoy, one of a crowd of joyous lunchers."—*Saturday Review*. Since the petrol restrictions came in, a lot of cars are simply eating their heads off.

Ride a Cock-horse.

"To assist on farm, saddle pony and poultry, and be generally useful."—*Daily Paper*.

"According to information which has reached London, unheralded by any artillery preparation, but accompanied by a considerable number of Tanks, the attack swept on."—*Times*. One may say of the life of our foreign Editors, as was said of life in the trenches: "*C'est une vie dure et mêlée de réels dangers.*"

"The boys of — County School have grown a cabbage 3 ft. 6 in. in diameter and 4 ft. 6 in. in circumference."—*Daily News*. And the mathematical master has had a nervous break-down.



"IS GENERAL JONES HERE?"

"NOT PERSONALLY, SIR. BUT I'M HIS BATMAN, IF I'LL DO."

stated that there were in Scotland 644 Germans, Austrians, Hungarians and Turks. All reference to Sassenachs was tactfully omitted.

Irish flax-pullers are making as much as two pounds a day. Irish wool-pullers, on the other hand, have still to be content with a beggarly four hundred a year.

There are still people who regard winning the War as of less importance than their personal comfort. A woman has written to the COAL CONTROLLER complaining that her baby has swallowed the winter's coal ration.

Mr. E. J. ARCOTT is reported to have spent forty-six years at the Windsor post-office. Fortunately it is not often that one is kept waiting so long as this.

Prayers for the new voters are suggested by the Bishop of WINCHESTER. Some Members of Parliament are won-

THE TRAIL OF THE HUN.

TO J., WITH AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCES.

THERE is a garden in my dream—
I dare not name its actual site—
That hangs above a little stream
Made great by many a grisly fight;
I see it, on a golden day,
Untouched amid the big guns' traces,
Where on the fringe of War it lay,
A really rather nice oasis.

A year ago; and once again—
Ah! happy moments, far too few,
Snatched from your high task's deadly strain—

I walk its shadowed ways with you;
And bring you (did I bring?) release
A little while from ties that tether,
Talking as when, with hearts at peace,
We paced your English lawns together.

A year ago; and then the Hun
Over our thin defences strode
In overwhelming myriads, five to one,
Until your Army blocked his road;
And, where we walked and talked but now,

These swine (a mark for nosing Nemesis)
Doubtless have made, as Huns know how,

The usual piggery of your premises.
But soon they'll need a change of styes
And try a new address. I hear
They're busy mapping out a wise
Strategic movement toward the rear;
So if the spot's not blown to dust,
And there your Staff is reinstated,
Please ask me back; but first, I trust,
You'll get the place well fumigated.

O. S.

"WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG."

Peter arrived at my O.P. just before dawn to relieve me.

"Any news?" I asked.

"Only a short and sharp encounter with the G.O.C. Umptieth Infantry Brigade. He wanted our dug-out for his H.Q."

"What astounding impudence! I hope you told him off and sent him about his business."

"I said exactly what I thought of him. We all did."

"After he'd gone, perhaps?"

"Well, after we'd gone. Yes, we had to go."

"How rotten! What is he called, this Brigadier person?"

But the sky was lightening and already Peter was gazing intently through a loophole hastily improvised with boulders.

"Oh, we've got the high ground, An' they've got the low ground, So they've got a thin time afore 'em," he murmured.

Then he proceeded to give an order to the telephonist and waited. Through a smaller crack in our sangar I saw a cloud of dust and smoke rise from the plain below.

"Good," said Peter. "There's a Turk ammunition dump we shall never meet again on the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo—mon'."

"So it's up with the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee," said I.

"If bonnie Dundee ups with his bonnet here he'll disclose the position to a watchful enemy and it'll be up with bonnie Dundee as well," said Peter.

"That is so," I said. "I merely mentioned him to show that I also am conversant with the contents of the Star Album of Scottish ballads, price one shilling."

"Well, try to be more apposite next time."

"I will," I said, preparing to depart; and, undeterred by a cry of "Stop that frightfulness," from Peter, I began to chant, "Rolling home, Rolling home."

It was thus that it came to me, as I took my inconspicuous way back to the battery, that a useful item in our next Divisional concert would be an appropriate pot-pourri of Scottish songs, and I spent a morning, which should have been spent in sleep, in the agonies of composition. "The Camels are coming," though *vieux jeu*, seemed indispensable, and I had just incorporated "Charlie is my Darling" in a somewhat uninspired manner, when I thought me of "Willie was a wanton wag." I could remember nothing of this song except that it was included in our Scottish Album and that when we were young we used to shout it in what we believed (quite wrongly) to be a lifelike imitation of the Highland accent; but it seemed so extraordinarily apposite that I was longing to impart my discovery to Peter. He came in the following evening.

"Do you know 'Willie was a wanton wag'?" I asked.

He looked at me doubtfully.

"Have you been in the sun without your topee, old chap?" he asked.

I intimated somewhat curtly that I had not.

"Then what the——"

"It's a song, you fathead—a Scots song. You told me to be apposite next time and I'm being it."

"Are you?" he said coldly.

It had been a hot day and I felt aggravated with Peter.

"Perhaps you didn't know that the German CROWN PRINCE is called WILLIE and that 'wanton wag' is a very happy description of him."

"Ah, now you've explained, I see.

You ought always to explain your jokes."

"It isn't a joke."

"Then I'm afraid I've missed it again."

"It's a parody, you silly ass," I said, now thoroughly roused. "I'm going to write a parody of the well-known song, 'Willie was a wanton wag,' and sing it at the next concert. How's this for a start?"

'Willie was a wanton wag;

Willie loved to scoop the swag.'

That, combined with 'Charlie is my Darling' and 'The Camels are coming,' ought to make a very effective little song-cycle."

Peter regarded me thoughtfully.

"'Willie was a wanton wag,'" he murmured. "Am I to understand that the alleged reference is solely to LITTLE WILLIE?"

I sighed heavily. "Of course it is," I said, perhaps a little irritably. "Who else——"

"All right, all right," he said; "have it your own way. Only don't blame me if they take you wrong."

There seemed no possible fear of that, and indeed "Willie was," etc., went with especial *eclat*—among the men, that is. Among the gilded ones of the front row there seemed, I thought, an atmosphere almost of disapproval which I could not understand.

"Very fine effort," said Peter, as I subsided into a seat beside him. "Good bold piece of work. Showed a praiseworthy disregard for absurd old-time respect-for-authority notions."

"What are you drivelling about?" I asked.

"Merely that the Brigadier who pinched our dug-out is called William Wagge," Peter laughed softly. "You promised to be apposite next time," he said, "and certainly a wonderful success has attended your efforts."

I laughed myself, but a little bitterly. I was thinking of the power that lay with William Wagge to hurt me. Suppose he forbade me all leave for seven years? It was highly improbable that he would allow the incident to affect him in any way; but suppose—— I sat there unsmiling, unheeding, looking into a future clouded with doubt, though a man was singing a really humorous song about the cruelty of the Armenians to the Turks.

"Choice assemblage of
ANTIQUE FURNITURE

including Jacobean bedstead, cabinets, settle, old Sheraton mahogany dressing chests, tables, sideboard, Cromwellian refractory table," etc.
Advt. in Sunday Paper.

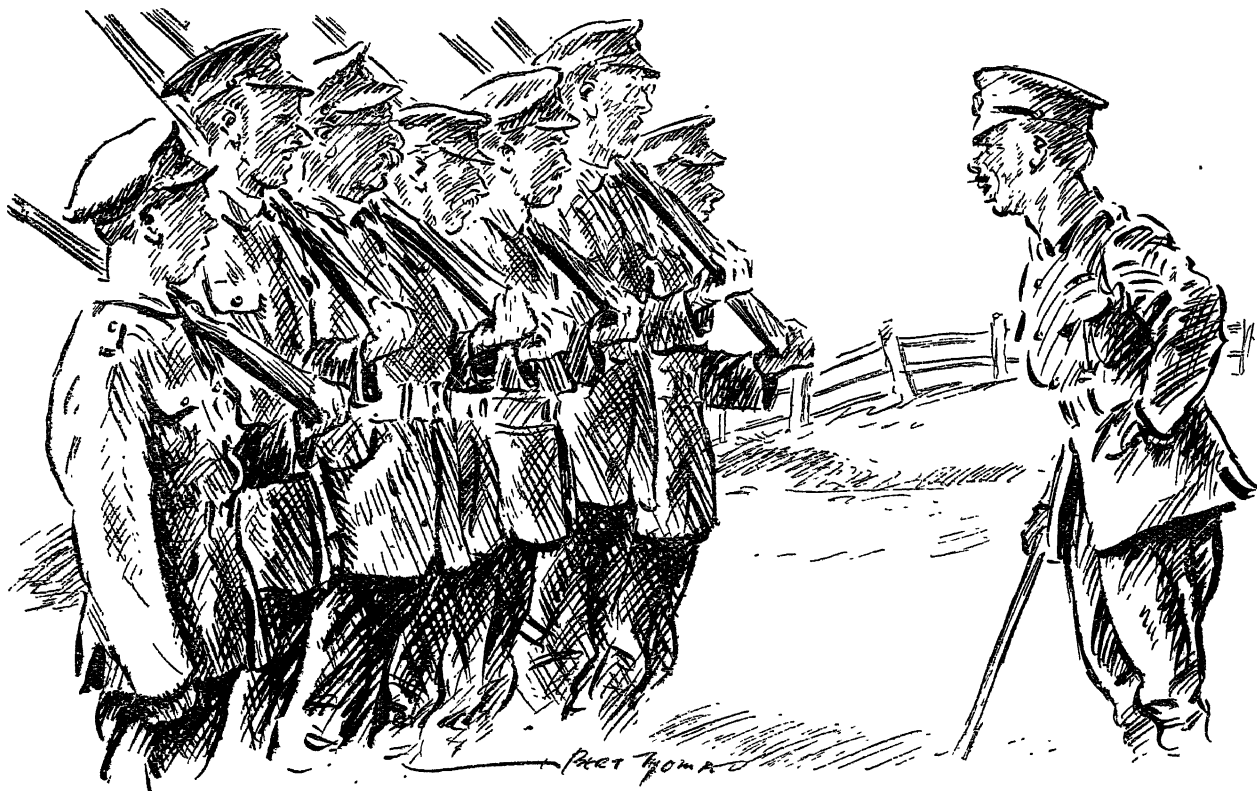
Did someone incautiously suggest a Restoration?



AMENITIES OF THE HIGH COMMAND.

LUDENDORFF. "AND HOW GOES THE PEOPLE'S IDOL? ANY MORE NAILS SINCE YOUR LATEST VICTORY?"

HINDENBURG. "MY DEAR FELLOW, I GIVE YOU THE CREDIT FOR IT. YOUR FRIENDS ALWAYS SAID THAT I GOT MY BRAINS FROM YOU!"



THE GUARDS' STANDARD.

Facetious Instructor. "DON'T BE AFRAID TO BANG YOUR 'ANDS ON THEM BUTTS; YER WON'T BREAK 'EM. MAKE A NOISE LIKE THE GUARDS—WHEN THEY SLAMS THE CARRIAGE-DOORS."

GOLD BRAID.

"I OFTEN do be shtar in at meself these days," said Mrs. Meahan thoughtfully, rubbing her chin with a battered finger-nail, "the queer way the War's afther makin' the bhoys put vally on things. The little Captain now, God save him, wid Quinn House behind him and good money in the bank an' all the doatiest young ladies betune here an' Dublin leppin' to marry him, and he considherin' night and day the way he'll get an inch more or less gold braid to baste on his sleeve, the craythur!"

The little Captain is the son of that Captain Quinn who in Mrs. Meahan's eyes, since he is her Danny's Captain, is the British officer of whom all others are only more or less faulty imitations save the little Captain who is accounted for by his paternity. Mrs. Meahan's intention in introducing the subject appeared in her next sentence.

"That's the way of it . . . wasn't I havin' it from his own two lips no longer ago than yesterday, and him sittin', savin' your presence, your honour, ma'am, where ye are to-day? Wasn't the talk we were havin' about the lists of bhoys there do be in the papers and they all 'missin', and wasn't I afther sayin' that the War Officer, him

that does be shtayin' up in London, should be put out of it if he can't care for the decent poor bhoys betther, and so he should!

"An' thure for you, Mrs. Meahan," says the little Captain; 'you have it said, and it's not a soldier here nor there that will speak against your word. 'Tis a terrible sthrong fight I'm afther havin' wid the War Officer meself, but I've got him down,' he says, 'and out,' he says, 'and I've clicked intirely.

"Look at thim,' he says, and shows me on his sleeve two sthrips of gold braid instid of the one he's afther wearin' more than a year, since thim Germans had his leg off and him ridin' over thim as proud as the first Mayor of Limerick, that wouldn't know his own wife, in one of thim flying machines.

"Captain dear,' I says, wid no other thought in me head but they'd got another leg off him, 'have ye no legs at all, at all?'

"I'm afther losin' another,' says he, 'but it's the one I lost before.' And he telt me how it was.

"Him havin' lost the one thure leg they wouldn't be lettin' him dhrive a machine by his own, so he and another one were there ridin' low down—'bank in,' he says, above the Germans—seemin' like his machine took off from the

tranches the way the gentry's horses do be changin' on the banks, and they fine hunthresses, when the dogs are afther a fox."

Ballymell has never yet seen a flying machine, but Mrs. Meahan has heard of biplanes and has a conception of them as a kind of heavenly bicycle, for which the little Captain is probably not to blame.

"Up they were, an' a Germin ridin' a great machine the size of the Rock of Cashel, or maybe a taste smaller, came beyant thim in a cloud—very sly things thim flyin' machines do be conthrin'—an' wasn't he shootin' down at thim two poor bhoys, God save them, from above? The little Captain had seen as bad before, but his machine shlipped under him, the schamer, an' he was sayin' to himself, 'Holy war, it's Bobbie Quinn that will not be putting a fly over the Suir again this side of purgathory,' whin he called to mind a tool he had wid him, a 'stunt' he was afther callin' it, unless I misremimber, him havin' mouthfuls of foreign language in every word he spakes. Your honour, ma'am, the little Captain isn't a thrifin' bhoys anny more than his father. He was whippin' out his stunt and he not done thinkin' of it and gave it to the one that was jarvey, and he used it wid

a heart an' a-half, and so they came flyin' back alive to the Army. All the Docthors and Colonels came runnin', sayin', 'Ochone, is it killed ye are, your honour, Captain Quinn, the way ye can't walk at all, at all?' and then didn't he find the Germin's gun was afther shootin' a great hole into his wooden leg?

"Well, Mrs. Meahan," says he, 'that's where I did be havin' contentious correspondence wid the War Officer, and wouldn't ye be doin' the same yourself? Wasn't he saying to me before, "See here now, Captain Quinn, thim Germins do be takin' off your leg; ye can wear a gold sthripe on your arm to show it;" and hadn't I sense to be writin' to him sayin' that I'd be rights be wearin' two sthripes now and they takin' another leg? Thin he says, "Is it three legs ye're afther havin', Captain Quinn, an' you losin' two ones and one left?" Very tedious and contradictory has he been until I was in London mesilf and wint and faced him out about it. "Doye think," I was askin' him, "that I took me wooden leg off to t'row at him and had it desthroyed that way? The wooden legs," says I, "are part of the target—and so they are, as long as I'm not wearin' more of them than brings the strength up to the *status quo*?" which same is French for two. Didn't he be tellin' me thin, "Ye can't lose the same leg twicet?" But I fixed him. "If I'd had me first leg on," says I, "wouldn't it have been there by nature and the bullet in it?" So thin I had him down and out, and both of us laughin', and he shtandin' me lunch to prove there wasn't a taste of animosity in it at all, at all.'

"Now was that a shtir to be afther makin' for a bit of goold ribbon the length of me short finger or was it not? But that's the way the War's takin' the bhoys—the best of thim. What was I afther sayin' to him thin? It's not mesilf that does be discouragin' the quality. Didn't I tell him only this?—"God save ye, me doaty bhoys; may ye have so many legs as one of thim old centipedes and goold braid for every one of thim till your sleeve's that stiff with it ye must be takin' off your coat to bend your arm round your girleen and you kissin' her!"

"King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who arrived at Bad Nauheim on Monday evening last for a long stay, is, according to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, observing the strictest incognito, as the state of his health makes the most evening last for a long stay."—*Daily Telegraph*.

We don't profess to understand this exactly, but we gather that FERDIE's day is nearly done.



George Baker

"THE WORST OF THIS YERE WAR BE THE FIGHTIN'—THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SEZ, MRS. SMALE. IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT THERE FIGHTIN' 'TWIN'D BE NEAR SO BAD."

HINC ILLÆ LACRIMÆ.

"Why dost thou stand and weep, pale youth,
Beside the Menin Gate?
The afternoon parade is done
And there's no evening 'Hate.'

"Is it that thou dost mark with pain
The sad world passing by,
Or that some nearer grief hath touched
The fountains of thine eye?"

"I met a military man
As in the dusk I stood;
Three stripes upon his arm he bore,
His mien was wild and rude.

"He pinned me with a steely glance
As sternly he began,
'From 6 P.M. to 6 A.M.
You'll be on guard, young man.'

"He passed, and while I stood trans-
fixed

As by a magic spell,
Soft sighing through the stilly air
There came the soundless shell.

"There came the soundless shell and
spread

About my lonely feet
A soothing perfume as of pears
And languourously sweet.

"It breathed of homely orchards warm
Beneath the Sussex sun;
It filled the air, and I forgot
To put my goggles on.

"And that is why I stand and weep
Beside the Menin Gate,
Though afternoon parade is done
And there's no evening 'Hate.'"

THE ORDEAL.

To my mind one of the most touching and pathetic sights in London is the group of young officers to be seen any day gathered round the entrance to Cox's. True, they seem gay enough, and the casual and unthinking observer might imagine they had met at Charing Cross to exchange jokes and reminiscences and to fight their battles over again. Not so. In spite of their fine air of *sangfroid*, these gallant fellows, who would rush a Bosch machine gun or lead a night raid without a qualm or a quickening of the heart, conceal within them—or so I imagine—that sinking feeling which is commonly experienced by those who enter a bank without full confidence in the state of their balance.

I sympathise with them, for I can share their morbid fears and appreciate their desire to postpone the ordeal as long as possible. In me a bank induces a feeling of awe the like of which I do not experience in Westminster Abbey or St. Peter's, and a banker in his sanctum seems more impressive than the Lord Chancellor in his robes of office. Even when I have no haunting fears that I may be overdrawn, I shrink instinctively from entering the bank, and find cashing a cheque almost as great an ordeal as having a tooth stopped.

Whether, since a recent extraordinary experience, my strange dread will now leave me and I shall be able to swagger into my bank, as I have seen City men do, toss a cheque across the counter, exchange airy greetings with the cashier, and accept my money with an air of magnificent nonchalance, time alone can prove. As it is, I am still shaken by my adventure.

Truly, it was a very disturbing experience. I needed money—a goodly sum—and was compelled to visit the bank instead of cashing a cheque at the club. I strode into the place with an air of bravado, determined not to be intimidated by the atmosphere and the marble pillars; but the sight of women-clerks made me even more nervous than usual, and I know I must have worn a furtive air as I wrote my cheque.

A handsome young lady accepted it, and when she glanced at my signature she started visibly, gazed hard at me, then hastened away to whisper excitedly to an elderly man engaged in solemnly turning the pages of a ponderous volume. He in turn looked at me searchingly and strolled across to whisper to a radiant girl with red hair who seemed to be brooding over another huge ledger.

I wilted beneath their combined gaze and my heart began to fail me. Obviously something was seriously wrong. Wild thoughts flashed through my mind. My account was overdrawn; someone had been forging my signature; or possibly I had written so badly in my nervousness that I was myself mistaken for a forger. It seemed certain that I had in some way transgressed the laws of the bank and was a marked man. I was already meditating flight when the handsome young lady returned to the counter.

"The manager wishes to see you, Sir," she announced with a strange smile, still eyeing me curiously.

As she spoke she signalled to a burly porter in livery and instructed him to conduct me to the manager's office. To me it seemed she had something of the air of a President of a Field Court-Martial who had just sentenced a prisoner to be shot at dawn and was ordering the guards to remove the poor wretch to the cells.

Vague-ideas of making a desperate dash for the door, of appealing for mercy or attempting to overpower the porter, darted through my brain; but I remembered I was a Briton and innocent, and determined to see the thing through.

Three minutes later I stood in the manager's sanctum,

pale, nervous, but fairly collected, prepared for the worst, yet wishing fervently I had followed my grandmother's example and kept my money in a stocking instead of entrusting it to a joint-stock bank.

I met the manager's glance apprehensively as he rose quickly from his chair, resisted an inclination to recoil as he advanced, and fought down an impulse to struggle when he seized my hand.

"Delighted to meet you, Sir!" exclaimed the manager with a beaming smile. "I have read some of your work, and when I found you were one of our clients I told the cashier to ask you to step in when next you called. I wanted to make your acquaintance, if you will forgive me. Won't you sit down?"

He wrung my hand again, and I sat down limply, trying to recover myself while he discoursed on books and authors, and assured me how greatly something I had written had impressed him. I made some nervously fatuous remarks, told him I was proud to meet the man who had bought a copy of my book, and escaped after shaking hands again.

I had sufficient presence of mind left to collect my money on my way out, and when the handsome young lady slid the notes across the counter to me she slid across at the same time an autograph album.

"I am sure you won't mind writing a line," she said with a ravishing smile. "I shall treasure it."

What I wrote then I suppose I shall never know, but the lady seemed pleased, and I passed out with head erect, conscious that whenever I enter the bank I shall be pointed out as The-Man-Who-Wrote-The-Book-That-The-Manager-Read.

Nevertheless I am still suffering a little from cheque-shock.

HIS FIRST TROUT.

HERE'S the catch of the season. Behold and take heed,
Ye benders of green-heart on Tayside and Tweed;
All ye who have tempted with minnow or fly
Her treasure from Leven, her wealth from the Wye.
Before us stand silent, all ye who would boast
Of tarpons ye fought on the Florida coast,
Of strong-running rainbows that fell to your hook
Where the tawny snow-water comes down from Mount
Cook,

Of the baskets the swift-trotting bronchos brought home
From the canyon where pools of the White River foam.

Your thirty-pound salmon sent ne'er such a thrill
Through the proud man that played him by Rutherford
mill

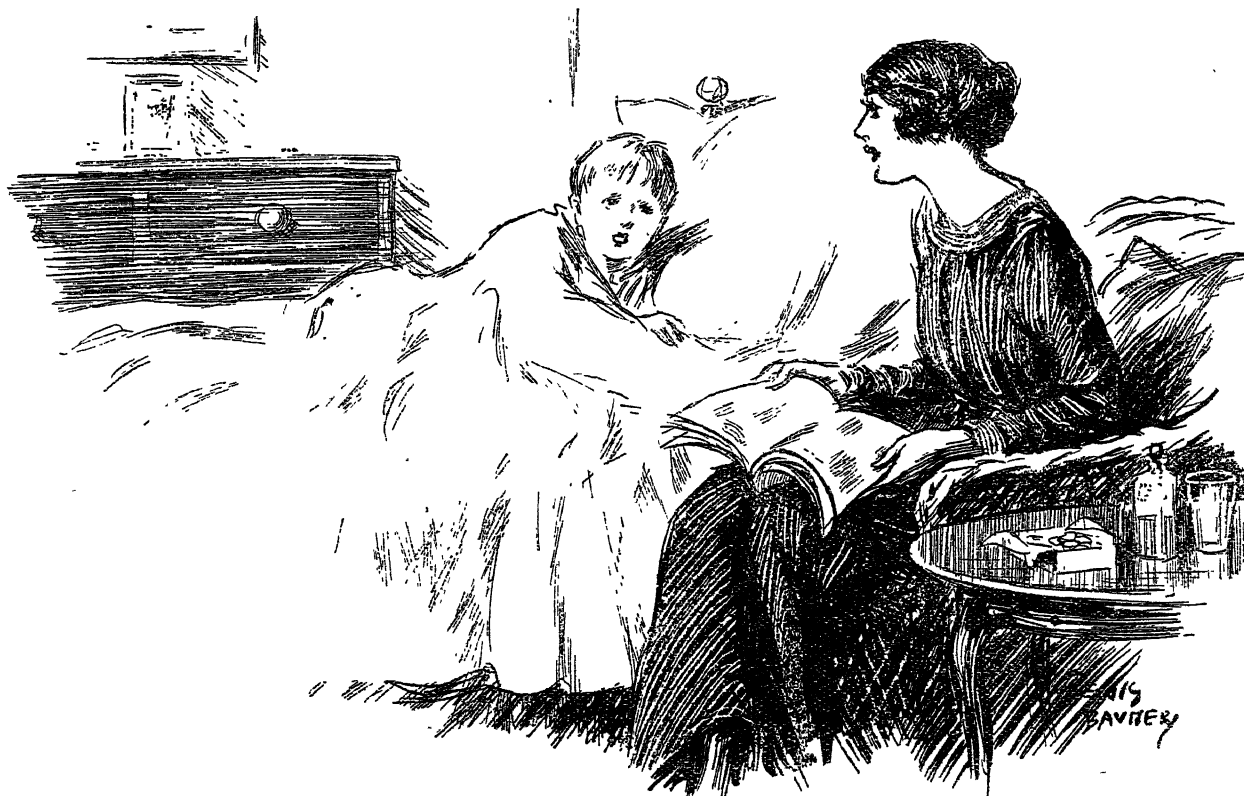
As is throbbing this moment right home to the heart
Of the tiniest angler from Tummel to Dart.
Your seven-pound trout had no power as a prize
To kindle such light in his conqueror's eyes
As is lit in the deeps of those blue ones that gaze
On "the trout that I caught"—on this day of all days.
No gold can out-glory, no jewel surpass
That atom of silver that gleams in the grass. W. H. O.

"THE OATH BOOK OF COLCHESTER. Translated and Translated by W. Gurney Benham."—*Essex Paper*.

"Strong perseverin' man, BENHAM," said *Stalky* as the notice caught his eye.

"Then came Lady —, resplendent in a pale flamingo-pink brocaded dress cut very low, filled in with tulle, and finished with a great pinky-mauve cattleya orchard."—*Lady*.

Unduly ostentatious, we think. EVE, you will remember, completed her toilet with the aid of a single fruit-tree.



"MOTHER, I THINK I'LL GO TO SLEEP NOW. BE SURE TO WAKE ME UP, WON'T YOU, WHEN I WANT ANOTHER SWEET."

A PIG'S GREETING.

LAST Spring, when the Germans became greatly offensive, War invaded many a placid depôt that had never thought to receive so ugly a visitor. Well behind the front line, ours had rested more or less immune from its touch. Now, however, we could almost hear the tramp of Jerry's hosts. "We shall have to break up the happy home," said our O.C. in effect; and the farm-labour of the winter months was undone in an hour. Rabbits, ducks and waddling turkeys—dignified even in their alarm—were rounded up and slain by Tommies who thirsted for blood and had no prospect for the moment of tasting the German brand. Not much was left alive for the enemy when we had finished.

The same evening the Mess sat down to such a meal as is nowadays but dreamed of. In the manner peculiar to his kind, Mac, our Mess President, had gone forth and gathered the pick of the wines of a dozen cafés whose proprietors had been only too glad to take the cash in hand and waive the rest; and the Major had found time to re-read LAMB's "Dissertation on Roast Pig" as an *apéritif*. Everyone savoured that our exit was being conducted with the requisite aplomb.

"This is my masterpiece," observed Mac complacently. "The greenest laurel in my abundant wreath."

But alas for human hopes! just as the piglet was brought in, gorgeous in all its garnishings, the scurry of a motor-bike was heard. The Major read the despatch that was brought to him: "Evacuate personnel at once." Abruptly he broke the tidings and we knew that our dinner was sacrificed.

"Are we going to leave all this behind for Fritz?" cried Mac. "What a horrible war!"

"The blighter 'll have a square meal for once, that's all," said the Major, shrugging his shoulders in resignation. "Very annoying and all that; but better a dinner of herbs where love is, my son, than roast-pork and high-explosive hatred therewith."

In the midst of the labours of evacuation a car brought the General and Staff of the Division which was fighting over that sector. The General's troops were even then drawing back towards the ordered paths of the depôt; but when he opened conversation with our O.C. he thought it worthy of mention that it was damned hot. Destiny ordained that he should add: "Makes one so peckish too. I haven't fed for twenty-four hours."

Now in all the Umptieth Corps the

General's fame as a trencherman was common knowledge, and Brigade-Majors in scores had tickled his palate in earnest effort to receive the praise of his tongue and the results that might accrue. Wherefore our Major, who himself was sufficiently an epicure to sympathise, observed, "How fortunate!" and dilated on the delights outspread in his Mess, begging the General to partake of them. "I'm sure, Sir," he said, "the table preparations will almost convince you that I expected your arrival."

From that hour the Major has never understood why his hospitality remained unrecognised. Was the pork underdone, the champagne corked, or had the presence of that horrible Army ration, dried milk, been too apparent in the custard? None of these things. He was never to know that Mac, before leaving the Mess, had stuck roguishly behind the pig's left ear a card bearing this inscription, intended for the on-coming Hun: "Greeting, Brother!"

Commercial Candour.

"Toys.—We find it takes brains to run a toy business. Note.—We are quitting this department."—*Advt. in New Zealand Paper.*

A paper announces among our captures "a railway bun of heavy calibre." A notoriously dangerous weapon.



Medical Officer (London practitioner in private life). "WOULD YOU COME TO ME WITH SUCH A TRIVIAL COMPLAINT IN CIVIL LIFE?"
Private. "NO, SIR. I SHOULD SEND FOR YOU."

THE CALL.

THERE'S an office back in London, and the dusty sunlight falls
 With its swarms of dancing motes across the floor,
 On the piles of books and papers and the drab distempered walls
 And the bowlers on their pegs behind the door.
 There's an office-stool in London where a fellow used to sit
 (But the chap that used to sit there's oversea);
 There's a job they're keeping open till that fellow's done his bit,
 And the one that job is waiting for is—Me!

And it may be black ingratitude; but oh, Good Lord, I know
 I could never stick the office-life again,
 With the coats and cuffs and collars and the long hours crawling slow
 And the quick lunch and the same old morning-train;
 I have looked on Life and Death and seen the naked soul of man,
 And the heart of things is other than it seemed,
 And the world is somehow larger than the good old office plan,
 And the ways of earth are wider than I dreamed.

There's a chap in the Canadians—a clinking good chap too—
 And he hails from back o' nowhere in B.C.,
 And he says it's sure some country, and I wonder if it's true,
 And I rather fancy that's the place for me.

There's a trail I mean to follow and a camp I mean to share
 Out beyond the survey, up in Cassiar,
 For there's something wakened in me that I never knew was there,
 And they'll have to find some other chap to fill that vacant chair
 When the boys come marching homeward from the War.
 C. F. S.

A PLEA FOR HOSPITALITY.

Nobody, Mr. Punch believes, would care to think that any soldier from overseas who is fighting our battles finds himself lonely and neglected in London when he is on leave from the Front. To offer entertainment to the guests within our gates, so that they may have a sense of comradeship and feel themselves at home, is the object of the Overseas Hospitality Fund. Its agencies arrange excursions about the Mother City and its neighbourhood under qualified guides; visits to theatres and museums; receptions in private houses. In one way or another some 25,000 overseas soldiers have been entertained. Offers of hospitality would be very gratefully received; but the chief need is money to meet the growing claims upon the Fund. Every penny subscribed goes directly to the entertainment of our visitors, all help being given freely. It is a service that finds ample recompense in the appreciation shown by those who accept it. Mr. Punch's own recollection of a visit which a party of overseas soldiers did him the honour to pay to his Mahogany Tree is that he got far more than he gave. Contributions to the Fund (of which Lord DENMAN is Hon. Treasurer) should be sent to the Hon. Auditors, Messrs. WOODHOUSE AND WILKINSON, 28, Queen Street, E.C.



FAIR GAME.

BEAU BONAR. "YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE!"

MADAME DE LUXE. "THAT'S RATHER A CUMBERSOME WEAPON YOU'VE GOT THERE. WILL IT GO OFF?"

BEAU BONAR. "OPINION ON THAT POINT, MADAM, IS DIVIDED."

TANTALUS EN VOYAGE.

It is generally agreed that, although doubtless God could easily have made a more exciting flavour than the mushroom's, doubtless He never did. Hence the heightened pulses when this most desirable of fungi begin to appear (after a blend of hot sun and a little rain in August) and the lifted dish-cover reveals the unfamiliar ecstasy of stewed or fried. For the mushroom should be served alone; those cooks who consider it an adjunct to other food do not know.

News that the season had begun, with unusual suddenness and in great abundance, was reaching us from various quarters; but we had no luck ourselves. Round about Maidstone, quantities: so one letter said. Aunt Agnes in Gloucestershire was getting a dish of buttons out of the paddock every morning. The Saundersons at Witley were literally living on mushrooms, even to getting tired of them; but in spite of satiety (satiety!) the economy was most cheering. And still we ourselves had no luck. Capricious things, mushrooms; they will grow in one meadow like daisies, while in those all around it, where the conditions would seem to be precisely similar, never a sign of one.

And there is something besides mere caprice, too: there is, alas! the greed of man. And not only the greed, but the inhuman habits of man and the discomfort to which he is willing to put himself in order to gratify his palate. Honour—even unselfishness—there may be among thieves (so complex are we!) but I assure you that there is none among mushroom-gatherers; not, at any rate, about us. Why it should be so is an ethnographical problem which I am incapable of solving, but the fact remains that in our neighbourhood there are people who actually take pleasure in getting up at four in order to pick the mushrooms which otherwise would be picked by those who get up at five or, more reasonably, like myself now and then, at six. Surely six should be early enough! With such competition how can one enjoy a savour which was clearly intended to be equally for the benefit of all?

To indicate to what lengths the appetite for mushrooms will take people, let me herewith place it on record that in

the meadow next to my home, which, although I don't happen to rent it, is obviously more mine by sheer right of proximity than any one else's, except the farmer, who sensibly looks upon all mushrooms as toadstools (or toads' meat as he confusedly but very luckily calls it)—in this meadow the Vicar himself has been seen in the small hours suspiciously peering and stooping, whereas he has no fewer than five meadows of his own. The Vicar, the appointed custodian of our souls, the indicator of the road to virtue! I ask you.

Legally he is within his rights; but morally? Decently? No. For although it is true, owing to some short-sighted

which means a railway journey of some hours. At first I had the local paper. Then we reached a station where a London paper could be obtained, and I had that. Then, disregarding the book I had brought, I began to look out of the window, at first listlessly, but later with intense interest, for I was gradually conscious that the meadows were full of mushrooms. Although the hour was between ten and eleven, mushrooms were still there, and so plentiful as to catch the eye even in an express train. More than catch it—bemuse it, madden it. The situation became almost unbearable. I thought of the lifted covers of dishes, I thought of the stewed and the fried, the steam, the aroma. I could see in the mind's eye exactly how those big white ones would dwindle and darken in the culinary process—minute, it is true, but so black, so comely! And still the meadows—it was in a long river valley—continued to be patched with them; all wasted. That was the terrible thought. This wonderful exotic food perishing for want of picking, and a potential picker, and probably the best judge of mushrooms in the world, so near and yet so far! For the train was tearing along and we were not due to pause again for many miles.

And then suddenly came a ray of hope, for I caught sight of the communication cord. The penalty, five pounds only! Was it worth it? I could pull it, scramble out, pick as many mushrooms as I could eat—and all for a fiver! Was it worth it? I had as a matter of fact five pounds with me to spend on books; but what are books? Books may be made of paper that is white, but when they are cooked do they shrivel and turn black and distil amazing and indescribably alluring essences? I rose and reached for the cord, but at that moment we rushed into a tunnel, and when we emerged the whole country was changed and barren.

That evening, in London, I had some mushrooms at a restaurant. But mushrooms at a restaurant are useless.

“SWITZERLAND OBJECTS TO
DAMNING OF RHINE.”

Canadian Paper.

As a neutral she properly deprecates strong language about any of the belligerents.



WITH THE I.E.F.

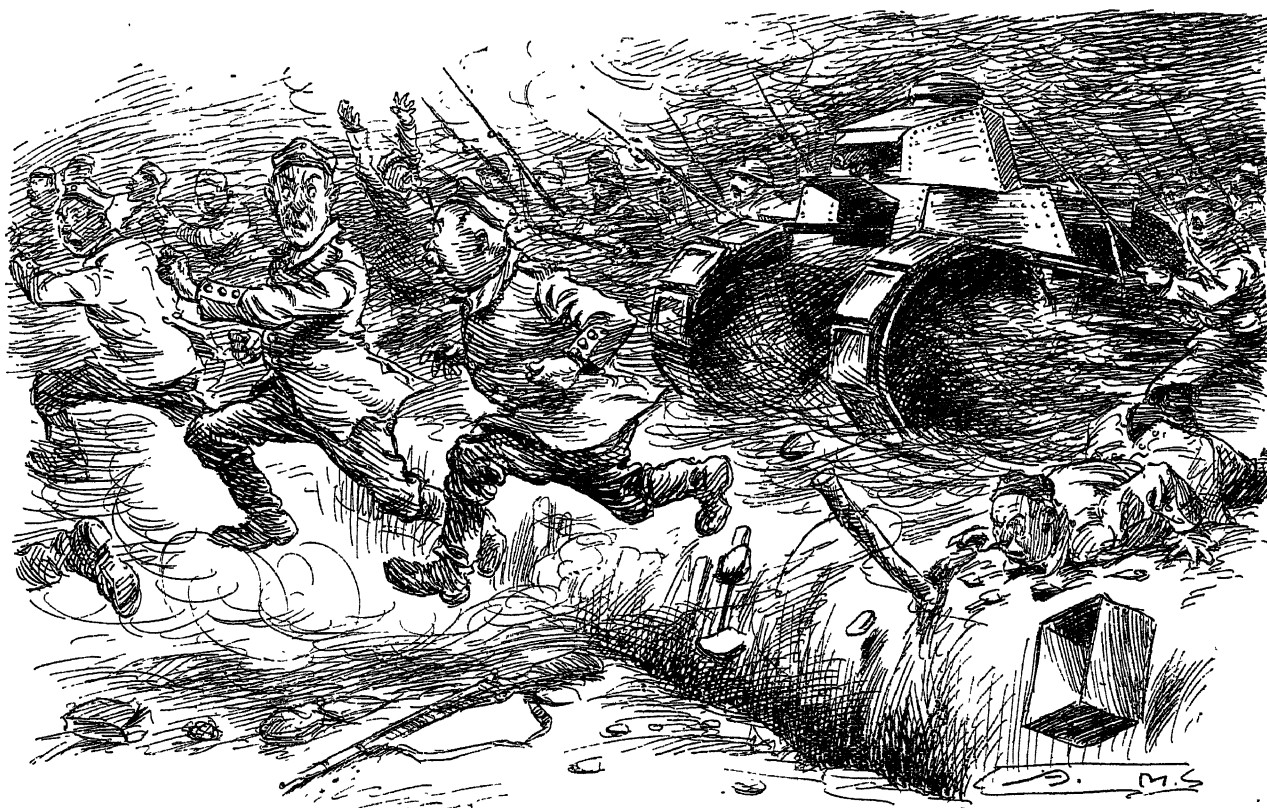
Jock (having just received detailed instructions from carabinieri on inquiring the way). "CUD YE TELL WHAT THE BODY SAID, DUGAL?"

Dugal. "NO A WUR-RO; BUT, MAN, IT WAS THE FINEST BIT OF ELOCUTION I'VE HAIR-ED FOR MONY A DAY!"

legislation that has never been corrected (and we give the impostors £400 a year apiece!), mushrooms may—unless it can be proved that they are under scientific cultivation—be trespassed for without the normal consequent prosecution, yet none the less there should be a certain respect for prescriptive rights. The contiguity of residences should be sympathetically considered and Preferential treatment should be given to people in the immediate neighbourhood, whether they are prepared to get up before six or not. The world however having got into a very bad state, the fact remains that I have had no mushrooms yet. Either they are not growing hereabouts (but rumour says otherwise) or infamously early risers secure the whole harvest.

But that is not all.

The other day I had to visit town,



"HIMMEL! THE ALL-HIGHEST HAS THE TRUTH SPOKEN—THE WORST IS BEHIND US."

TO A PAN-CELT.

I HAVE an ancient friend, a placid man
Who hands the plate and adds his
modest shilling,
Sound on the War and, since it first
began,
Averse alike from BERNARD SHAW
and BILLING;
Yet he has turned a votary of Pan—
Pan with an eminently modern fril-
ling;
To be precise, he now by day and night is
Afflicted by persistent Panceltitis.
Pan had his merits as a piper, though
His conduct was occasionally trying;
For great *Panjandrum* still inspires a
glow
Of reverence and sympathy undying;
Pancakes, a dish beloved by high and
low,
Are palatable, wholesome, satisfying;
But as a prefix Pan has lapsed from
grace
Since its adoption by a bestial race.
How the Pan-Celts propose to serve
the State
I haven't got the foggiest of notions,
Unless it be a help to stimulate
Vaguelocalaspirations and devotions,
Promote bilingualism in debate
And foster strange crepuscular emo-
tions;

But when the world is in the pot of
melting
I find it otiose to go Pan-Celting.

Meanwhile my friend writes letters,
stacks on stacks,
About the coming neo-Manx re-
vival,
Or prophecies to ardent O's and Macs
A super-OSSIAN's imminent arrival.
He finds in Erse what simple English
lacks,
Glamour and picturesqueness adje-
ctival;
Attends Eisteddfods, is immensely
thrilled,
And advocates a Cornish-speaking guild.

A harmless hobby? Not perhaps with
all
Of these convinced vernacular cam-
paigners,
For some who pit the Gael against the
"Gall"

Are more or less, and mostly more,
Sinn Feiners;
But others, dressed in kilts and sandals,
fall
Into the blameless class of boot-ab-
stainers;
And my old friend, when all is said and
done,
Has sent three boys to help to smash
the Hun.

THE LUXURY TAX.

A CORRESPONDENT suggests the fol-
lowing addenda to articles taxable
under the above head:—

Anglers to pay one shilling in the
pound on every salmon over eighteen
pounds caught in the smoking-room.

Burglars to pay twopence in the
shilling on every silver article stolen
from a town residence and a penny in
the shilling if stolen from a country
residence, the reduction being made in
view of additional cost of transport.

Villains in melodrama to pay two-
and-sixpence for every murder com-
mitted at each performance in excess
of three, and heroes for every hair-
breadth escape in excess of five.

Music-hall comedians to pay one
shilling per mother-in-law used at each
performance and three-halfpence each
for kippers, however frayed at the edges.

Another Impending Apology.

"Miss — said she had been sent home
from France to tell them how desperately bad
women were wanted for Q.M.A.A.C."

Provincial Paper.

From the "agony" column:—

"Loving thoughts from we three."—*Times*.
In such tense moments who can think
of grammar?

A GENTLEMAN'S WAR.

To those who have been on any of the Fronts the chief interest of a picture intended to represent a scene or episode of the War lies in the chance of recognising the precise spot. After spending several of the best years of my life on the Western Front, I took the trouble to cross the street the other day to study a War picture displayed in a window, driven not by a yearning to see more war, but by this curious desire to locate the spot chosen by the artist as worthy of reproduction and to find what sort of recognisable incident had fired his imagination. But in spite of all my wanderings and experiences this picture beat me.

The smooth condition of the landscape suggested that it belonged to some training area, but this surmise was made absurd by the heavy shelling going on in the neighbourhood. A big gun, drawn by a stylish team, was crossing the middle distance at a rattling pace, its appearance suggesting that it had wandered into the battle zone, having lost its way to a "turn-out" competition and so forfeited a certain first.

I could not imagine what occasion was supposed to have collected in such an unhealthy locality the remarkably representative group of British officers forming the human interest of the picture. Shells were bursting within easy splinter-flight, but the artist had not permitted one of the eight to vouchsafe a glance in the direction of the inferno, or chosen, in his British pride, to exhibit the slightest emotional disturbance of their notably regular features.

The officers were grouped in front of a very carelessly camouflaged piece of ordnance unfamiliar to me. One of them, an immaculately dressed padre, was standing so close to the muzzle as to be in imminent danger, of which the superb gunner-major, not far away, ought certainly to have warned him. It occurred to me however that perhaps the artist wished to depict this officer as maliciously expectant of the nasty jar shortly to be received by the statuesque non-combatant whose toilet and features seriously rivalled his own. The Major, who had turned out wearing a sword, was talking to a splendidly-plumaged Brigadier with a similar taste for fancy-dress. The artist had shown this eccentric Brigadier quite unmoved by the conversation of three subalterns—a sapper, an infantier and a tank-wallah

—at his very elbow. Perhaps the regularity of their features and the exquisite fit of their uniforms were supposed to have melted his heart towards them. The best dressed of the lot—if there might be comparison where all were perfect—were two youngsters (obviously twins) belonging to the R.A.F. They were standing aloof, watching, without the astonishment it was calculated to excite, a quite unprecedented type of aeroplane cruising overhead.

The boots of all these officers shone with spotless lustre; their uniforms were without stain or crease save for the ideal knife-edge exhibited by those who had paraded in slacks. As for the breeches of the others, they were such



THE GROWTH OF DECORATIONS, BADGES AND HONORIFIC CHEVRONS MAKES IT ADVISABLE THAT FRESH SPACE SHOULD BE FOUND FOR THEM. MR. PUNCH RECOMMENDS THE ABOVE METHOD OF DISTINGUISHING BETWEEN AN OBSERVER AND A PILOT.

as yeoboys, with all youth's illusions, used to dream about in pre-war days. Their indifference to the mud on which they were standing was explained by the fact that it was very nice mud, not the ordinary G.S. stuff supplied with most landscapes I know. Was it possible that the artist was satirising some more successful brother of the palette? Was this intended to be a group of officers who, having heard that a certain fashionable portrait-painter was touring the Front, had deserted their posts and made appointments with him all at the same hour?

Anyhow, I envied the painter who in fact or fancy had been privileged to witness such a scene in such a locality, and who knew such a bevy of officers with nice regular features and admirable batmen. Had I been asked to find a title for this problem-picture I think it would have been "The Cadet's Dream"

or "A Gentleman's War"; but the artist had been before me and chosen for his inscription—a simple one, but most effective for his sartorial purpose—the title "Military Uniforms."

NATURE MUSINGS À LA MODE.

By OUR SUMMER DIARIST.

August 15th.—This is a halcyon day, and to measure its charms aright one should spend it on the banks of a river. The stillness is wellnigh unbroken, save for the distant drone of an aeroplane or the buzz of a motor-tractor; the voice of universal Nature is subdued to a *pianissimo*. Suddenly a kingfisher shoots across the pool, like a living jewel, snaps an insect from the glassy surface and shoots on, leaving at the point of contact a nest of concentric rings which widen and widen until they are smoothed away into the calm. No trout are rising, but a water-rat plops into the stream, and at intervals the scuffle of dab-chicks is heard. But the birds are strangely hushed to-day. Even the robin's engaging impudence yields to the prevailing languor. We miss the cuckoo's "two-fold shout," but cuckoos are rarely, if ever, heard in August, even by writers of Nature Notes. It is sad to think that the swifts are due to leave us so soon, but an inexorable law ordains that migrants must migrate; meanwhile the peewits wheel overhead and, in spite of their plaintive cries, life must be very pleasant and full for them up there, untroubled by food shortage or the need of keeping a diary. Below, all creatures seem to be taking a rest-cure.

The moles abate their strenuous labours, but a colony of red ants, on which I have inadvertently intruded, resent the encroachment, their massed attack reminding me of *Gulliver* among the Lilliputians. Waves of shadow, as dear old TENNYSON says, pass over the wheat, but even the wheat has no voice to-day; not a sound in all that forest of the staff of life. A cow moos gently in an adjoining field. The day is built up of just such little incidents, not exactly soul-shaking, but none the less infinitely helpful as supplying useful grist to the mill of the Summer diarist.

From a summary of the Aliens Bill: "Poker to be taken to deal with all certificates of naturalisation."

Scarborough Paper.

But some people will not be satisfied unless it is also applied to the holders of the certificates.



Convalescent (to pal playing elaborate piece full of arpeggios). "WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE PLAYING, ALF—YER TEMPERATURE CHART?"

IF THE WORM TURNED.

EXTRACTS from various unauthorised Routine Orders, Circulars, etc., issued in the field:—

The Field Cashier will attend at Billet No. 62, High Street, at 3 A.M. every Tuesday. He will take his stand in the street and wait there without food until 6 P.M., during which period any officer who cares to stroll along for money will please do so.

It has come to the notice of the Officer Commanding No. 13 Platoon, 8th Flintshire Fusiliers, that certain Generals are in the habit of returning the salutes of junior officers in a very perfunctory manner. Only yesterday the Officer Commanding No. 13 Platoon said, "Good morning, Sir," to a Brigadier, and saluted him with almost painful smartness. He received no response whatever. This negligence must cease forthwith. You will take immediate steps to see that the contents of this memo. are communicated to all General Officers under your command.

(Signed) E. SMITH,
2/Lt. Commanding No. 13 Platoon,
8th Flintshire Fusiliers.

Memo. from Adjutant 4th Cork Rangers to Staff-Captain Umpteenth Brigade.

Please render (in quadruplicate) a return showing number of returns you

have asked for during past six months. These should be classified as follows:—

1. Reasonable.
2. Unlikely to be required by anyone for any purpose whatever.
3. Silly.
4. Damned silly.

This return will be rendered by 6 A.M. to-day. Sent out at 5.30 A.M. 26.7.18.

A fortnight's course of instruction for R.T.O.'s will be held at Blank on the 15th of this month.

SYLLABUS:

1. *Opening Lecture*.—"Am I offensive enough?"
2. Why is it sometimes necessary that infantry should entrain instead of marching? (R.T.O.'s will be taken for a ten-mile route march under shell-fire, on the specially-constructed Flanders mud track, after living for three days in shell-holes filled with water.)
3. How to guess the rank of a senior officer who looks like a subaltern, and is wearing a Burberry with no rank-badges. Every R.T.O. will be paraded before selected officers. He will then be shown certain signs, such as the cut of field-boots, the set of the jaw, etc., which may mark the senior officer. He will then have some sort of guide as to when to be merely rude to an officer and when to obstruct him with safe politeness.
4. *Closing Lecture*.—How to put the

wind up the Fighting Man by telling him that you lead an Awfully Dangerous Life because the Hun Bombs the Railway Every Night.

"Q" will not arrange transport.

R.T.O.'s selected will report at midnight to the Commandant, 2/Lt. Johnson. They will proceed by route-march, carrying their own valises.

"T. P. O'CONNOR'S YEAR IN AMERICA.

A GREAT PERSONAL TRIUMPH.

By Frank Dilnot."

Daily Chronicle.

"LORD READING IN AMERICA.

A GREAT PERSONAL TRIUMPH.

By T. P. O'Connor, M.P."

Daily Chronicle.

Surely this is not all. We await with impatience an article headed—

FRANK DILNOT IN AMERICA.

A GREAT PERSONAL TRIUMPH.

By Lord Reading.

From a report of the visit of Sir MAURICE DE BUNSEN'S Special Mission to Chile:—

"La orquesta ejecutó el Good save the King coreado por la concurrencia, lo mismo que el Folleygod follow."—*La Nacion (Buenos Ayres).*

The correspondent who sends us the above cutting kindly furnishes a translation as follows:—

"The orchestra played 'God Save the King,' which was sung in chorus by the gathering, and the same with 'For he's a jolly good fellow.'"

"TEMPORARY."

Miranda's dropped her fancy-work and sailed across the Straits

As a temporary "lady of the lamp";
And Jane's abandoned portraiture to wash the cups and plates

Of the Tommies in a temporary camp;
And Ethel—nervy Ethel!—is a motor-driving Waac,
And fairly saved her special Brigadier
The day that Fritz got busy and our line came surging back
In a temporary movement to the rear.

A temporary Major they've contrived to make of Bob
(He was always pretty hefty at his drill),
While the rank of air-mechanic—and he hustles at his job—
Is the temporary perquisite of Bill;
Old Joseph drives a tractor most surprising true and straight
(He's sixty, but a temporary sport),
While Augustus sails the ocean as a temporary mate
When he isn't in a temporary port.

There's a temporary shortage of the things we eat and wear,
And the temporary pleadings of the Tank,
Plus the temporary taxes that we're called upon to bear,
Lead to temporary trouble at the bank;
The only things that haven't changed since WILHELM
butted in
To show how Armageddon should be run
Are the views of Thomas Atkins as to who is going to win,
And his personal opinion of the Hun.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MARSHAL.

YES, it was the Marshal who did it, and when I say "Marshal" I must be understood to mean the great Marshal FOCH, who has been driving the Germans back helter-skelter towards the place where they belong. Of course the Marshal has no notion of his responsibility for my affairs. Like the gallant gentleman he is, he is all for fighting. He will never be aware, unless he should happen to be a careful reader of these pages, that it was his influence which put a stop to an embittered domestic controversy and sent a British family to the seaside.

It happened in this way. Dad and Mum said they had made up their minds. There was to be no seaside this year, or, rather, the seashores might be as many as usual, but there was one thing certain about them all, which was that we were going to pay none of them a visit. Soon after the discussion began, Mum basely deserted Dad, and left him as it were high and dry on an inland desert. She was moved to this abandonment, she said, by the sight of the children's faces. "Look," she said, "how pale they are. They must have a change." And as sea air produced red and glowing complexions in the quickest time, to the seaside they must go. On the other hand, Dad said that nothing could move him. He was sure that results as good could be produced by staying at home as by going to that place which showed the largest percentage of ozone. "Besides," he added, "things are different now. The family is growing up with extraordinary rapidity, and the old pleasures of the seaside pall on them." (*Loud dissent of the younger members.*)

It was all very well to make a noise like that, but had they considered the tremendous expense, and that at a time when the Income Tax stood at six shillings in the pound, and when the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was shouting at them from every hoarding or insinuating himself into their confidence with every dividend warrant and urging

them to invest every penny of their savings in National War Bonds? No, it wouldn't do. The seaside this year must be given up.

This pronouncement was received with yells of derision, and Dad was urged to remember that this particular family had abstained from the seaside last year at his special request, and therefore must have saved something with which they could meet the financial strain. The fact was, said Mum, that Dad owed them all a visit, and that it was the duty of a father to fulfil all his promises, even if it was temporarily difficult for him to do so. To this Dad replied that the promise about the seaside was rashly given in order to make last year's abstention easier for all of them. Anyhow they were not going to the seaside this year, and there was an end of it.

Then suddenly came Marshal FOCH's great stroke. The Germans were sent pell-mell to the right-about, and things kept on happening in the most marvellous way at several points of the Front. Dad's face cleared as soon as he read the morning paper. "Children," he said, "I have been thinking it over, and I believe it is just humanly possible for us to go to the seaside this year. And mind whenever you build a sand-castle, when you bathe in the sea, when you catch prawns, when you go out fishing, when you see a dead star-fish, you must return thanks inwardly to Marshal FOCH for having made these things necessary for your health and desirable for your souls."

And thus it comes about that we are due at the seaside to-morrow, and are to occupy our old lodgings of the year before last. Some things, of course, there are of which we never shall recapture the first fine careless rapture. We shall never, for instance ("we" being the younger members of the party), be carefully dressed by the nursemaid and set out each on a different chair against the wall, so as to be out of the way while the last inches of packing are being completed. Was there ever anything in the world so stiff as those legs which protruded from every chair? And then the gloves, worn as preventers of smudginess! They looked more frightfully inappropriate than anything else which could be worn on a child's person. Still, they were the nursemaid's idea of high-toned respectability.

But, gloved or gloveless, we are for the seaside to-morrow—thanks to Marshal FOCH.

A Happy Valley?

"The Canadian force is wearing the smile that won't come off. The nature of the ground is entirely favourable to such an operation."
Times.

"One of the main conclusions already arrived at by the Allied Food Controllers is that if sapphires are to be maintained for all the countries concerned, not only are all prices to the consumers likely to remain at the present level, but that they may in some cases even increase."—*Cork Constitution.*

The Food Controllers should remember that a stone, no matter how precious, is notoriously no substitution for bread.

WASHINGTON, SUNDAY.

General March, Chief of Staff, has issued a general order of the War Department providing for the consolidation of all branches of the United States Army into one army to be known hereafter as 'The United States Army.' . . . All soldiers serving the colours will hereafter wear the same uniform and the sam insignia."

SAM BROWNE or *Uncle Sam*?

From a report of the PRIME MINISTER's speech at Newport:

"The country has got to depend upon its courage, it has to keep up its heart in the long struggle. It is the heart that tells. It is the heart that tells. In a long climb it is the heart that tells, heart that tells. In a long fight it is the heart that tells. In a long fight it is the heart that tells . . ."—*Monmouthshire Evening Post.*

He seems, at any rate, to have convinced the printer.



"WHY DO PEOPLE ONLY WEIGH BABIES? WHY DON'T THEY WEIGH OTHER PEOPLE?"
 "THEY DO, BUT NOT AT HOME. PAPA'S BALANCE IS AT THE BANK."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

PERHAPS more than any of those young and gracious figures sacrificed in the war RUPERT BROOKE has taken hold of popular imagination. So the appearance of the long-promised *Collected Poems and Memoir* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON) will find many readers anxious for some personal sketch of one whose brilliance and the circumstance of his death have made him famous not only as a poet but as a symbol. Those of us who remember RUPERT BROOKE differently will perhaps best appreciate how well Mr. EDWARD MARSH (revealed here only by initials) has carried out his task of friendship. The result is an admirable picture of one whom the gods loved and gifted generously. Somewhere RUPERT BROOKE confessed, in one of those flashes of self-amusement so characteristic of him, to the happy consciousness that when he came into a room where there were new people "the chances were that they would like him." If there is any sound of conceit in this nothing could be more remote from his character. Never was anyone more youthfully delighted with success or less spoiled by it. Adulation (and he had much) he would meet with a mingling of gratitude and a wholesome derision that purged it of all danger; one has heard that almost his last words were a jest at his own increasing fame. It was in talk that he found his easiest expression, but, though lacking the help of a radiant presence, his letters, of which there are many here, reveal him intimately as full of kindness and mirth and all generous enthusiasms. RUPERT BROOKE spoke once with the voice of England, because in him were embodied all that we like to think most typical of

her sons. In this book, that holds both his short life and his work, you have two memorials—one written by those who loved him, the other by himself.

Mr. GALSWORTHY'S *Five Tales* (HEINEMANN) shows no falling off in that fastidious—almost over-fastidious—craftsmanship, that sense of pity—almost, if that were possible, exaggerated pity—for the unfortunate, that unmeasured disapproval of respectability which his admirers know so well. The first of the sheaf tells how a murderer proves a better man than his barrister brother; the second, how a fallen captain of industry and obstinate gourmand outwits his enemies by an original and to him congenial form of suicide; the third is an exquisite idyll of first-love with a faintly cynical ending; the fourth describes the conversion of a stockbroker through sitting on a jury—all excellent fare. But I would sacrifice them cheerfully for the last *bonne bouche*, "Indian Summer of a Forsyte," a pendant to that finest of the author's novels, *The Man of Property*. Old Jolyon, the only decent *Forsyte*, finds a new lease of life and the long-forgotten flavour of romance in his friendship for Irene. This will be something obscure to those who don't know their *Man of Property*. But can there be any such? I think Mr. GALSWORTHY immensely enjoyed this going over of happily remembered ground, and he communicates that enjoyment to the reader.

How long ago is it, I wonder, since the evening when I found myself very pleasantly confronted by some mountain scenery, embellishing a comedy of courtship between, I think, Mr. H. B. IRVING and Miss IRENE VANBRUGH? At all events it was sufficiently long ago to give me an oddly

dream-like sensation on finding the dim intrigue of that evening refashioning itself in the pages of the latest, if not newest ANTHONY HOPE story, *Captain Dieppe*. All which, of course, simply means that the author, like most prudent dramatists nowadays, has decided to emulate the thrush and tell his tale twice over. Or shall we say thrice, for I understand—though the publishers (SKEFFINGTON) say nothing on the subject—that it appeared many years ago in a Summer Number of *The Illustrated London News*? An admirably bustling tale it is, too, of an adventurous captain, a matrimonial tangle, some fighting, and a love interest which, just when you think it can't possibly come right, suddenly springs a surprise upon you, and ends as the love affairs of gallant adventurers always should. I have a recollection of wondering why the stage version of this agreeable little affair enjoyed but moderate success; perhaps in visible action it was difficult to render plausible the deception by which—but I must be careful; the secret was nearly out then. Anyhow, as a holiday companion who makes no pretence at more than entertainment for your idle moments *Captain Dieppe* should, I think, come at length by the popularity that he certainly deserves.

One always picks up a new book by Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS with a sense of pleasant expectation. The short stories which make up the volume just published under the title of *The Madonna of the Beech Wood* (MILLS AND BOON) are a queer medley of pathos and comedy, all good of their kind. Indeed Mr. ROBERTS' method of handling tragic subjects rather reminds one of the old gentleman who always tried to look at a funeral from its funny side. Brevity has never been an outstanding quality of English literature, and we have comparatively few authors whose technique does not suffer from the limitations imposed by the magazines. Mr. ROBERTS is one of the few, and in such stories as "The Disintegration of Apilene Bill" and "The Resurrection of Beardy Thompson" we have the style as well as the atmosphere of BRET HARTE and his successors. In "The Acting Duchess" and "The Ace of Hearts" again we have a touch of that farcical humour that made *Lady Penelope* a perfect cure for the blues. But it is the first and last stories in the volume, "The Man who lost his Likeness" and "The Madonna of the Beech Wood," that will endear the author to his readers new and old. Pure idylls, they carry us into that charming land of half-realities, of tree magic and wind mystery, that still beckons to the grown-up children of the world.

I should never have believed that one little country could contain so many superlatives as Mr. SHAW DESMOND piles together in his study, *The Soul of Denmark* (FISHER UNWIN). Denmark, it appears, is not only the most democratic country in the world, but also the least socialistic; the most co-operative as well as the most individualist. That is a pretty good start; but, further, she is the best educated and the laziest, the most sceptical and the most laughter-loving, and, through all manner of paradoxical

by-ways, foremost in her love for England, for divorce, for hospitality, for chatter and for good fare. With apologies, but with almost too urgent an intention of calling a spade at least a spade and perhaps a spade and a half, the author presents her as the most prone to adipose tissue, mental and physical. The clue to the whole he finds in a certain lack of temperament, of nationalistic and sporting instinct, of anything, in fact, beyond the bread-and-butter (the best bread-and-butter) outlook. Though I have read Mr. DESMOND's book with the keenest enjoyment and appreciation of its literary excellence, it is to be confessed that the continued absence of the expected chapter on Denmark and the War was annoying. The author admits that the moral changes due to war are hardly less apparent there than here, but her attitude toward the Bosch is unstated. He is clearly too well informed not to know all about it, so perhaps it is that Denmark really has no attitude. But one had thought that there waited, amongst other round-table problems, a question of Schleswig-Holstein.

Lovers of Silver (GRANT RICHARDS) exhibits Mr. S. P. B.



The Lady (leniently disposed, to her lord, who is setting off in pursuit of their daughter, who has eloped with the domestic fool). "DON'T KILL HIM, SIR HUGH. PERHAPS 'TIS ONLY ANOTHER OF HIS JOKE."

Sir Hugh. "JOKE OR NO JOKE, HE NEEDN'T THINK HE'S GOING TO GET AWAY WITH ONE OF MY BEST HORSES."

MAIS in a chastened mood. He must, I think, have said to himself, "I am going to write a novel which will not shock anyone," and apart from some vitriolic descriptions of life at a terrible school called Milchester he has sturdily carried out his intention. Whether he will interest you is another matter, for you may conceivably have become a little tired of Mr. MAIS's schoolmasters. He will soon have to make up his mind whether he is to be a novelist or propagandist. The love-story in this tale suffers because the hero too often ascends the rostrum and gives tongue to his (and the author's) views. We are all, I hope, interested in education, and

I admire Mr. MAIS's enthusiasm, but his career as a novelist will suffer if he is to be obsessed by one idea.

The thousands of friends that Miss ROSE FYLEMAN ("R. F.") has made through her poems of Faërie in *Punch* are hereby informed that Messrs. METHUEN have brought out a charming little volume, entitled "Fairies and Chimneys," containing these and other verses of hers.

EXPLAINING IT AWAY.

"It was only thick fog that enabled the tanks
To pierce for a while our invincible ranks."
As a matter of fact, what most baffles the Bosch
Is not a thick fog but a very slim FOCH.

"Sir Robert Borden said the German militarists were possessed by devils whose name was region."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

This must be one of the well-known Infernal Regions.

"The Lord Mayor of London, the Bishop of London, the Dean of St. Paul's and others of the Cathedral clergy received the sovereigns here, the procession filing along the knave."—*Daily Gleaner (Jamaica)*. Name, please.

CHARIVARIA.

A WEEKLY paper points out that there are eleven lunatics in the world who imagine they are the CROWN PRINCE. Our fixed opinion is that one of them is right. *

It is stated that all the babies born in the Urban District of Bulkington, Warwickshire, in the months of June and July were girls. Something like a panic prevails in the 'bus world. *

A gossip-writer states that the General Election will take place in the middle of November. A notice to this effect is to be sent to the PREMIER. *

According to a trade journal there are now very few expensive motor cars for sale, and pedestrians must for the present content themselves with being knocked down by taxi-cabs and other small fry. *

A hen at High Rother, Essex, says *The Evening News*, has just laid a 4½ ounce egg, measuring 7½ inches in circumference. We see nothing extraordinary in this. It seems about the only sensible thing the hen could have done with it. *

A father of fifteen children has been granted exemption by the Monmouth Tribunal. In similar circumstances we should certainly have hesitated to appeal. *

The selling of immature apples has been forbidden by the Food-CONTROLLER. The pair of adults that we purchased for a shilling the other day didn't taste half their age. *

"War," says the *Deutsche Zeitung*, "is the handicraft of the soldier." Not, as you might have supposed, of the pacifist. *

Office tea clubs are no longer to be allowed special supplies of tea. Another nasty smack at the War Office. We are interested to see what the ADJUTANT-GENERAL will have to say to this fresh interference. *

A correspondent writes to *The Daily Mail* pointing out that seventeen years ago he shot a wood-pigeon whose crop contained 1,000 grains of oats. We are ashamed to confess that we had forgotten the incident. *

According to the *Cologne Gazette*

several German soldiers have committed suicide rather than go to the Western front. Stern measures will in future be adopted by the High Command in dealing with men who act in this way. *

Owing to the breakdown of a motor lorry in Farringdon Street an omnibus the other day dashed into a large cheese. The 'bus escaped with a few scratches, but the cheese, we are informed, still lies in a critical condition. *

We are informed that the man who was last week found on the roof of



Latest addition to Ministry Staff. "WHAT'S THE TEA-TIME HERE?"
Cicerone. "USUAL—THREE TO FIVE-THIRTY."

Waterloo Station pleaded that he wanted to catch a glimpse of the 5.15 which he used to take before the crowds set in. *

With reference to the strike of school-children at Accrington, we understand that fears are entertained by the children of a settlement. *

It now appears that the wrong man has been executed for the assassination of the Hun dictator, VON EICHORN. It is expected, however, that the sentence will be allowed to stand as a warning to others. *

We understand that some explanation is forthcoming as to the earthquake recorded at Greenwich the other week. It seems that a Surrey allotment-holder pulled up a potato root

attached to three potatoes weighing altogether four pounds three ounces. *

Oatmeal gruel, says *The Daily News*, is often preferred to beer by farm-workers. A correspondent from New Cut would like to know who is the Hidden Hand spreading these scandals. *

Burglars last week broke into a West End jeweller's, making off with a box of matches and a thousand pounds' worth of jewellery. *

Since the overcrowding of the Tube trains a lady writes to say that her husband must have been mislaid in one of the carriages, or perhaps taken away by some other lady in mistake for her own husband. *

Count BERNSTORFF has presented his credentials to the SULTAN. The ceremony was followed, we are informed, by a brief but cordial conversation, during which the SULTAN and the new Ambassador exchanged international atrocities. *

A St. Helens man has been fined ten shillings for attempting to remove a can of condensed milk from the Isle of Man. The theory that he was taking it away as a memento of Sir T. HALL CAINE left the Bench cold. *

It is reported that the KAISER has threatened to degrade the CROWN PRINCE to a lower rank. "First loot" is of course the rank he is best qualified to hold. *

Experto Crede.

From a trade circular:—

"THE LORD BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS writes:—'I have found —'s Shaving Cream quite the best I have used. The — Soaps are also very good.'"

A Useful Hand.

From a magazine story:—

"With one hand she clutched the side of her chair, drank a mouthful, met his eyes for an infinitesimal second, gulped and looked quickly away."

"His [the enemy's] losses since March have been colossal. He has lost permanently killed, seriously wounded, and prisoners something in the neighbourhood of 600,000 since March."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

"Permanently" is good.

"The tails of the vast shoal of prisoners which have been passing through the collecting cages during the past ten days enables some interesting conclusions as to the modal to be drawn."—*Provincial Paper*.

The meaning is not quite clear, but we assume that the motto of the German prisoners was not "Sursum Caudæ."

DEMOCRACY ON ITS TRIAL.

[Showing how the behaviour of certain slackers and strikers appears to a soldier who belongs to the so-called "privileged classes," and has been reminded that he is fighting in order to "make the world safe for democracy."]

He chanced to come of ancient birth;
His fathers called the King their liege;
In open field they proved their worth;
Their legend ran, "*Noblesse oblige*;"
Like them he keeps his scutcheon fair,
Proud of the line his kin can trace,
But prouder still to be the heir
Of loyalty to land and race.

They did not nicely weigh the laws
That govern abstract right and wrong;
But, wrong or right, for England's cause
They went to battle with a song;
He too, for her—no question made—
Would give his body to the dust,
Yet is his faith more firmly stayed
Knowing at heart her cause is just.

Heavy on him, as on his peers,
The War has fallen; yet his pride,
Unenvious of the profiteers,
Makes light of fortune's ebbing tide;
Only at times he tends to chafe
A little when his weary eye
Pictures the goal—a world made safe
For democrats to occupy.

These future masters of the State—
He sees them loaf in shop and mine
When on their labour hangs the fate
Of England in the fighting line;
And wishes, while their ease they take
And life "out there" is deadly grim,
Democracy would try to make
The world a bit more safe for him.

He sees them strike for softer tasks,
And "If such things are done in War,
What will they do in Peace," he asks,
"The Peace that I am fighting for?"
Not less he fights—be sure of that—
For honour and, if God so please,
The chance that your true democrat
May be of better stuff than these.

O. S.

"The sardonx has not a very good reputation. Queen Elizabeth's ring, that she gave to the Earl of Essex, was a sardonx with her photo cut on it."—*Home Notes*.

Evoking from Essex the historic remark, "Is this a daguerreotype that I see before me?"

"Sr. Ricardo — was driving a herd of steers, when one of the animals attacked him, unhorsed him and gored him in the head, causing several injuries, including the loss of the Ministry of Finance."

Standard (Buenos Ayres).

If the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER should be thinking of spending his holidays on the land we hope he will be very careful.

PEACE TALK.

Just as I was getting off to sleep the signaller pokes his head into the bivvy.
"Officer wants you, Sergint."

I finds him sitting on a tipped-up ammunition-box throwing stones into the wadi below.

"Well, Sergeant," ses he, "an outbreak of peace seems threatened." That's rather a favourite joke of his, so I turns on my laugh—officers' jokes, for the use of—and waits. "In other words," he goes on, "here's a chit come round headed 'Demobilisation.' Please ensure that each man's trade and class is entered in his pay-book. Fall in the platoon in the fig-garden, where they'll be under cover."

So I falls them in and tells them to get out their pay-books and make up their minds what trade they belongs to, some of them not being very sure of it, never having had one. Just as I goes off to fetch the officer I hears Johnson (who used to be attached to Brigade H.Q. and knows a lot) saying something about going home first, but it didn't strike me as anything out of the way at the time.

Well, the officer comes along and gets to work at once.

"Any A's?—B's?"

Barnes and Berry steps out.

"What's your trade, Barnes?" he asks.

"Engineer, Sir."

"What sort?"

"Beg pardon, Sir?"

"General, electrical, marine?"

"Er—general engineer, Sir." But he didn't seem too sure about it.

"Berry?"

Berry has got ploughman written all over him. Red face, clumsy walk, huge hands, and a devil to work.

"What for you, Berry?"

"Eh, Sir?"

"What trade?"

"Plough—I mean engineer, Sir."

"General, electrical or marine?"

"Er, er—the last, Sir."

"Stop that laughing. Any more B's? C's? D's? Well, Devlin, what's your trade?"

"Soldier, Sir."

"Yes, yes, but what were you before you came out here?"

"Soldier, Sir."

"Yes, I know. But what I mean is, what were you before the War?"

"Soldier, Sir."

"What—can't you——" Then he spots the three good conduct stripes on Devlin's arm. "Oh, I see. Sorry, Devlin, but it's so rare to find a soldier in the army nowadays, you know."

Well, by the time we gets to the J's there'd been seven engineers, one

farm-labourer, a soldier and a tic-tac, which, as the officer remarked, wasn't a bad average of skilled trades for an agricultural district. There was some trouble about the tic-tac; the officer wanted to put him down as a riveter's mate, until Henderson tells him that his job was on the race-course and not in the shipping yards, and that he came in the same class as artists' models—which we found to be O.K.

"Any J's?"

Jeffries and Johnson steps out.

"Well, Jeffries?"

"Hengineer, Sir."

I gives a cough just to remind Jeffries, who comes from the same place as me, that I know what he really does do.

"Leastways not quite a hengineer, Sir. I drive a milk-cart, Sir."

"You're quite right, Jeffries; hardly an engineer. What do you think, Sergeant? Carter or dairyman? Johnson?"

"Engineer, Sir."

"What?"

"Engineer, Sir."

"What sort?"

"Just the ordinary sort, Sir."

"Do you remember what happened to ANANIAS and SAPHIRA? They lived quite close here."

"It's true, Sir; honest."

"Then how is it you went to Brigade Headquarters as a chef?"

Johnson goes a bit green, and in the end he was put down as a chef and got seven days' sanitary fatigues into the bargain. After that there weren't half the number of engineers, and the job gets finished in no time, and I goes back to my bivvy for forty winks.

When I wakes up there was the whole ruddy lot of engineers sitting on top of something which turns out to be Johnson.

"What the hell's up?" I asks Barnes as he came up for a breather.

"That——Johnson, he tells us that engineers is going to be the first class home. Well, we're all ploughmen or farm-hands, but we calls ourselves engineers, except Gibb, who says he was a farm-labourer, and Henderson, who called himself a tic-tac, and the officer puts the two down Class 1 and us Class 27."

With which Barnes turns round and goes for the only part of Johnson that wasn't getting attended to, which happened to be the top of his head.

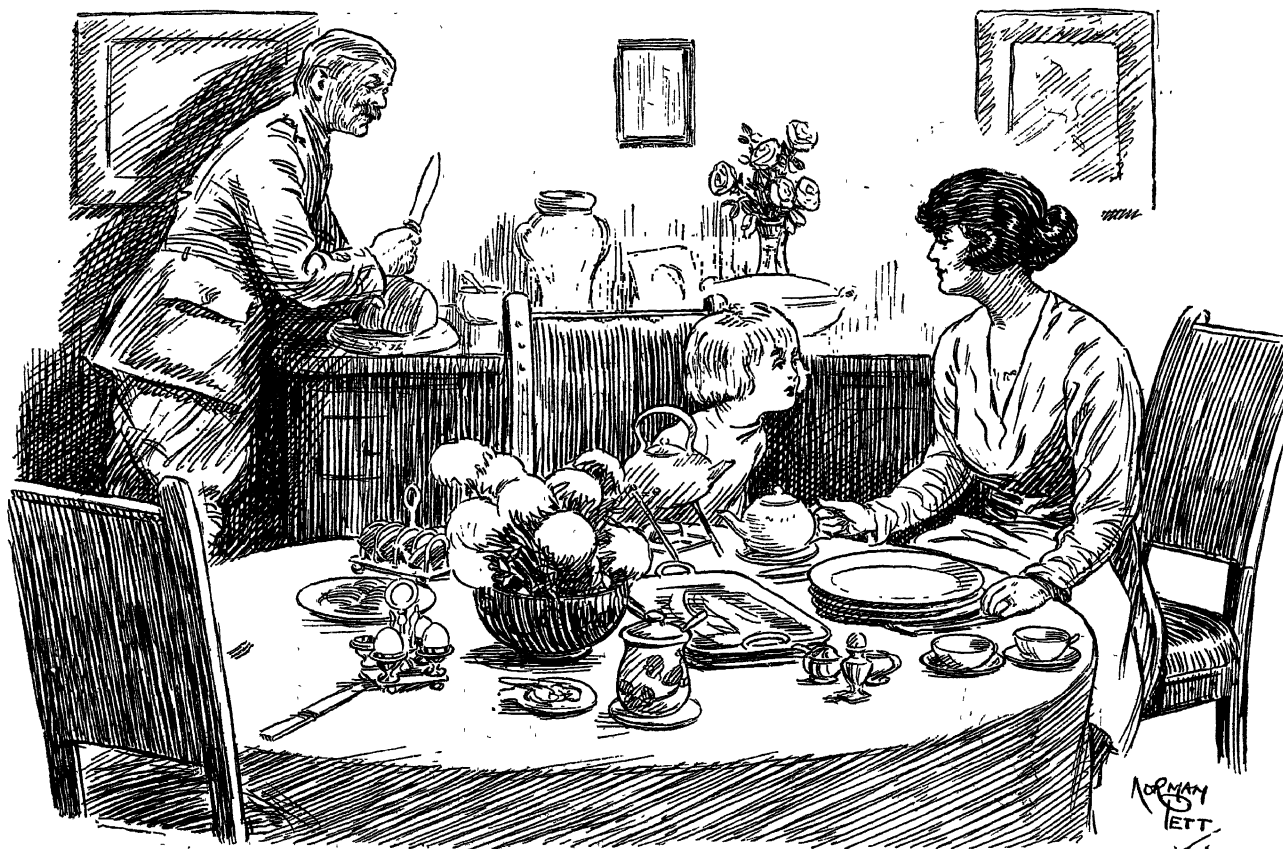
"Three bombs were dropped upon an ammunition train at Longuyon, and a direct hit obtained. The train contained 15,000 shells." *Sheffield Independent*.

We seem to have given it just one more. But then the little more and how much it is!



“ACCORDING TO PLAN.”

LITTLE WILLIE. “WELL, FATHER WANTED A WAR OF MOVEMENT, AND NOW HE'S GOT IT!”



Child (who has been made much of by father home on leave for first time for two years). "MUMMY DEAR, I LIKE THE MAN YOU CALL YOUR HUSBAND."

THE ALIEN QUESTION.

ABOUT three months ago the powers that try to be decided I could do my bit in the Great Stunt by living in a little cottage which formed the centre-piece of an old-word garden trimmed with roses and honeysuckle. I believe I am officially supposed to do other things besides live, but my category is such that this takes up most of my time.

Sweetheart and I lived an idyllic existence here; but now this has all come unstuck. The serpent, or a cousin of his, has walked into our Eden and blighted our young lives.

Behind Matchbox Castle, which was our country seat, there was a field of clover, and last month a gang of German prisoners came and cut it. I had suspicions in the morning that all was not A 1, to speak categorically, for my shoes had been moved from the place where I had paraded them overnight and had been badly bitten. Examination by the BERTILLOU methods failed to fix the teeth-marks on to any of the family when they came in to breakfast, and I was wondering who on earth could have done it, when

sweetheart shrieked in E in alt—"Ooh! There's a blackbeetle!"

It was even so, and he was just sparring for wind in the second round with the cat. In the end his superior defence won, and he planted himself down in front of the kitchen fire and started to wash himself. He was the advance guard of hordes of these fierce animals that have come to stay with us, driven from their home in the clover-field by the Hun attacks:

They have established a reign of terror that makes Russia look like a Sunday-school treat. One waited on the milk-boy and bit him so that he dropped the milk, and they thereupon lapped it up with great gusto. I could tell the guilty one by the fact that he'd got bits of trousers sticking round his whiskers. They read the morning paper before we get up, and if they don't agree with the leading articles they tear it up. I am almost afraid to have *The Daily Mail*; it makes them so peeved.

One of them walks about now with a large bump on his head that I caused with a coal-hammer when he pinched a chop representing a week's coupons. He's the biggest of all, and the ugliest. We call him Ludendorff, because he

orders the others about. I've an idea that if I can get him alone and murder him I shall shake their moral. I shot at him yesterday with a pistol, but the bullet bounced off and punctured a priceless tin of milk we've been keeping for the cat's birthday.

I bought some powder that the shopman told me was good for beetles, and it was good for them. They got fatter and fatter on it, and so bucked that they attacked my reserve stock of this poison and had a vile orgy.

The gardener gave me specifications of a wonderful trap for them. I got a big basin and filled it with beer, then put little planks up the side so that they could get in. The idea is that they crawl up, and when they are on top they get giddy and fall in. Sweetheart wanted to grease the planks and tie a leg of mutton at the end, such as she'd seen at some aquatic sports, but we haven't enough coupons.

Nothing happened in spite of a notice I put up saying, "Beer to-day," except that the beer got rather above itself, owing to the hot weather, and I had to put another shilling's-worth in.

The next morning everything was in disorder. They had tipped up the bowl,



Volunteer harvester, late window-dresser (having had difficulties in arranging corn-sheaves). "I SAY, WOULD YOU MIND LENDING ME ONE OF YOUR MODELS? I CAN'T QUITE GET THE RIGHT POSE WITH MINE."

drunk the beer, and were rolling about the place arm-in-arm, spoiling for trouble. I hope they all had fearful headaches.

I've written and told the War Office about it, but they take no notice. It doesn't seem as though any of them will be called up or die of influenza. Meanwhile they have settled in the larder, and we have to fight them for everything we want to get out. We're getting weaker while they get stronger. Some day they'll be able to "bunk each other up," and come upstairs after us, and then we shall be devoured. There isn't much meat on me, and I'm taking large doses of arsenic, so as to disagree with them.

An Irish Romance.

"MATRIMONY.—Young man of good appearance, with means, requires female, respectable (partner, 26, R.O.) with milk and butter business, or capital, view to above; genuine replies; confidential."—*Cork Constitution*.

"Required, for a scientific society, a well-educated lady, as shorthand-typist. None accustomed to Government offices need apply, as the rest of the staff stay till the work is done, and only persons who think more of the work than of hours will be considered."

Daily Telegraph.

Aren't they sarcastic?

AUNTIE'S OATH.

AFTER many attempts and as many misgivings—perhaps indeed one more misgiving than attempt—Auntie obtained an appointment as an authorised helper of the American Red Cross in France, and was at last sufficiently furnished with the necessities of that calling to be ready to leave.

If you knew Auntie you would understand what her friends have been through these last few weeks; but as you are so unfortunate as not to know the sweetest and gentlest creature on earth, and the most utterly lacking in any capacity for furthering her own interests, fighting for her own hand, feathering her own nest or performing any of the other myriad self-protective acts—although tireless in her efforts for others' advancement and happiness and comfort—let me say that she is very small and fragile-looking, very liable to mistrust in herself, and so diffident and so unwilling to give trouble, that for a ruder spirit to go shopping with her, for example, is to suffer positive agony. Not the kind of helper needed in a war hospital, you might think; but there you would be wrong, for Auntie can be a lion of strength where duty is.

Anyway the day arrived when the

ordeal of the passport office was to be endured, and I went with her to be of what assistance I could and prevent any final and irrevocable panic.

The ritual included, in addition to the usual signatures, a solemn declaration of acquiescence in a number of regulations drawn up for the guidance of all American Red Cross assistants. Auntie began to read it tremblingly; to the timid feminine eye so terribly formal was it and so threatening. Nothing was said about shooting at dawn, but obviously nothing less than that would be the destiny of any defaulter.

"But, my dear," she said, "supposing that one involuntarily did something wrong—something that would 'give information to the enemy'? How dreadful that would be! It would undo all that I am wanting to do."

I reassured her, but she read on in trepidation. And then suddenly she brightened.

"I must, of course," she said, "do my best; but, at any rate, I can put my name to this one with perfect confidence. I know I shall never transgress here, consciously or unconsciously," and she pointed to the sixth clause on the paper:—

"6. In no circumstances will I deliver a political or electioneering speech to the troops."

THE OLD STORY—NEW STYLE.

EXTRACTS from file started by Lieut. R. Gorget, Dept. X.Z. 6, War Office, following act of chivalry in crowded tube train, 5.8.18:—

I.

Miss D. Remington-Pitman, Dept. J.K. 3c, War Office.

Reference telephone conversation. The performance commences at 7.30. 6.8.18. R. GORGET, Lt.

II.

Lieut. R. Gorget.

Noted, thank you.

6.8.18. D. R.-PITMAN.

(Minutes III.—x. will be extracted on application.)

XI.

Miss D. R.-Pitman.

Further conversation in taximeter cab. Have you any objection?

8.9.18. R. GORGET, Lt.

XII.

Lieut. Gorget.

None. Please inform Brig.-Gen. J. Remington-Pitman, C.B., Waste Paper Directorate, Room 003. (Authority: Register of Births, Parish of Puddling-cum-Marsh. Entry dated 7.11.1898.)

8.9.18. D. R.-PITMAN.

XIII.

Brig.-Gen. J. R.-Pitman, C.B.

For information and consent, please. 8.9.18. R. GORGET, Lt.

XIV.

Messrs. Box and Co.

Have you any remarks?

10.9.18. J. R.-PITMAN, Brig.-Gen.

XV.

Gen. J. R.-Pitman, C.B.

Re-submit 1st prox.

12.9.18. A. B., for BOX AND CO.

XVI.

Miss D. R.-Pitman.

See and return. Is it to be understood that Minute XIII. is fully approved?

12.9.18. J. R.-P.

XVII.

Brig.-Gen. J. R.-Pitman, C.B.

Seen. It is feared that Minutes III.—x. have escaped your attention.

12.9.18. D. R.-P.

XVIII.

Box and Co.

Returned in accordance with xv.

1.10.18. J. R.-PITMAN, Brig.-Gen.

XIX.

Gen. J. R.-Pitman, C.B.

£3 7s. 4d.

2.10.8. C. D., for BOX AND CO.

XX.

Lieut. R. Gorget.

Minutes XIII. and XIX. Consent is withheld.

3.10.18. J. R.-Pitman, Brig.-Gen.

(Minutes XXI.—XXIII.)

XXIV.

Lieut. R. Gorget.

This is the last time.

28.10.18. J. PARTIFUND GORGET, Kt.

XXV.

Box and Co.

Passed for immediate action, please.

29.10.18. R. GORGET, Lt.

XXVI.

Gen. J. R.-Pitman, C.B.

£1,001 7s. 4d.

29.10.18. A. B., for BOX AND CO.

(Minutes XXVII.—XXXV.: *The Times*, Goldsmiths, Silversmiths, etc.)

XXXVI.

Canon Hymen, *The Vicarage, Puddling-cum-Marsh*.

Two o'clock is preferred; *with choir*.

1.4.19. D. R.-PITMAN.

(Minutes XXXVII.—LIX.)

LX.

Messrs. Benger.

Samples approved. May two large-size tins be sent, please?

5.2.20. (Mrs.) D. GORGET.

(*Et seq.*)

RHYMES FOR THE SILLY SEASON.

THERE was a young man of Moose Jaw
Who wanted to meet BERNARD SHAW;

When they questioned him Why?

He made no reply

But sharpened his circular saw.

There was a young wag at the War
Who wrote to the precious TAGORE:

"I greatly admire

Your ecstatic lyre,

But I relish JOHN OXENHAM more."

An eccentric C.O. of West Ham
Who was pained by the shortage of jam

Heard that armies and fleets

Had abundance of sweets,

So he went to the Front like a lamb.

There was an old man of Dunphail
Who possessed a political snail;

It retired to its shell

When you spoke of Lord L.,

But emerged when you mentioned *The Mail*.

"Ford Car, 1912, 4-seater. Value Rs. 500.
Price, Rs. 1,600. No offers."

Statesman (Calcutta.)

We are not surprised.

SULTANAS.

"It is very strange," said Mr. Brown on the way home, "very strange indeed that the Robinsons should manage so much better than we do."

"You may as well say than I do," answered Mrs. Brown. "That's what you mean."

"Anyone would have imagined there was no war," he persisted. "I never enjoyed a dinner more in my life."

"What I should like to know," said Mrs. Brown bitterly, "is where Mrs. Robinson got those sultanas. When I asked the girl at the stores for some yesterday she was quite rude."

"Well, you had better find out," said Mr. Brown; and this at the earliest opportunity Mrs. Brown proceeded to do. It was tantalizing to learn that Mrs. Robinson had purchased the sultanas at the identical stores where her own vain attempt had been made.

The grocery department was thronged the following morning and the girls behind the counters (pretty girls, some of them) were having a rather busy time. At last, however, Mrs. Brown succeeded in making her way to one of them (the prettiest) and, putting on her most ingratiating smile, said that she wanted some sultanas.

"No dried fruit of any kind," answered the girl with her head in the air.

"But I know a lady who bought some here—"

"No dried fruit of any kind this morning," said the girl, and as Mrs. Brown turned disconsolately away she saw Mrs. Robinson enter the grocery department. But not alone. By her side was a remarkably good-looking Second-Lieutenant with his left arm in a sling. As Mrs. Brown advanced to open her heart he detached himself from his companion, making his way alone to the counter.

"How very annoying," said Mrs. Robinson, in the midst of Mrs. Brown's lamentations, but she did not appear to be listening very attentively, her eyes being fixed on the back of the good-looking Second-Lieutenant, who was addressing himself to the prettiest girl. Mrs. Brown could overhear every word quite distinctly.

"Good morning," he said with a smile; "what about some sultanas?"

"How many would you like?" she answered with gladness in her eye; and Mrs. Brown turned to glare into Mrs. Robinson's triumphant face.

"And not five minutes before," she remarked to her husband the same evening, "that wicked girl told me there was no dried fruit of any kind. I call it perfectly diabolical."

"No," said Mr. Brown, "only human."



Sergeant. "OFF AGAIN, ARE YOU? YOU SHOULDN'T 'AVE NO 'ORSE. WHAT YOU WANT IS A CART WITH A FIG-NET OVER THE TOP OF YOU."

CHATTER ABOUT WILHELM.

THE enterprise of *The Times* in securing the reminiscences of the KAISER'S American dentist (or gum-architect, as he is called in his native land) is to be subject to the usual sincere flattery, and several other daily papers are negotiating for similar articles. The late American AMBASSADOR in Berlin having set the example, it is considered that any divulgence of private matters is permissible, and an absorbing series of revelations may be expected shortly.

It has not yet been decided whether, when they reach book form, to call the *Times* disclosures "Incidental Talks" or "Accidental Conversations." "Ivory and Pearl" has been suggested, but is thought to err on the poetical side.

It may not be generally known that the KAISER for many years employed an American barber—not for his hair, which was cut by a taciturn native, but for his moustache. This gentleman, whose services are of course no longer required, is now at home again and is busy with his reminiscences of his august client, who now and then, while the operator was at work, spoke his mind with an easy freedom which

he will probably have cause to regret. An American chiropodist who once attended the KAISER is also engaged in recording some very valuable recollections of the EMPEROR, to be published under the title "Imperial Footnotes;" the American College of Pedicure, of which he is an honoured member, having formally released him from his professional oath of secrecy. Editors are vying with each other for the right to publish both these manuscripts. And there are others.

Many publishers have, we are told, competed for the privilege of issuing the gum-architect's work in book form. It is rumoured that the House of DENT has secured it.

Plans for the filming of the dentist's narrative, both as entertainment and propaganda, are in active preparation, and some such success is hoped for it as attended Mr. GERARD'S famous work. No one who has not seen the EX-AMBASSADOR'S story as it is thrown upon the screen can have any idea of the Teutonic verisimilitude which can be obtained by an ingenious producer in a trans-Atlantic studio. For all practical purposes it is Berlin itself. No doubt the molar narrative will

receive equally careful treatment, and additional interest will be given by the spectacle of the KAISER in the chair, beneath the forceps or the drill. The only fear is that the presentment of him in such a situation may excite compassion here or there in some misguided breast. Pity is not a feeling to be encouraged with regard to the KAISER, but if ever one experienced it it would be when watching him at the gum-architect's mercy and knowing that he was to be served up on toast in print afterwards.

Meanwhile we understand that the KAISER has stated in no ambiguous terms that if after the War any Americans are to be given access to him, from ambassadors downwards, they must be able neither to read nor write.

Professional Candour.

A medical certificate: "This is to certify that Private ——— stayed beyond his leave because of his child's illness. I am responsible for it. ———, Surgeon."

"WANTED.—Home employment, needle-work, writing, etc., or would attend at ladies' house ten days weekly for light duties."

Local Paper.

This is even better than daylight saving.



Gretel. "HAVE YOU EVER CONTEMPLATED WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO US ALL SHOULD THE ENEMY TRIUMPH?"
 Hansel. "DON'T, GRETEL—DON'T! FANCY BEING FORCED TO PLAY CRICKET!"

TO "Q."

(A familiar Epistle, after reading his "Studies in Literature.")

DEAR "Q."—Third of the "Q.'s" and vastly better
 Than both your predecessors in that letter—

"Old Q." of Piccadilly, famous blighter,
 And "Q." (Purnell), that strange erratic writer—

It seems but yesterday when *Dead Man's Rock*

Gave me a new and petrifying shock.
 Next, if my memory is not growing weaker;

I mind me of your *causeries* in *The Speaker*,

Which, mixing seriousness with whim and caper,

Leavened the stodge of that most ponderous paper;

And there were poems, too, hilarious lays,

The product of your jocund salad days.

Then, quitting London for your wind-swept "Troy,"

For many years you ministered to our joy

With Cornish tales, wherein the gay recital

Was always equal to the happy title,
 Led us on many a fine romantic romp
 And gathered poems for your *Golden Pomp*.

And showed, by your completion of *St. Ives*,
 How much of STEVENSON in you survives.

Now knighted, middle-aged, yet fresh in mind

And far from professorially inclined,
 You lecture undergraduates on the Cam
 Less in the style of HAZLITT than of LAMB;

Adroit in shooting folly as it flies,
 Yet loving more to praise than criticize;

Loth to impose your likings on the young

When England's youth has soared to heights unsung;

Yet falling like a waggon-load of bricks
 On journalistic jargon and its tricks,

And breathing fire and fury quite mephitic

Against the heavy-beeled Teutonic critic.

But, whether militant and pugilistic,
 Or dealing gently with some errant mystic,

Or hinting novel imitative modes
 To catch the magic of Horatian Odes,
 Or pointing out the beauty and the pith

And harsh obscurity of MEREDITH,
 Testing the flaws in HARDY's pitiless creed,

Weighing the gold and dross in brave CHARLES READE—

Whatever be your topic or your mood
 We find you generous, alert and shrewd;
 A scholar with a gift for high *bravura*,
 A knight who never carries *atra cura*.

The Irony of Fate.

"Fifteen thousand dollars' damage was caused by fire at the Ottawa Fireproof Supply Company."—*Canadian Paper*.

Col. Sir H. M. JESSEL, M.P., on the Aliens question:—

"The country has had enough of the kid-glove treatment, and every effort should be made to get rid of the Hidden Hand without delay."—*Daily Paper*.

Obviously the best way to expose the Hidden Hand is to take its gloves off.



A CASE FOR DEFERMENT.

MR. PUNCH. "WHO'S THE OLD DUG-OUT?"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "THAT'S MY FRIEND, GENERAL ELECTION. I WAS WONDERING WHETHER I COULDN'T GIVE HIM A JOB."

MR. PUNCH. "WELL, I HOPE YOU WON'T—NOT WHILE THIS WAR'S ON."



Sammy. "SAY, MARM, CAN I HAVE A LOOK AT THE MAIL?" Y.M.C.A. Helper. "WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?"
 Sammy. "WELL, I'VE POSTED A LETTER TO MY GIRL AND ADDRESSED IT TO THE OTHER ONE."

CRICKET IN FRANCE.

I USED rather to pride myself on my gifts as a batsman. Admiring friends would tell me that my cutting and glancing were a dream to watch and that they never saw a man less ruffled and nervous when approaching the coveted century.

But I doubt if I shall ever swing the willow again. My nerve is so shaken after the other day's Inter-Company match that I can scarcely sleep at night, and the sight of cricket gear makes me shiver all over.

We were just far enough behind the line to risk a game, though on a clear day we could see the Hun balloon peeping at us over the ridge. But it was no fear of Fritz which made me what I now am.

Of course I captained my Company's team, and, winning the toss, at once elected to bat. Private Bloggins and I walked to the wickets amid general applause, telling each other confidentially that we hadn't touched a bat for years, and that really it would be small wonder if we failed to do justice to our reputations.

The third ball hit me hard on the ankle and, trickling on to the stumps, just dislodged one of the balls. I sat down the better to nurse my injured

limb; but our opponents, though very sympathetic, would not overlook the incident of the bail, and, after a last appealing look towards the umpire, I slowly hobbled off the field. This, however, was but a light affliction compared with what was to come.

We made rather a poor show on the whole in spite of a fine hit for sixteen by Private Smith. On this occasion the ball got firmly wedged in a neighbouring water-cart and half the team was ultimately required to effect its release.

Our total, however, was substantial enough to give us a sporting chance of victory and I led my team out to field, resolved to use all my strategy to keep the runs down and demoralize the enemy. Little did I dream how successful I was to be.

Corporal Bouncer was to commence the attack for us—Bouncer, who had stood by my side in many a hot corner and loved me like a brother; Bouncer, who on this unhappy day was to drag my honour in the dust.

Two batsmen retired hurt in the first over. I looked anxiously at Bouncer, but he would not meet my gaze.

The next batsman arrived well sand-bagged about the vulnerable parts of his anatomy. He at once received a snorter on the elbow, and the man who

followed in took a long hop on the fifth rib. Both left the wickets in anguish. The crowd began to get uncomplimentary and the O.C. Company walked over to me and said, "Excuse my mentioning it, old chap, but don't you think your man is a bit too dangerous for this wicket?"

"I quite agree," I said; "but this is only his second over, and I can't take him off till he finishes it."

"Well, for heaven's sake, tell him to be careful; my C.S.M. is on his way to hospital and the R.A.P. is becoming hopelessly congested with casualties."

"Bouncer," I said, "be gentle; these fellows aren't really up to your standard."

But Bouncer was seeing red, and I knew he would take a lot of restraining.

"Very good, Sir," he replied; "but I'm not arsking 'em to put their carcasses in the way, Sir, and yer can't change a 9-2 into a 'flying pig' at a moment's notice."

I felt it was useless to say more.

Private Podgers was the next arrival. He took his guard a yard in front of the crease and set about to retrieve the waning fortunes of his side. But, alas! he only caught the blow at a higher speed, and while he was fairly hopping round himself the wicket-keeper had him smartly stumped. By this time

there were stretcher-bearers present, and a party of them rushed on to the field and solemnly removed the injured Podgers. The band, which hitherto had been making a cheerful noise, now commenced the well-known selection from HANDEL'S "Saul."

I knew there would be trouble, and I saw the C.O. come down from the grand stand.

He walked straight up to me and said, "You must really take that man off. Let him finish the over; but if harm comes I shall hold you directly responsible."

"Bouncer," I said, "ease off; send down the tamest ball you can think of; imagine it's your little sister at the other end."

In came the Company cook, his head just appearing over the top of a well-padded tunic, wearing his box-respirator at the "alert." I prayed forlornly for his safety.

The fifth ball was well out of his reach and he was only too glad to leave it alone. The sixth was a very slow full toss just outside the leg stump. The poor man was so terrified when he saw the ball approaching him that in trying to run away he caught his foot in the crease tape and literally staggered head-first into it. Unhappily he had omitted to don his steel helmet and he fell like a log. A Red-Cross scene followed, and I saw the C.O. get up and leave the ground. Simultaneously the band played the National Anthem—determined, it seemed, to secure at least a short respite from the prevailing frightfulness.

But with victory so close we were not to be balked or put off, though we at once stood smartly to attention.

The remaining wickets fell in a few overs, without the assistance of Bouncer, and we allowed a full five minutes for the "retired hurts." But they were most of them well on their way to Blighty, and we had won with sixty runs to spare.

There was no outburst of cheering as we left the field, and it grieved me to see how unpopular I had become. My head swam with the thought of the suffering I had been instrumental in causing, and I at once sought the solace of my bed. Next morning my temperature was well over 102 degrees, my brain reeling and my nerve quite gone. I am now slowly recovering in the same hospital as my poor victims.

"ROYAL CALCUTTA GOLF CLUB.

An electric competition will be held over the R.C.G.C. Links, Tollygunge."

Statesman (Calcutta).

Trying to galvanize the old game into life again?



A "SCOTCH" LAMENT.

"O WHAUR AND O WHAUR IS MA HIELAND DRAPPIE GONE?"

[It is reported that all stocks of Scotch Whisky have been cleared and no further supply will be released before October 1st.]

FAIRIES IN THE MALVERNS.

As I walked over Hollybush Hill
The sun was low and the winds were still,

And never a whispering branch I heard
Nor ever the tiniest call of a bird.

And when I came to the topmost height

Oh, but I saw such a wonderful sight,
All about on the hill-crest there
The fairies danced in the golden air.

Danced and frolicked with never a sound

In and out in a magical round;
Wide and wider the circle grew
Then suddenly melted into the blue.

* * * * *

As I walked down into Eastnor Vale
The stars already were twinkling pale,
And over the spaces of dew-white grass
I saw a marvellous pageant pass.

Tiny riders on tiny steeds
Decked with blossoms and armed with reeds,

With gossamer banners floating far
And a radiant queen in an ivory car.

The beeches spread their petticoats wide
And curtsied low upon either side;
The rabbits scurried across the glade
To peep at the glittering cavalcade.

Far and farther I saw them go
And vanish into the woods below;
Then over the shadowy woodland ways
I wandered home in a sweet amaze.

* * * * *

But Malvern people need fear no ill
Since fairies bide in their country still.
R. F.

A Stayer.

"Wanted immediately, for few weeks, by lady teacher, residence with French family or native teacher in or near Dublin, with view to continual conversation."—*Irish Times.*

THE WAGES OF WILD OATS.

(A tale of Spanish South America, written under the influence of the recent epidemic.)

THE hot rays of the Spanish South American sun were pouring down upon the figure of a man bowed with inward conflict. This figure belonged to Don Miguelo Hunyadi los Armadillos; he was in fact rather proud of it. While yet in the prime of life Don Miguelo had had the misfortune to disagree with the *santiago* or health-inspector of his native town, and in a moment of passion had stabbed him to the *velasquez* with his *picador*.

Instant *quito* was necessary, and, hearing with him his infant daughter, Pepita, Don Miguel fled to Spanish South America, where, under the trademark "*Flor di Cabbagio*," he set up in business as an exporter of cigars. As his gaze wandered over his extensive plantations, vista upon vista of cabbage-fields met his eye, yet they brought his spirit no comfort. A letter bearing the Lisbon postmark lay before him, and a good way beneath its Spanish South American bronze Don Miguel's cheek was deathly pale.

The door opened softly and Pepita entered. She was surpassingly lovely. Her hair hung in clustering *guerrillas* about her head, and was bound by a single *banderillero*. Poor child, though she could speak fluently, she had been deaf from birth, and was accustomed in conversation with her father to read his answers from his lips.

Swiftly and emphatically Don Miguel was speaking. "*Caramba!*" he muttered; "*Gloriana! Sancho Panza! Ohé!*" and then more fiercely, "*Cas-pita! O. Sole-Mio!*" Realising that he was drifting imperceptibly into Italian he recovered himself by a magnificent effort and began at "*Caramba*" again.

"What has vexed you?" inquired Pepita.

"My child," said her father dismally, while over his brow crept an expression of settled *sombrero*, "we are ruined. The cigar, the famous *Flor di Cabbagio*, has failed. Worse, it has involved me in serious liabilities. My agent in Lisbon writes that last month a stranger bought one of our best. He smoked it. Who can guard against the unforeseen? Now the widow demands a pension for herself and twelve children. Ruin!"

Pepita smiled. Once, while still an *infanta* idly rocking in her *barcelona*, she had seen her father's Lisbon agent, and had loved him secretly ever since with the impulsive fervour of her Southern temperament.

"It's Rio de Janeiro," said Don Miguel testily. "There's nothing to laugh at, I can tell you."

"*Gitano*," retorted his daughter. "There is a profession as yet unexploited in this town, one in which you, Papa, as this incident suggests, would stand unrivalled."

"It is—?"

"It is that, my father, of the Professional Assassin."

Don Miguel started. "You are right!" he exclaimed. "How often have I felt the need of a local branch myself. With my stock of *Cabbagios* in hand we shall attract all the custom of the town.



"HOW DID YOU GET YOUR PACKET, MATE?"
"LEARNIN' BASEBALL OFF THE YANKS."

Come, we will send a prospectus to Señor Ciudad Rodrigo y Bañanos. He alone should establish my practice."

Pepita smiled to herself. Once she had met that sinister and ambitious politician returning late from his *caballero*, and had loved him ever since with all the romantic ardour of her tropical disposition.

At breakfast next morning Señor y Bañanos drew from its envelope a tasteful circular, worded as follows:—

"CAN YOU STAND YOUR RELATIONS? Of course not. Then send for Don Miguel los Armadillos, *La Tierra del Fuego*—'The Terror of the Fugitive.' 'Relatives promptly despatched. (Uncles a specialty.)

"Families wiped out at reduced terms.

"Send for our free illustrated booklet, which will be posted to you direct in a plain wrapper.

"Our Motto: '*Auto-da-fé*'—'Alone I did it.'"

Señor y Bañanos read the circular

through twice, marked one passage in red ink, and slipped it within the pocket of his waterproof *escapado*.

* * * * *
Each of these stars represents the lapse of one month.

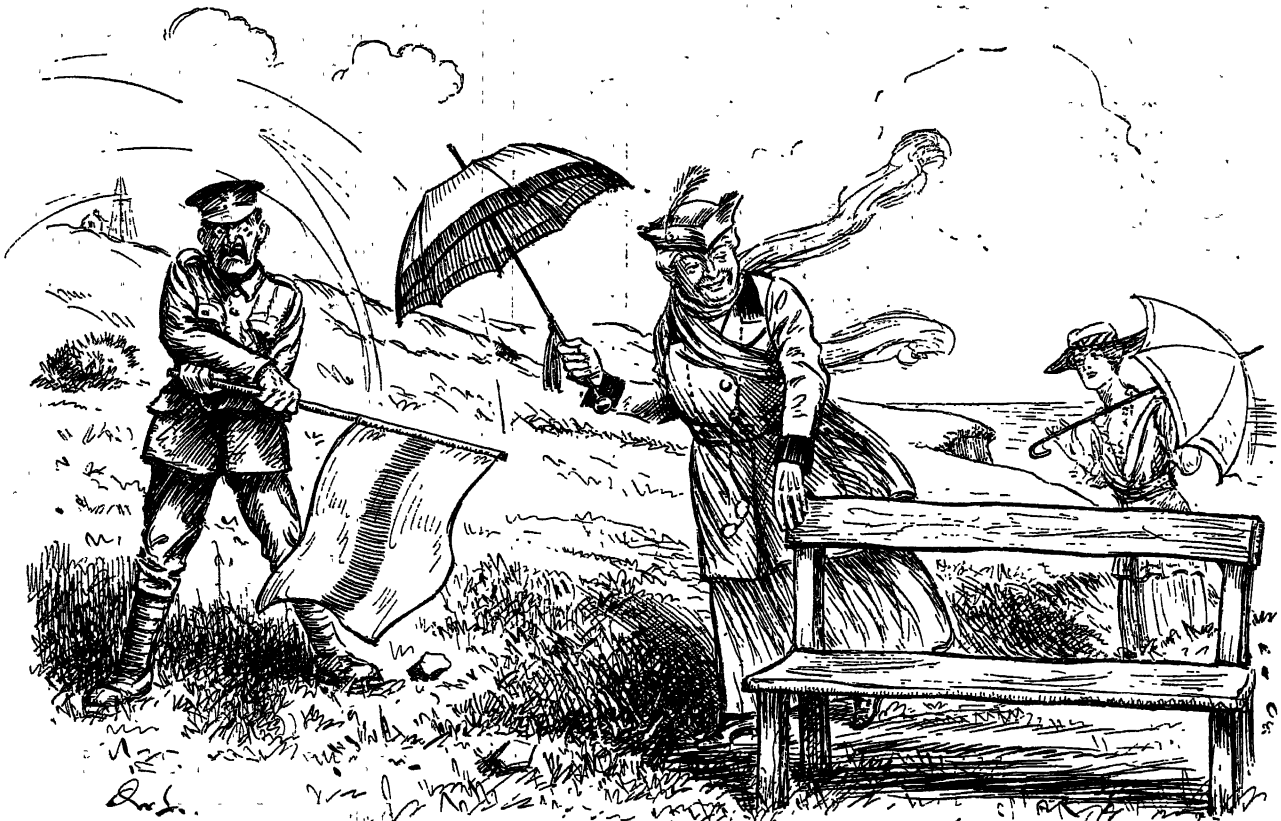
Pepita lay back luxuriously in her red velvet *siesta* at the cinema. Only that morning the new Governor had arrived, the previous one having died mysteriously about the middle of the fifth star. Already the Management were exhibiting pictures of the procession of welcome. Pepita's father had mingled with the crowd, but she had only caught a passing glimpse of it from her window. Nevertheless in that instant she had seen and loved the young Governor with all the—yes, every bit that was left. This is the last time.

But what was this familiar figure which, detaching itself from the mob of youths and *eldorados*, advanced to the front of the film with such regal disregard for the proportions of its proboscis? Distorted as were its lineaments by undue proximity to the lens, Pepita recognised them with a thrill. That head adorned with the broad-brimmed *piazza*, that belt fastened by the patent *cachuca*, and the graceful lines of the striped *lepanitos*—all proclaimed him none other than her father, whom she had seen frequently and had secretly rather disliked all the time.

He was speaking earnestly to his companion, none other than Señor y Bañanos, and Pepita recalled a rumour that the Señor had not been averse from an offer of the Governorship for himself. The deaf girl ceased to take an interest in the backs of the crowd on the screen, and from sheer force of habit began to read what the two figures on the film were whispering to each other.

"At ten, then," said Señor y Bañanos, in level accents (he only used the curly ones on his visiting-cards), "I will send the disguise to your house. The Governor will never suspect that you are not the American Ambassador or dare to risk a diplomatic breach by refusing any courtesy you offer. Come, my friend! *Venezuela!* One *Flor di Cabbagio* and the Governorship is vacant. I shall not forget."

The conspirators slid off the screen, and their place was taken by a study of the native *seguidilla* feeding a nest of young with worms from its *peccadillo*; but Pepita was blind to its educational attraction. Her heart beat a wild *sierra* as she sprang from her *peseta* and



"COME ALONG, EMILY. AT LAST WE GET A MOST BEAUTIFUL BREEZE HERE ON THE TOP OF THE CLIFF."

rushed from the building. With the speed of a young *hidalgo* she ran to the Governor's palace. The hour-hand pointed to ten o'clock; already her father would be at his deadly work, sheltered under the disguise of the American Ambassador. Down the echoing *corredors* she sped to the Governor's private room and burst within.

Don Miguel, bearing across his chest the stars and stripes of the United States and on his chin a false goatee, was standing before the fireplace, leaning carelessly against the *mantilla*. Opposite him, in an armchair, lay his victim, his face already sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, his eyes glazing. From his lips protruded one of the deadly *Flor di Cabbagios*.

With a cry Pepita flung herself upon it and dashed it to the ground. Opening the window she allowed cool draughts of *buenos aires* to flow into the vitiated atmosphere. Then and not till then did she turn to the stupefied policemen who had run up at the *doubloon* and stood wiping their feet on the *matador*, and with a single gesture pointed to the would-be murderer, her father.

But Don Miguel had recovered from his surprise, and before they could divine his intention he clapped his

hand to his pocket. The firelight glinted on ice-cold metal; there was a splutter, a blinding flash, and when the smoke cleared away he stood before them with the last and deadliest of the *Flor di Cabbagios* pressed between his ashen lips. On the floor lay his cigar-case; it lay quite still, without a *guadalquivir*. A moment he stood, thus, sublime in defeat, and then slowly reeled forward and fell dead into the outstretched *armadas* of the chief *constabulero*.

And Pepita? What, you ask, became of her? Ah, reader, have you forgotten the young Governor? Can you not guess? Yes, I thought you could. As soon as he recovered he introduced her to his wife; nay, more, in reward for her heroism Pepita was appointed Censor of all cinemas throughout the Republic on the spot. For, as the Governor remarked in the words of the native proverb, "He gives twice who gives quickly"; "*Veces don quien don quixote*."

Sir Boyle Roche at the Front.

From a war-correspondent's despatch:—

"We are now talking about the possible intentions of a foe, who is apparently at present combing out everything in order to buttress the rising tide."

The Vicious Circle.

It is reported that the rise of salary demanded by the Munition-workers is to meet the new Luxury Tax, which will fall so heavily upon some of them.

"Newport will offer President Wilson the freedom of the borough along with the Premier next October."—*Daily Chronicle*.

But has Newport any right to give away Mr. LLOYD GEORGE even to the PRESIDENT?

Extract from a private letter:—

"I had the misfortune to lose my Ration Book last Saturday and have been all to-day racing about to try and find it, but now have got another, but had to sign a paper before a Commissioner of Oats."

One never seems to get to the end of the varied titles and functions of the officials of our Food Department.

The Mixed Motive.

"Sentence was postponed at London Sessions to-day on Jack Berman, 25, an upholsterer, who pleaded guilty to stealing a pocket-book containing eighteen £1 Treasury notes, in order that he might escape the Army."

Evening News.

"Sentence was postponed at London Sessions to-day on Jack Berman (25), upholsterer, who pleaded guilty to stealing a pocket-book containing eighteen £1 Treasury notes, in order that he might rejoin the Army."

Evening Standard.

THE SORROWS OF CHESTERTON.

(On reading certain recent articles by a well-known Military Expert.)

THE strong terrific stars forsook high heaven;
Honour looked beastly as a broker's sword;
White athwart guilty skies the scornful levin
Bolted, and I said suddenly, "Good Lord!"

I could have read obscurer things more plainly
And said more men were liars in less haste;
I am grown old, and possibly ungainly,
And bitter beer is bitter to my taste.

I shall put all my money in Marconis
And bribe some Jew to punch a Christian's head;
MOREL and EUSTACE MILES shall be my cronies,
And I'll turn Mormon—after what I've read.

Ruminants, chewing more than they have bitten,
Roll the soft cud of cocoa more and more;
The creed is crabbed; the hands that smote are smitten;
And frigid are the guns of Thermidor.

The gods are jealous of our pleasant vices
(And paradox is easy to abuse);
Wild sansculottes shall sup on strawberry ices;
BELLOC's been writing for "The Daily News"!

W. B.

TAKEN ABACK.

I HAD often wondered whether, if some really important event came upon me quite suddenly, I should be able to face it with that entire appropriateness of speech and action which its nature deserved. Various minor incidents, by which I have been surprised have proved me singularly unready, though apt enough in the display of *esprit d'escalier*. But last week I failed miserably in a test of the first magnitude.

The day was one of scorching heat and we had appointed for it a short walk with an interlude of tea at a rustic house of refreshment not too far away for comfort. The walk took place without any hitch. We had sent forward an advance-guard of the juveniles to secure for us the good room of the inn, and there we waited while a substantial tea was preparing for us. In due course the tea-pot and the rest of the paraphernalia for eight appeared and were promptly fallen upon. Ample justice was done to everything, for everything was served with neatness and despatch, and the crockery, emblazoned with views of Portsmouth and NELSON'S *Victory*, was particularly attractive, until suddenly one of the children, who had been inspecting his cup, said in a voice of horror: "It's made in Germany. Look! It says so on the bottom of the cup."

There, sure enough, were the tell-tale words which proved that the proprietor of the inn had at one time, possibly through the medium of an itinerant salesman, had commercial intercourse with the enemies of mankind. The dreadful revelation was there to prove it and the fact could not be gainsaid. What ought we to have done under these distressing circumstances? The classical instance was of course that of Lord BERESFORD, who, at some luncheon or dinner given at a London restaurant, discovered that he himself and the company generally had been served on plates thus terribly marked. Acting on a sudden and patriotic impulse, and undeterred by the fact that reporters were not present, he lifted his plate and dashed it to pieces on the floor beneath the noses of the astonished waiters. That, I suppose, is what I too ought to have done, but at the moment it did not occur to me, and, to my eternal disgrace, I left the cups alive. Looking back upon it now, I can see that this

solemn smashing of cups and saucers would have taught the proprietor a much-needed lesson, and would have afforded great amusement to the boys of our party. All I did, however, was to pay the bill and depart as I came.

To those who may now be tempted to visit the place and inflict proper punishment I can only say that the maid who served us had a pleasant smile, and that the proprietor of the inn is a big man with plenty of muscle in his make-up.

THE TALE OF A TUNE.

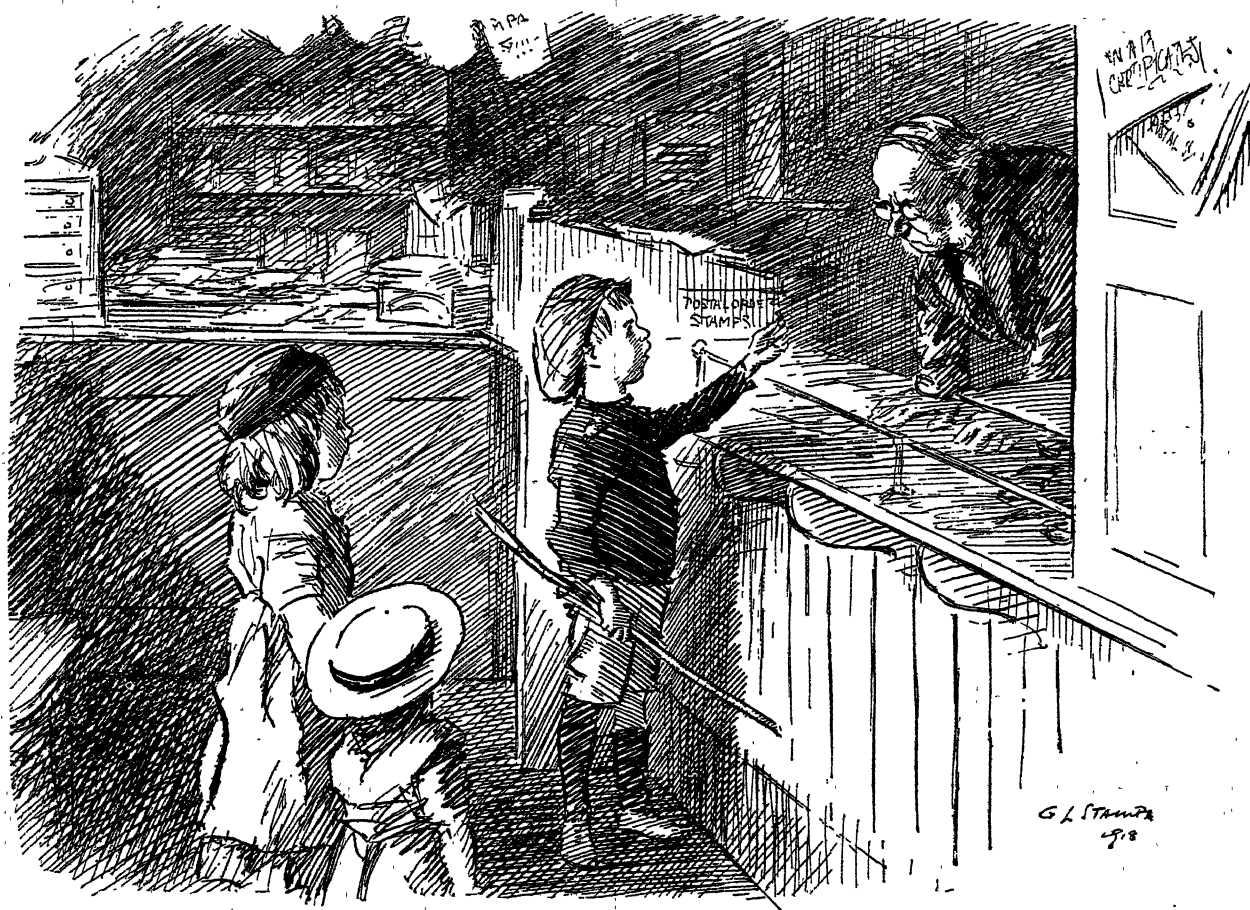
It was a very hot day and, besides the butter-making, Madame Berneval had the Brigade H.Q. billeted upon her to consider. No doubt these were the reasons why Madame felt irritable. Coming to the door to get a breath of fresh air she encountered Rifleman Buddle. Now Madame held severe views about private soldiers; moreover, to be caught mopping your brow with a duster is to be taken at a disadvantage, and Madame suspected that she saw the ghost of a smile on the face of the meek little man at her doorstep. Clearly he wanted to buy something, and though his French was limited his powers of expression were varied and he soon made it clear that butter was the object of his visit. Madame disliked men who looked meek but proved persistent; as he talked and gesticulated it dawned upon her that the idea was enormous, preposterous, that she, wife of a sergeant, should part with her beautiful fresh yellow butter, made with her fat white hands and the sweat of her own fair brow—oh, but it was hot to-day!—to any mere rifleman; she would teach him to come bothering her for butter.

When she paused for breath Buddle saluted respectfully and sadly and turned away. As he went he began to whistle, just to affect an indifference which he did not feel. It was a wistful little air, and the heart of Madame Berneval was suddenly softened. For a moment she listened incredulously, since it was her first meeting with a soldier of that regiment; then she ran after Buddle, led him back to the house, and poured forth a torrent of reminiscence. Was it not the very tune which her dear mother and grandmother had hummed to her in the cradle? Had not her good Pierre whistled it beneath her window in their courting days, and had not the travelling fiddler played it at their wedding dance? Ah, but it had been hot that day, such a day as this. Now she remembered herself it was this very day two-and-thirty years ago. And how her new shoes had pinched—she could recall the blister on her heel now; but the fiddler had gone on fiddling and all the world had had to dance when he played that tune. Her own man Pierre might be whistling it this very moment before Rheims—but never before had she heard it from an Englishman! He had only to ask, and all that she had should be his—butter, but yes; as much as he could carry; cheese, eggs, a bowl of the little pointed strawberries that grew under the windows; and for his comrades—ah, but to think that they whistled it too; that it was to that tune they had marched to the help of the beautiful France.

Tears of delight rolled down her fat cheeks at the sentiment of it all, and Buddle went back with bulging pockets and a puzzled mind. But then he had never heard that long ago; when the Cockney Rifles were a volunteer regiment, a certain Colonel had gone a-touring in France, and, hearing the haunting little tune as he sketched outside a café in some sleepy hamlet, had brought it back and made of it a marching tune for his men.

"Girls Wanted for Icing."—*Australian Paper*.

Is "the glad eye" to give place to "the frozen face"?



"PLEASE COULD YOU CHANGE THIS YERE STAMP? 'TAIN'T NO MANNER O' USE TO NO ONE. FATHER'S LICKED UN, MOTHER'S LICKED UN, AUNT'S LICKED UN, WE'VE ALL LICKED UN—AND 'TWO'N'T STAY ON NOHOW."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I FIND it unusually difficult to codify the impressions produced in me by *A Romance of the Western Front* (HEINEMANN). The title, of course, could hardly be worse; but if you disregard this you will not have turned many pages before finding yourself unexpectedly interested. The book is a love-story, of love triumphant over obstacles; and GABRIELLE M. VASSAL has told it with a direct and stark simplicity that never allows your attention to wander. Graces of style she has none; dialogue is rare; for the most part the book is plain narrative, broken by an occasional chapter of letters. What is thus told is the history of the efforts made by an Englishwoman to be near her lover, a French soldier on active service in the Motor Transport. As can be imagined, the difficulties in her way are almost beyond overcoming; how she grapples with them, the thousand hardships of her hurried and uncertain journeys, the hazards, in short, of modern camp-following, rewarded by rare meetings between the lovers, are told with a compelling and unforced sincerity that produces all the effect of truth. I should perhaps have explained that the whole affair is illicit, *Isabelle* having already a husband in America, from whom she appears to have been estranged under circumstances never sufficiently elucidated. It is indeed an odd peculiarity of the book to pre-suppose the reader conversant with all the former history of the two persons who are its only characters. War-realism and a

cleverly-shown contrast in character between the (very unpleasant) *de Gaurival* and the woman upon whose devotion he ruthlessly tramples make this a book which, willingly or not, one is bound to remember.

I confess to some curiosity as to the real feeling in Germany towards the now justly famous author of *J'accuse!* and *The Crime*, of which latter book the second volume (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) has just appeared, and put me upon this wonder. Not yet, I fear, have we observed signs of that chastened mood, charitably foreshadowed in these pages, when she will find satisfaction in the thought that her most merciless critic was himself a son of the Fatherland. Meanwhile, as you probably know from the first volume, *The Crime* is an amplification of the author's previous work, especially as affected by German apologists. The second volume is devoted to the "antecedents of the crime," and deals first with the theory (and practice) of the Preventive War, then with the contrasted German and English attitudes towards the idea of European conflict, and finally with certain notable utterances by the spokesmen of militant Germany. To read it is precisely as though one listened to the demolition in a court of justice of the evasions and fabrications by which counsel for a prisoner of palpable guilt has endeavoured to twist the evidence of fact. We have long known our enemy as deficient in humour; surely only a people so handicapped could have conceived some of the grotesque apologies that are here logically exposed in their true character. I notice that the original scheme has so

far outgrown itself that yet a third volume will be needed to complete *The Crime*. The three of them, with the author's former work, should constitute one of the most damning verdicts in history; one, moreover, that the preparations of the accused have (as is here shown) only strengthened a thousand-fold.

Having enjoyed Mr. WILLIAM HEWLETT's *Introducing William Allison*, I opened *Simpson of Snell's* (SKEFFINGTON) with a sense of pleasurable anticipation. *Simpson* was a young fool of a clerk in the counting-house of a patent dog-food company and was supposed to have been pushed into the curiously inappropriate and quite unpalatable career which his biographer describes by an advertisement in a Peckham hosier's—"Our Ties Have Temperament. Wear One and Rise above the Ruck." I have a better opinion of *Simpson* than Mr. HEWLETT seems to have. I don't think he would have been so foolish or so dull. And it wasn't till page 241 that the author remarked, "I fancy I can detect some slight impatience among my readers here." It all seemed to me like careless hurried workmanship from a hand that can do better. How could anyone who had read over his proofs leave such a sentence as, "There was an article that appeared once in one of the periodicals under the title of 'The Selfishness of Unselfish People.' I forget from whose pen it emanated, but I do remember that it contained some very arresting truths"? This observation did not "emanate" from a character, but from the author himself, and it broke this reviewer's patient back. So I have returned to *Introducing William Allison* to remind myself of Mr. HEWLETT's cleverness and ready humour. . . . I find that I was right. It is a quite amusing book.

I have seen few publications to which the term "sumptuous," so beloved of reviewers, could more truthfully be applied than the collection (one can hardly call it a book) of drawings that Mr. PERCY BRADSHAW has assembled in the twenty portfolios that make up *The Art of the Illustrator* (PRESS ART SCHOOL). The scheme of it is at once educational and general: to give a record of the work of twenty leading illustrators, and at the same time to provide the student with a comprehensive instruction in the technique of the masters of his craft. To this end each portfolio exhibits, in a series of separately mounted reproductions, one or more examples of a single artist, so arranged that the drawing is presented in its successive stages, from the first roughly suggested idea to the finished picture. Add to this a preface by Mr. BRADSHAW dealing with the career and the method of each artist, and you will see that the series forms a unique and regal road to learning for the student of illustration. Mr. BRADSHAW is a very palpable enthusiast; and if at times the keenness of his appreciation betrays him into the language of the showman (or, say, the Rose Catalogue) it has also helped him to carry a difficult task to a striking success. On the practical side I may add that, though the price (perhaps one should rather call it

the fee) for the case-full of instruction is naturally stiff, the portfolios may be bought separately; and, after all, twenty Masters in one box (space, and regard for the modesty of Mr. Punch, prevent me from giving the list of their illustrious names) are not met with every day.

Brigadier-General CROWE, the author of *General Smuts' Campaign in East Africa* (MURRAY), modestly but truthfully says that his book is "little more than a diary of the events of the campaign." This, however, is perhaps an advantage, for I am growing very tired of writers who conceal the facts of war in a foggy barrage of words. General Crowe was in command of the artillery in the East African campaign, and accompanied General SMUTS during the operations. Thus no one is better qualified to give an accurate account of the difficulties which our troops had to fight and overcome. Not only were we opposed by a well-trained army, but also by a wretched climate which played havoc with man and beast. To General SMUTS' credit these difficulties were overcome, or, at any rate, so

far overcome that ultimate victory became only a question of time and patience. It is really a wonderful record that is given here, and no student of the War can afford to miss what is one of the most remarkable of its phases. An introduction by General SMUTS and four maps are included. As for certain other aspects of the East African campaign, I imagine that we shall have to wait until the War is over for a full and candid account of these.

When *Joy Havenith* escaped from one of the "afternoons" which her grandfather the poet gave every fortnight and, sitting on the backstairs, confided



ORPHEUS AND THE HEDGEHOG.

"FOR THE SAKE OF MY REPUTATION I MUST NOT GIVE IN; BUT THIS SILLY LITTLE BEAST IS GIVING ME MORE TROUBLE THAN ALL THE REST PUT TOGETHER."

to a great-great-aunt's portrait that it is no privilege to live with a personage, *The Wishing Ring Man* (HODDER AND STOUT) came round the corner and advised her very kindly to "keep hoping." Although he, too, escaped almost at once, leaving no address, I never doubted from that moment that on the last page I should find them arranging to marry each other. This kind of story (generally, as here, of transatlantic origin), written with plenty of "so you see's" and "couldn't you's," to make the reader feel at home, never does end miserably. Perhaps you couldn't make a tragedy of it if you wanted to. Anyhow everything here is so much the daily round in the best of all possible worlds that *Phyllis's* quite unnecessary accident seems to have slipped in somehow from somewhere else. Just one rose-leaf crumpled a little. Having considered my feelings so carefully most of the time the authoress did yet unkindly hint at knowing much more about the *Harringtons* than I do. That, of course, is one of the vices of sequels. All the same, I don't see any particular reason why MARGARET WIDDIMER shouldn't go on writing about the same people over and over again, but with fresh heroes and heroines. I hope she won't mind my borrowing her own adjectives and saying that, should they be such "nice purry" books as this one, it will be very pleasant for all of us.

CHARIVARIA.

THE chief War news of importance is that Marshal FOCH has decided to help the Germans to retreat victoriously day by day.

"The Entente," said Prince HOHENLOHE on a recent occasion, "is directing its attacks in the quarter in which it imagines the monarchy is most sensitive." HINDENBURG, he might have added, is getting it in exactly the same place.

A motoring journal refers to a certain motor car which "brings Paradise nearer." A pedestrian writes to say that the older make of cars brought it quite near enough.

"Germany," says a correspondent at the Front, "is even throwing in bandmen to stem the tide." This should simplify the after-the-war boycott question.

A youth while fishing, according to *The Times*, landed a bicycle. Several fishermen state they are annoyed at not having thought of saying this years ago.

Meanwhile, to safeguard his veracity, the lucky angler has decided to have the bicycle stuffed.

Only our innate sense of camaraderie deters us from naming the distinguished contemporary which recently published an article entitled "The Importance of Bray."

The Skibbereen *Southern Star* has been suppressed. It appears that Mr. DE VALERA had hitched his wagon to it.

A member of the Sissinghurst Mouse Club, says a news item, has killed 604 mice during two days' corn thrashing. There is talk of removing him to the Western Front.

We understand that the man who recently asked a suburban grocer for half a pound of cheese was eventually handed over to the safe custody of his friends.

The United States has loaned Cuba the sum of three million pounds for war purposes. The standard cigar may be upon us at any minute.

The British Natural History Museum

is preparing a map showing the different parts of the country where mosquitoes are raised. The public need, however, is for a map on which the mosquitoes can't land.

Last week Paris thieves broke into a building and stole six thousand pounds' worth of tools. The police have a theory that the criminals wanted a screw-driver and took the rest of the stuff to put their pursuers off the scent.

If the spy agitators fear that the Germans on the land will tamper with the harvest, what will they say about the prisoner who was found with a rick in his leg?

A woman charged last week with

A letter has been delivered in Glasgow which was written by an Edinburgh tradesman over six years ago. It is supposed that the sender has been saving up to buy the stamp.

A correspondent would like to hear from any man who contemplates striking a match in South Kensington, with a view to sharing same.

"FREEING ALBANIA.

Everything that the Near East can provide was there to greet General Ferrero here—Orthodox priests and cadi and mufti, beys in Stamboul frock-coats, and tiers of Albanians on the hillside and riverside clad in their stained white, or in torn fragments of the spectrum."

Congratulations to this picturesque correspondent upon having at last discovered the place "where the rainbow ends."

More Impending Apologies.

"The total number of prisoners captured by us in yesterday's successful operations in this sector is not yet available. We secured Mayoress, Mrs. Hogg, Mrs. R. Noy, Miss south of the Scarpe."

Provincial Paper.

Let us hope that the last-named lady is the well-known Miss who is as good as a Mile.

"Blue gentleman's serge coat and skirt, latest, just made, worn once; cost 9 gns.; 5½ gns."

Probably the blue gentleman finds that he can attract sufficient public attention without the adventitious aid of a skirt.

"One cannot refrain from regretting the passing of the scythesman, who made music with his implement, and of the crowd who came on the scene when the wheat was ripe. Now we hear a hum and a rattle—and the wheat is gathered in. That is Progress, but who shall say that more Pace is Mappines?"

Midland Counties Herald.

Possibly WEBB might.

"The high price of elephants has affected the timber trade of Burma to such an extent that an official has been visiting Canada with the object of securing mechanical tractors."

Daily Paper.

He should be sure of a sympathetic reception at the head-quarters of the Grand Trunk.

From one of General MAURICE's articles in *The Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury* :—

"It would be absurd to suppose that anything like the million and a-quarter of Americans who, we are told, have been shipped West from the United States have taken part in this battle or are anywhere on the front."

The eminent writer needs to correct his orientation. Since the American troops came East it is their opponents who have "gone West" in considerable numbers.



THE SPEEDING UP OF SHIPBUILDING.

"OUR FIRM LAID THE KEEL OF A NEW SHIP TO-DAY. I'LL GET THE OWNERS TO GIVE YOU THE POST OF CHIEF STEWARD ABOARD HER AS SOON AS SHE'S COMPLETED."

"OH, THANK YOU, SIR. IN THAT CASE I'D BETTER GET SHAVED AT ONCE."

stealing told the magistrates that she had only taken three dozen boxes of matches. Since this announcement we understand that she has been overwhelmed with offers of marriage.

Owing to the shortage of firemen the Shoburness Council have drafted Boy Scouts into the fire brigade. As a result the residents are to be requested only to have very small fires in future and these are to be restricted to the ground floor.

"British statesmanship has cut out the diddleman," says a Montreal paper. It would be more correct to say that we are going to duddle through in spite of him.

It now appears that the Undertakers' Trade Union has no objection to Sunday burials. Hitherto in certain parts of the country it has been considered very unlucky to be buried on a Sunday.

CHANGES IN AMERICA.

(By Hank Dilton, our Special Correspondent at Washington.)

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., has given a touching picture of the shrunken proportions of Members of Parliament in his "first impressions" of England on his return after a year's sojourn in America. It is not, he is careful to say, the result of any food shortage. With characteristic modesty he refrains from indicating the true cause—his own absence. I say the true cause advisedly, for precisely similar symptoms have begun to show themselves over here. Let me not, however, be misunderstood. America is all right; whole-hearted in the prosecution of the War; unrelenting in her resolve to down the KAISER. But the departure of Mr. O'CONNOR and Lord READING has left a great gap. Nothing like it has been known since the death of LINCOLN. I have endeavoured in my previous articles to adumbrate, however feebly, the colossal impact on the American mind of Mr. O'CONNOR's Gargantuan *bonhomie*, of the mammoth magnetism of Lord READING's radiant personality. Their influence remains, but life is poorer. Mr. TAFT has lost forty pounds in the last two months. HENRY FORD looks older and EDISON is deafer. Talking to the PRESIDENT yesterday I found him as keen as ever, but with an added note of seriousness. He said to me wistfully, "I miss my daily TAX PAY." It is the same with everyone, from the highest to the lowest. This morning in Central Park I saw a policeman, a splendid specimen of hefty humanity, crying like a child. I asked him what was the matter, and he replied, "Sure I'm grieving for Mr. O'CONNOR. Life isn't the same since he went back." He was a Galway man, he told me. But this feeling is not confined to Irish-Americans. The Lithuanian who operates the elevator in my hotel has grown *distract*. In the Far West the cow-puncher punches sadly; pork is canned and packed perhaps as fast as ever in Chicago, but without the old zest; even the skyscrapers scrape the sky less. There is no failure or loss of activity, but the *joie de vivre* is abated. Mr. TUMULTY, the PRESIDENT's secretary, seems to me to have grown hollow-cheeked, and his conversation is no longer on the level of his splendidly stimulating patronymic.

As in England, there is no falling off of food supplies. The cause is purely moral. But a hopeful reaction has already set in, prompted by Mr. O'CONNOR's statement in *The Daily Chronicle* that he was homesick for America. A powerful movement is on foot, supported by influential represen-

tatives of all the leading interests, in favour of inviting Mr. O'CONNOR to take up his residence permanently in the States. It is pointed out that the habitual tension of American life demands the presence of men who are all heart, and act as perpetual lubricators of the social and political machine. It is proposed that a stately pleasure-dome should be erected and placed at his disposal in the Yellowstone Park. But the difficulties cannot be overlooked. Can Mr. SHORTT get on without him? Can Field-Marshal HAIG, or the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, or Mr. HEALY, whose devotion to him is as that of DAVID to JONATHAN? I fear not, and can only suggest as a compromise that Mr. O'CONNOR should, if possible, live henceforth in a great balloon, securely moored in mid-Atlantic, whence he could radiate wireless uplift and unction with impartial zeal to the New and Old World alike.

THE NEW BIOGRAPHY.

A WAVE of relief is said to have passed over the country on hearing the official statement that the cinema story of the Life of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE which, in ten reels, is to be exhibited throughout the country in October, is not a piece of political propaganda, but private commercial enterprise. Taken into connection with the rumoured autumnal General Election and a certain alertness in the Prime-Ministerial character, it was feared that the film, coming just then, might have exerted undue influence. The danger is not over, but we now know that if such a consequence should occur it will be pure accident.

As to the performers in this great production we have been told nothing; but the leading part, we take it, since Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is to be followed from the cradle to Downing Street, has had many players, beginning with a baby. That should be a proud man who impersonated the protagonist in his later stages as a winner of the greatest war in history.

Meanwhile other cinema companies are displaying the customary imitative zeal, although unfortunately they have only inferior material to work upon. The rose has been plucked. Life-stories, however, are to be the fashion until the public tires—as it may do all too quickly—and we are therefore destined to share the earthly pilgrimage of—well, not exactly Tom, Dick and Harry, but assuredly of Thomas, Richard and Henry, all certainly O.B.E. and probably higher, and most of them in Parliament. Questions of local colour may, of course, enter into the final selection of heroes, for in the earlier

episodes the background is important: a baby that is being carried about among wild Welsh scenery, for example, being more attractive than another (or possibly the same child) being carried about in Battersea or New Brunswick. But public interest will be the deciding factor, and one can imagine some very deadly debates as to the fitness of this or that candidate for film honours among the managers and their staffs. That is where reputations are examined with washen eyes and summed up in unambiguous phrase. Those are the men that know. A few names will, however, win through. "From the Cradle to Printing House Square;" "From the Cradle, *via* Canada, to Horrex's Hotel;" "From the Cradle to the Woolsack": of these three we may feel fairly confident; and we have more than a suspicion that the progress of one whom we will call as a child John Calf, from extreme youth to fullest Bullhood, will not be denied us.

But whether the cinema is thereby to become a more joyous entertainment is problematical.

TO DOCTOR MASEFIELD.

[The University of Yale has conferred an honorary Doctor's degree on Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD.]

WILL this latter-day gift
Of a Doctor's degree
Give his genius a lift
That was sprung from the sea?
Will he start a fresh cruise
In the teeth of the gale
With his salt-water Muse—
Doctor MASEFIELD of Yale?

Will he write us in verse
More Tales after CRABBE,
In each stanza a curse
Or a blow or a stab?
Or will he now feel,
When we suffer and ail,
'Tis his duty to heal—
Doctor MASEFIELD of Yale?

But whatever the theme
He may happen upon
I can't even dream
Of his playing the don;
For the clarion and fife
In his music prevail,
Strong singer of strife—
Doctor MASEFIELD of Yale.

From a concert programme:—
"Recit: 'I feel the Diety within'—*Handel*."
We fear the printer must be a Rationalist.

From a theatre bill:—
"COME BACK TO ERIN."
To avoid disappointment, come early."
Ireland's future is a little problematical.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—SEPTEMBER 4, 1918.



HARVEST HOME, 1918.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S JOYOUS CONGRATULATIONS TO THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.



Officer. "NOW THEN, STUBBS, WHAT ABOUT LUNCHEON?"

Mess Servant. "VERY SORRY, SIR. THEM FLIES ARE THAT FIERCE I CAN'T GET NEAR THE MEAT."

TO ONE OF OUR WOUNDED

(Reading "Handley Cross").

OLD man, by your broad contented grin
And the gleam in your quiet eyes,
You are back with *Jorrocks* and *Benjamin*
In the land where the good fun lies;
You ride where the rifles reach you
not

On a line both safe and sure
From the meet at the "Cat and Custard
Pot"

To the kill on Wandermoor.

In vain do the cannon of memory
call

From the Flanders fields forlorn,
When you hear by the stacks of Barley
Hall

The twang of the "'ard un's" horn;
And little you reckon of a broken thigh
And a bandaged arm to boot,
When the old comedian canters by
On his "henterpriseless brute."

For back to you comes each sound and
sight

At the touch of the magic pen,
Till you take your place in the old first
flight

With a lead on the grass again,

And SURTEES, the sage with the jester's
art,

Would be proud had he lived to know
He had brightened an hour for your
gallant heart

With the ring of his "Tally-Ho!"

W. H. O.

SURE THING.

I ONCE wrote (having occasionally
induced an editor—and even a publisher
—to accept something for print) I once
wrote that clever women always tell
a man that he looks overworked.

I was younger then. As years advance one grows (sometimes) in knowledge, and I am now in a position to add another verbal weapon to the clever woman's armoury—should she need any such assistance. The solicitous phrase, "You are looking overworked," is unctious perhaps more for the young than the middle-aged and elderly. No young man, however conscious of his own abysmal laziness, can resist it, or want to resist it.

But the maturer man—the man to whom Father Time's chief gift is an increase of girth—must be differently handled. He may or may not be overworked, but to be told about it, how-

ever seducingly, does not much interest him. He is a little too old for any flattery but the kind of flattery he is not too old for. Therefore the clever woman, in dealing with him, must do otherwise. Taking him by the hand, she must look at his features with a close and careful scrutiny which, although it is all assumed, can be extremely comforting, and then say, in a tone almost of triumph, "You're getting thinner."

"Parliament is mortally dead."—*Herald*.
It would be if it were, but it isn't.

"The dwifflucpties of passing from rigid trench warfare to field warfare are gigantic and perhaps insurmountable."

Evening Paper.

Then why add to them?

"Interest in the work of the Society for the Prevention of Women and Children does not appear to be very keen in Hamilton."

Waikato Times (New Zealand).

And a good thing, too.

"Mr. J. Havelock Wilson is to contest South Shields at the net election."

Provincial Paper.

He should be sure of the fishermen's vote.



Detachment Cook. "I 'EAR THE OLD GENERAL'S BIN AROUND TASTING MY PUDDENS. WHAT 'APPENED, CHARLIE?"
Charlie. "'E SAID THE ORDNANCE PEOPLE WOULD BE DELIGHTED TO 'EAR OF SUCH A HEXCELLENT SUBSTITOOT FOR—AH—LEATHAH!"

CÉLESTIAL INNOCENTS.

EARLY one morning my servant came into my hut and told me that a Chinaman wished to speak to me. I went out and found one Ah Sin standing by the door and looking the very picture of misery.

"Why, what on earth's wrong, Ah Sin?" I asked.

"Ah Sin welly sick," replied that worthy. "Cly all-ee night."

"I'm sorry to hear that," I began.

"Dam Li him number one big luffian," he went on. "Me no speakee Dam Li never no more."

"What has Dam Li been doing?" I asked.

"Him one big thiefman," announced Ah Sin, vindictively champing his chewing gum. "Him stealum my tlousers."

"But you've got them on," I said.

"These lation tlousers," replied Ah Sin pityingly. "Him stealum number one top-side tlousers."

"Do you mean the khaki ones I gave you for catching those rats for me?" I asked.

"All-ee welly same," agreed Ah Sin. "Him coolie thiefman," he added, to

show the depths to which Dam Li had fallen.

"It certainly does seem rather shabby of him," I admitted. "Have you asked him to give them back again?"

Ah Sin looked at me reproachfully.

"Ah Sin not beggar man," he told me. Then, after a pause, he took pity on my confusion and continued. "But spose you tellum Dam Li thiefman go to hell, him too much flighten'. Give um back plenty too quick."

"Very well, I'll try it," I said doubtfully, and Ah Sin retired with a broad smile and a profusion of thanks.

I had hardly got back into my hut when Dam Li was announced.

"Dam Li welly sick," he began; "cly all-ee night."

"I'm glad to know you're ashamed of yourself," I said severely.

Dam Li gave me a look of the most injured innocence.

"Me no shamed," he said; "me sick."

"If you're not ashamed you ought to be," I told him. "What are you sick about?"

"Ah Sin number one big luffian," he answered. "Plenty too much thiefman. Stealum my beauty tin hat."

"But he told me you had stolen his tlousers," I gasped.

"Ah Sin plenty too much dam liar," said Dam Li scathingly. "First him stealum my beauty tin heat, then me fetchee tlousers."

Put thus it seemed a just retribution, but I thought I would still have a try to bring about a reconciliation.

"Well, why don't you exchange back again?" I suggested.

"Me wantee tlousers," said Dam Li, shaking his head.

"An' me wantee tin hat," said a voice behind me—Ah Sin's.

I began to see daylight.

"And I suppose you think I'm going to give them to you, you old reprobates," I said, bursting into laughter.

"Hon'lable officer plenty good man," said the two together.

A Light Diet.

"In the food section is explained how to make air-holes in cheese, and other problems of nourishment."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"A Young Girl should like to make acquaintance of a serious and fine gentleman, English or American. Answer to Dora, this office."

Buenos Aires Standard.

So D.O.R.A. has a human side after all.

THE BIRTHDAY;

OR, FATHER V. UNCLE.

I AM blessed with a little "girl-niece" who, when she was a very little girl-niece indeed, spent some happy years at a school kept by a lady who was then very old and seemed, forgotten by Death, to be the last survivor of some fragrant older and more gracious world. There one day in grammar lesson, the class, reading "examples" aloud, declaimed the sentence, "Daphne is a good and kind little girl with soft brown hair," and at that all the small boys and girls turned as one upon the little girl-niece, whose name chances to be Daphne, and expressed in various ways their conviction that in this sentence the person who composes grammar books had for once indited sense and truth. This by way of prologue, that you may understand what manner of little girl-niece the little girl-niece is, and why the birthday seemed such an extraordinary affair. It was the little girl-niece's birthday, and the person or persons whose business it obviously should be to arrange for her entertainment upon such an occasion having been called to the Continent of Europe upon urgent business of the King's, their duties devolved upon me.

To begin with there was lunch. That I acknowledge was a purely spectacular affair, the result being entirely disproportionate to the outlay, mental, physical and financial, by which it was achieved. The little girl-niece, instead of seeing how funny it was, which surely on her birthday was nothing more than her duty, chose to regard it from the point of view of the weary war-worker trying to obtain a cheap and nourishing mid-day meal—and made it tragic. By that time the little girl-niece had apologised for wearing her second-best coat and skirt—"tighty" in the clergyman's wife's category of "highly, tighty and scrub"—on the grounds that "highly" had not seemed worth while. From all this you can see how strangely she was behaving.

Then there was the *matinée*. The seats were excellent. None of that unnaturally long-backed and large-headed race of persons who inhabit theatres where successful plays are running obstructed the view, not one actor or actress mumbled, and the comedy itself was a bubble blown by a dramatist whose phrases are a part of that peculiar language of intimacy spoken

beneath the roof-tree of the little girl-niece's home. Several times when she should in mere politeness to her host have laughed aloud the little girl-niece was silent. Once when she caught from behind its protective *pince-nez* that host's astonished eye she asked what "they" were laughing about. Of course if I had fallen into error with regard to the chocolates the failure of the entertainment might have been explained, but for them I had negotiated beforehand, presenting them with the flourish they deserved to the little girl-niece, who thanked me "politely," as her family phrases it, and when the play was over carried them home absently under her arm with their brown and shining rows still drawn up in close order.

As we stood upon the doorstep of her home waiting for the feet of those

COUNTING YOUR CHICKENS.

Ethel having declared that we have ten chickens, and I holding out for twelve, we had a really exciting time last night about sunset trying to settle the matter. In the middle of the grass plot (known at tea-time as the lawn) the mother-hen had persuaded her progeny to rest beneath her wings; and I am now convinced that it would be much easier to build a fresh coop over the family after dark than to attempt to hustle them into their proper quarters as we did. We managed to get the hen inside, and immediately innumerable flying spots of yellow distributed themselves actively over the garden.

"You stand by the box and shoo them in," said Ethel, "and I'll go to the end of the garden and shoo them towards you."

"Right-o," I said; "shoo on."

The first minute was a huge success. With spacious and impressive sweeps of my arms I directed several apparently intoxicated morsels home to bed, while the hen clucked prodigiously her approval of the show.

"Here they come, the little darlings," said Ethel.

"And there they go, the little beasts," said I, as four of them sprinted between my legs and disappeared.

"Try that big push again," I said.

A procession of fluffy balls

scurried round and round the lawn, followed by Ethel. In due course they came my way, and, taking my cue, I pocketed each ball accurately. Ethel gave a sigh of relief.

"That's the lot," she exclaimed. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—Hullo, what's that?"

"A chicken," I hazarded, turning round. "One moment while I remove my coat; this is some job. There—behind the radish."

"Two," she said. In another second there were four—I can't think why.

"Now let's see how many are inside." She counted five; I prodded the hen and found two more.

"That makes eleven," I said. "Seven in and four out."

A half-hour of the best hunting followed.

"Now let's count again to make sure," said Ethel.

We bent over the coop; the hen winked at me deliberately and gave an irritating chuckle.

"There's eight," said Ethel.

"I make it ten," I said. "There's



Tommy (exasperated at the lavish care bestowed by barber on favourite customer). "LUMME, IF WE'D TAKEN AS LONG GOIN' OVER THE TOP AS YOU DO, SONNY, THE BLOOMIN' 'UNS WOULD BE IN PICCADILLY BY NOW."

who let you in, the little girl-niece spoke correctnesses from an unmoved heart.

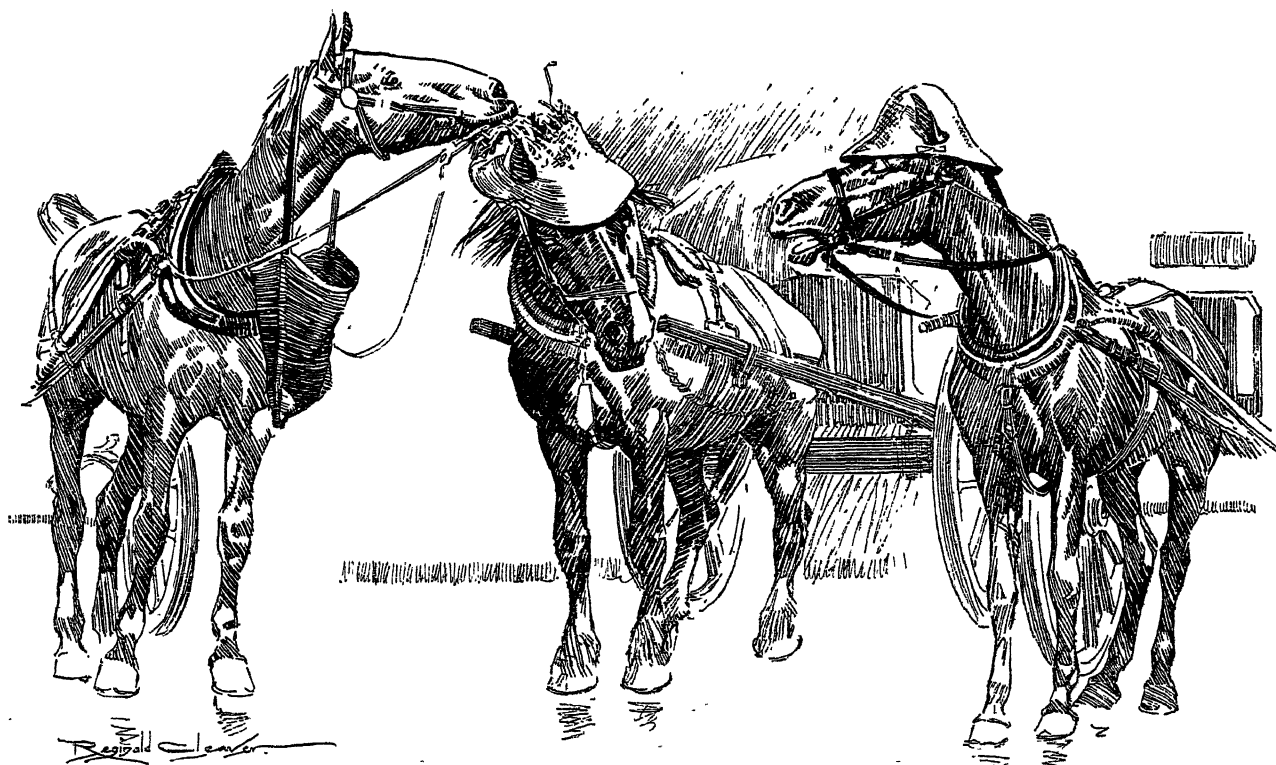
"It has been awfully nice . . . thank you very much . . ." but for all her gentle breeding she was not able to carry the matter through as she should have—she did not look at the person to whom she was speaking. The door was open now and on the dark hall table lay the afternoon letters. Unmannerly did the little girl-niece pounce. For her there was only a field-postcard, and mostly crossed out at that; surely a very slight insignificant thing from the point of view of a little girl-niece with a birthday. She looked at it, then at me, then cast herself, field-card and all about my neck.

"Hasn't it been a perfectly gorgeous afternoon?" she said. "I can't remember when I've enjoyed a birthday so much."

A Dark Horse.

"PONY, very fast, never been trotted, would win handicap if trained; dark dun colour; 13 hands; full 7 years old; price £45."

The Field.



"SORRY, OLD THING, BUT THE GUVNOR'S PUT ME ON HALF-RATIONS."

a tiny one under her eastern wing that you couldn't see."

"You've counted two of them twice," said Ethel.

"Look!" I exclaimed. "What's that under the cabbage?"

"That makes nine," said Ethel grimly.

"When we've caught it," I agreed morosely. "Sit on the coop while I wheedle the latest one homeward, or we shall have the lot out again. I believe that hen is laughing at us."

After five minutes' exertion I had the belated one in hand, and deposited it safely with the remainder of the brood, hearing as I did so a distinctly derisive noise in the hen's throat.

"I make it ten," said Ethel. "You count, will you? They won't keep still."

I counted up to twelve, and received only sarcasm for my pains. So we gave it up and started for the house and cooling drinks.

Ethel says we have ten chickens; I prefer to think that we have twelve; the probability is therefore that we possess eleven. A Third Party, with a gift for the higher mathematics, gave it as his opinion that we have seventeen and a few odd bits. I have always suspected that the higher mathematics is—or are—no use at all.

A Sweet Memory: "Think of sugar and a lump comes in your throat."

A PRISONER OF PEACE.

LAST leave, at Brighton, all was going well

When, in a flash, this stroke of fate befell:—

In a pâtissier's (where to-day none eat

Of sugary things) the soul of all things sweet

Was suddenly before me: I had seen You, sipping chocolate and saccharin, Like Juno seated mid a crowd of Janes, Or like . . . but no, my stumbling fancy feigns

But ineffectual similes, and none Half good enough; but when, your luncheon done,

You rose and rose until before me stood Full seventy inches of fair womanhood, E'en *my* imagination whispered me:—"Like Aphrodite rising from the sea!"

Your face was tinted as those murex shells

Whose snowy pink-flushed labyrinth of cells

Seems wrought of rose-leaves and the white sea-foam:

And, as but new-come from their caverned home,

Your wide eyes had the green-blue of the waves;

Your fingers seemed pale coral of the caves.

What sea-born Queen of Love, methought, is this?

Or what forsaken merman mourns our bliss?

A moment so you towered above my seat,

Then passed (whether on finny tail or feet

I was too 'mazed to see); I only knew My captured, fated heart had fled with you.

But then I thought (on going over it):—

Fair Aphrodite wore no khaki kit, Nor mermaid (also it occurred to me)

The envied emblem, W.A.A.C. (Or are they A.S.C.'s who swing and stride

With little turned back caps and curls each side?);

Was she a "Wren"? But no, I think I've heard

They are a navy-bluish kind of bird. Well, anyway, "Wren," "Waac," or

"A.S.C.,"

Fateful you passed, and it's a case with me;

And round you still in rapt attendance dance

My exile thoughts and fancies here in France.

"U.S. BREAK WITH BOLSHIEVICS.

Washington, Thursday.—From despatches received yesterday, it appears that the American Consul has several relations with the Bolsheviks."—*Manchester Evening News*.

But very properly he did not allow family ties to interfere with duty.



Grandma. "NOW PROMISE ME, ALBERT DEAR, IF EVER YOU COME ACROSS A WAYSIDE BROOK DON'T DRINK IT, BUT GARGLE IT."

THE Q-BOAT.

SHE's the plaything of the Navy, she's the nightmare of the Hun,

She's the wonder and the terror of the seas,
She's a super-censored secret that eludes the prying sun
And the unofficial wireless of the breeze;
She can come and go unseen
By the foredoomed submarine;
She's the Mystery-Ship, the Q-Boat, if you please.

She can weave a web of magic for the unsuspecting foe,
She can scent the breath of Kultur leagues away;
She can hear a U-Boat thinking in Atlantic depths below
And disintegrate it with a Martian ray;
She can feel her way by night
Through the minefield of the Bight;
She has all the tricks of science, grave and gay.

In the twinkle of a searchlight she can suffer a sea-change
From a collier to a *Shamrock* under sail,
From a Hyper-super-Dreadnought, old Leviathan at range,
To a lightship or a whaler or a whale;
With some canvas and a spar
She can mock the morning star
As a haystack or the flotsam of a gale.

She's the derelict you chartered North of Flores outward-bound,
She's the iceberg that you sighted coming back,
She's the salt-rimmed Biscay trawler heeling home to Plymouth Sound,
She's the phantom-ship that crossed the moon-beams' track;

She's the rock where none should be
In the Adriatic Sea,

She's the wisp of fog that haunts the Skagerrack.

She can dive in twenty seconds, she can lie submerged for weeks,
She can burrow in the shingle or the sand,
She can scale the rocky foreshore, she can thread the mazy creeks,
She can waddle like a Tank along the strand;
She can spread a pair of planes,
If necessity obtains,
And cruise aloft at watch o'er sea and land.

Getting the Wind Up.

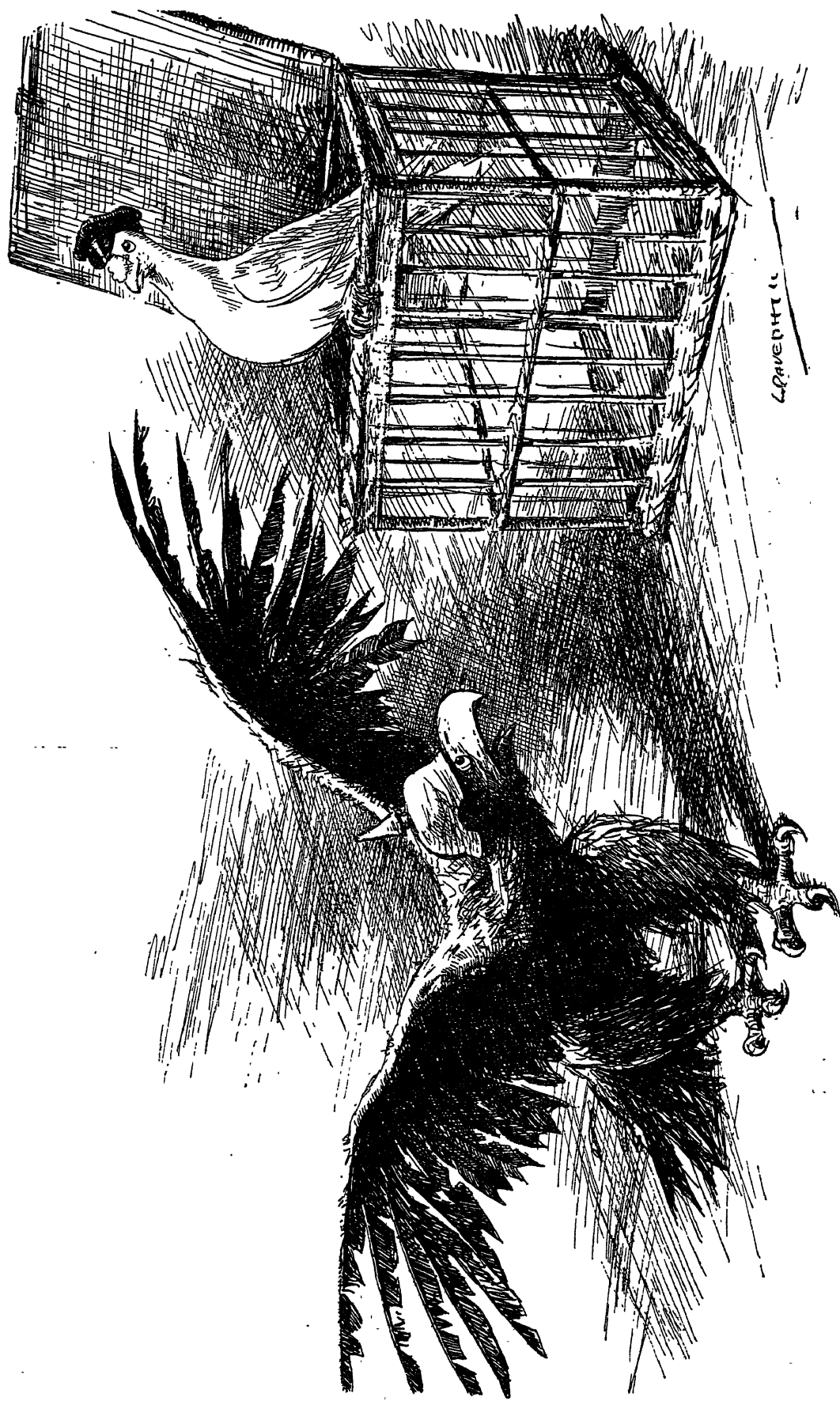
"The Lady Mayoress has asked the Chief Constable to collect a number of musical instruments for the band of one of our local battalions, which has lost its instruments. The wind instruments should be of high pitch or old philharmonic, the violins should have bows, strings, and cases, and the wind should have bows, strings, and cases, and the wind should be sent to Mr. —, at the Chief Constable's office."—*Provincial Paper*.

From an Indian Stores Catalogue:—

"ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW, THE 'NORA.'—Black Velvet Ribbon, superior quality in shades of Cream, White, Tangeriel, Gold, Sky, Pink, Silver, Grey, Mid-Grey, Torquoise, Cerise, Greens, Mauve, Purple, Brown, Nigger, Vieux-Rose, Dark-Vieux-Rose, Saxe, Natter-Blue, Emerald, Sage-Green, Navy.

Much nicer than the ordinary black black.

"The 'Duke of York' was a man of mystery. He was a great, tall man, six feet ten inches, and is still living notwithstanding his longevity."—*Daily Colonist* (Victoria, B.C.).
But we fear that it will ultimately prove fatal.



IN RESERVE.

GERMAN EAGLE (to German Dove). "HERE, CARRY ON FOR A BIT, WILL YOU? I'M FEELING RATHER RUN DOWN."

THE MUD LARKS.

NOT long ago a notice appeared in Part II. Orders to the effect that our Army had established a Rest Home at X where invalid officers might be sent for a week's recuperation.

Now X is a very pleasant place, consisting of a crowd of doll's-house chalets set between cool pine-woods and the sea.

The chalets are labelled variously "Villa des Roses," "Les Hirondelles," "Sans Souci," and so on, and in the summertimes of happier years swarmed with comfortable bourgeois, bare-legged children and Breton nannas; but in these stern days a board above the gate of "Villa des Roses" announces that the Assistant-Director of Agriculture may be found within meditating on the mustard-and-cress crop, while "Les Hirondelles" and "Sans Souci" harbour respectively the Base Press Censor (whose tar-brush hovered over this perfectly priceless article) and a platoon of the D.L.O.L.R.R.V.R. (Duchess of Loamshire's Own Ladies' Rabbit Rearing Volunteer Reserve).

X, as I said before, is an exceedingly pleasant place; you may lean out of the window o' mornings and watch the D.L.O.L.R.R.V.R.'s Sergeant-Majoreess putting her platoon through Swedish monkey motions, and in the afternoons you can recline on the sands and watch them sporting in the glad sea-waves (telescopes protruding from the upper windows of "Villades Roses" and "Sans Souci" suggesting that the A.D.A. and the B.P.C. are similarly employed).

The between-whiles may be spent lapping up ozone from the sea, resin from the pine-woods, and champagne cocktails which Marie-Louise mixes so cunningly in the little café round the corner; and what with one thing and another the invalid officer goes pig-jumping back to the line fit to mince whole brigades of Huns with his bare teeth.

X, you will understand, is a very admirable institution, and when we heard about this Rest Home we were all for it and tried to cultivate fur on the tongue, capped hocks and cerebral meningitis; but the Skipper hardened his heart against us and there was nothing doing.

Then one morning MacTavish came over all dithery-like in the lines, fell up against a post, smashed his wrist-watch and would have brained himself had that been possible.

He picked himself up, apologised for making a fool of himself before the horses, patched his scalp with plaster from his respirator, borrowed my reserve watch "Pretty Polly," and carried on.

"Pretty Polly" can do two laps to any other watch's one without turning a hair-spring. Externally she looks very much like any other mechanical pup the Ordnance sells you for eleven francs net; her secret lies in her spring, which, I imagine, must have been intended for "Big Ben," but sprang into the wrong chassis by mistake.

At all events as soon as it is wound up it lashes out left and right with such violence that the whole machine leaps with the shock of its internal strife and hops about on the table after the manner of a Mexican dancing bean, clucking like an ostrich that has laid twins.

It will be gathered that my "Pretty Polly" is not the ultimate syllable in the way of accuracy, but as MacTavish seemed to want hor and had been kind to me in the way of polo-sticks, I handed her over without a murmur.

The same afternoon MacTavish came over dithery again, dived into a heap of bricks and knocked himself out for the full count.

We put him to bed and signalled the Vet. The Vet reported that MacTavish's temperature was well above par and booming. He went on to state that MacTavish was suffering from P.U.D. (which is Spanish for "flu") and that he probably wouldn't weather the night.

The Skipper promptly 'phoned O.C. Burials, inviting him to dine next evening, and Albert Edward wired his tailor, asking what was being worn in head-stones.

William, our Mess President, took up a position by the sick man's side in hopes he would regain consciousness for long enough to settle his mess-bill, and the rest of us spent the evening recalling memories of poor old Mac, his many sterling qualities, etc.

However, next morning a batman poked his head into the Mess and said could Mr. MacTavish have a little whisky, please, he was fancying it, and anyway you couldn't force none of that there grool down him not if you was to use a drenching bit.

At noon the batman was back to say that Mr. MacTavish was fancying a cigarette now, also a loan of the gramophone and a few cheerful records.

The Skipper promptly 'phoned postponing O.C. Burials, and Albert Edward wired his tailor, changing his order to that of a canary waistcoat.

That evening MacTavish tottered into the Mess and managed to surround a little soup, a brace of cutlets and a bottle of white wine without coming over dithery again.

But for all that he was not looking his best; he weaved in his walk, his eye was dull, his nose hot, his ear cold

and drooping, and the Skipper, gazing upon him, remembered the passage in Part II. Orders and straightway sat down and applied that MacTavish be sent to X at once, adding such a graphic pen-picture of the invalid (most of it copied from a testimonial to somebody's back-ache pills) as to reduce us to tears and send MacTavish back to his bed badly shaken to hear how ill he'd been.

The Skipper despatched his pen-picture to H.Q. and forgot all about it, and so did H.Q. apparently, for we heard nothing further, and in due course forgot all about it ourselves, and in the meanwhile MacTavish got back into form, and MacTavish in form is no shrinking lily be it said.

He has a figure which tests every stitch in his Sam Browne, a bright blue eye and a complexion which an external application of mixed weather and an internal application of tawny port has painted the hue of the beetroot.

Then suddenly, like a bomb from the blue, an ambulance panted up to the door and presented a H.Q. chit to the effect that the body of MacTavish be delivered to it at once to bear off to X.

The Skipper at the time was out hacking and Albert Edward was in charge; he sent an orderly flying to MacTavish, who rolled in from his tent singing "My Friend John" at the top of his voice and looking more like an over-fed beetroot than ever.

"Dash it all, I don't want to go to their confounded mortuary," he shouted; "never felt fitter in my life. I can't go; I won't go!"

"You'll haveto," said Albert Edward; "can't let the Skipper down after that pen-picture he wrote; the Staff would never believe another word he said. No, MacTavish, my son, you'll have to play the game and go."

"But, you ass, look at him," wailed the Babe; "look at his ruddy, ruby, tomato-ketchup, plum-and-apple complexion. What are you going to do about that?"

"I'll settle his complexion," replied Albert Edward grimly; "tell his man to toss his toothbrush into the meat-waggon; and you, Mac, come with me."

He led the violently protesting MacTavish into the kitchen. The cook tells me Albert Edward pounded two handfuls of flour into MacTavish's complexion and filled his eye-sockets up with coal-dust, and I quite believe the cook, for in five minutes' time I came on Albert Edward dragging what I at first took to be the body of a dead Pierrot down the passage towards the waiting ambulance, at the same time exhorting it to play the game and wobble for the Skipper's sake.

The wretched MacTavish, choking with flour and blinded with coal-dust, wobbled like a Clydesdale with the staggers.

I saw a scared R.A.M.C. orderly bound out of the car and assist Albert Edward to hoist MacTavish aboard, trip him up and pin him down on a stretcher. Then the ambulance coughed swiftly out of sight.

The allotted week passed but no MacTavish came bounding back to us like a giant refreshed with great draughts of resin, and we grew anxious; which anxiety did not abate when, in reply to the Skipper's inquiries, the Rest Home authorities wired denying all knowledge of him.

Goodness knows what we should have done if a letter from MacTavish himself had not arrived next morning, to say that he had lain on his back in the ambulance digging coal-dust out of his eyes and coughing up flour till the car stopped, not, to his surprise, at the Rest Home, but at a Casualty Clearing Station.

Some snuffing R.A.M.C. orderlies bore him tenderly to a tent and a doctor entered, also snuffing. MacTavish is of the opinion that the whole of the medical staff had P.U.O., and the doctor was the sickest of the lot and far from reliable.

At all events, on seeing MacTavish's face, he ejaculated a bronchial "Good Lord!" and tearing MacTavish's tunic open, stuck a trumpet against his tummy and listened for the ticks.

Apparently he heard something sensational, for he wheezed another "Good Lord!" and decorated MacTavish with a scarlet label.

Within an hour our hero found himself on board a Red Cross train *en route* for the coast.

There were a lot of cheerful wounded on the bus, getting all the soup and jelly they wanted; but MacTavish got only lukewarm milk and precious little of that. From scraps of hushed conversation he caught here and there he gathered that his life hung by a thread.

He was feeling very bewildered and depressed, he said, but, remembering his duty to the Skipper, played the game and kept body and soul together on drips of jelly surreptitiously begged from the cheerful wounded.

Next morning he found himself in hospital in England, where he still remains. He says he has been promoted from warm milk to cold slops, but is still liable to die at any moment, he understands.

He has discovered that he was sent home with "galloping heart disease," but nobody in the hospital can get even a trot out of it, and boards of learned



George Brinkley

"IS THIS THE FIRST PHOTER YER'VE 'AD OF 'IM?"

"WELL, YUS. YER SEE 'E'S NEVER BIN IN CAMPS WHERE THINGS IS 'ANDY. THEY'VE ALWAYS SENT 'IM TO DESERTS WHERE NOTHINK AIN'T 'ANDY."

physicians sit on him all day long, their trumpets planted on his tummy listening for the ticks.

MacTavish says he thinks it improbable that they ever will hear any ticks now, for the excellent reason that he threw the cause thereof—my "Pretty Polly," to wit—out of the window the day he arrived.

In a postscript he adds that he considers he has played the game far enough, and that if the Skipper doesn't come and bail him out soon he'll bite the learned physicians, kiss the nurses, sing "My Friend John" and disgrace the Regiment for ever. PATLANDER.

An Early Start.

"Havelock Wilson . . . is 60 years old. . . Havelock Wilson has been fighting all his life, ever since he jumped out of his bedroom window in 1858 to run away to sea." Mr. Alexander M. Thompson in "Daily Mail."

The Clothes Shortage.

"Will any lady with boy's left-off overcoats sell mother large family boys, age ranging 7 to 14?"—*The Lady*.

She would be expected, we presume, to throw in the overcoats.

"In Aberdeen there has been a reduction in the price of eggs from 8d. to 10d. a dozen."

Scottish Paper.

And yet there are people who still doubt the Scots sense of humour.

Second thoughts on "God Save the King":—

"It may not be a first-rate tune; the lines so rhythmical as they might be, lines so shythical as they might be."—*Local Paper*.

Notice outside provincial music-hall:

"Come in your thousands. This Hall holds five hundred."

And the remainder will probably be just as happy outside.



IMITATIVE EVOLUTION ON THE MUNITION-WORKER'S ALLOTMENT.

THE CHASE OF THE STUNT.

["Stunt-hunters are somewhat prone to ride past their proper quarry in order to be in at the death of a red herring."—*Sunday Paper*.]

Said the Stunt unto the Herring: "I am blown;

I can hear the wild-eyed huntsman drawing near;
I have not your elasticity of bone;
Go and leave me, I will stay and perish here."

Said the Herring: "If you've lost your silly nerve

You can creep into that mare's-nest up along,
But I thank the Great Chimera whom I serve
That I'm personally going very strong."

So the huntsman, splashed with ink unto the eyes,

Caught a whiff of an aroma that he knew,
And he blundered through a thicket of surmise,
And he made the welkin ring with his halloo.

In a frenzy of destruction past he spurred,
And the Stunt, emerging ashen from the nest,

Tottered East (so my communicant inferred),
Whilst the Herring in a hæmorrhage went West.

THE DISSEMBLER.

"August always was an unlucky month with me," said Jimmy, extracting a cigarette and lighting it, though not without difficulty, for the fingers of his left hand are still of little use to him.

"What's happened now?" I asked.
"Don't you know that we've run out of marmalade?"

"Is that all?"
"All! Isn't it enough? But as a fact it's not all. There's as bad, if not worse, to follow. I am passed for General Service."

"You're not," I cried. "What about your arm?"

"I exploited it all I could, but it's not considered sufficient excuse to keep me at home."

"Surely there's some mistake," I said:

"Not a bit of it. I'm for G.S., that's certain. As certain as that we've no more marmalade. There'll be a third misfortune before the day's out, you mark my words. The boiler will burst and there'll be no more baths, or something frightful like that."

"Well, it beats me how you've been passed fit," I said. "But I confess that your tone shocks me, Jimmy. I don't think you can have read my poem beginning

'Sons of Britain, now awake,
From the sword the scabbard take.'

"I have," said Jimmy, "and I should have thought it was the third misfortune, only I read it yesterday. Still, we'd better carry on, I suppose. Let's go to some low place of amusement this evening." . . .

That was a week ago. To-day I met an ancient medical man who sits on Boards and such.

"Did you have one Jimmy Bray, a Captain in the Wopshires, before you lately?" I asked.

"With a badly smashed-up arm?" He didn't put it quite like that; he used several mysterious words like "sutured" and "atrophied"; but that was the general idea.

"That's the man," I said. "How the deuce was it you passed him G.S.?"

"It's very irregular in you to ask me about it," said he. "But as a matter of fact he seemed so awfully keen to get back that we hadn't the heart to refuse him."

I'm afraid Jimmy must have got a touch of camouflage this hot weather.



Bath-chairman (with his mind on benefits to come). "YES, 'M (puff), AN' WHEN I WENT ABOUT THEM (puff) SUPPLEMENTARY RATIONS THEY SAYS (puff) WE ONLY ALLOWS EXTRY (puff) RATIONS TO PEOPLE (puff) WOT DOES 'EAVY WORK."

THE OLD-TIMER.

'E AIN'T bin 'ung with medals, like a lot o' chaps abaht;
'E's wore a little dingy but 'e isn't wearin' aht;
'Is ole tin 'at is battered but it isn't battered in,
An' if 'e ain't fergot to grouse 'e ain't fergot to grin.

I fancy that 'e's aged a bit since fust the War begun;
'E's 'ad 'is fill o' fightin' an' 'e's 'ad 'is share o' fun;
'Is eyes is kind o' quiet an' 'is mouth is sort o' set,
But if I didn't know 'im well I wouldn't know 'im yet.

I recole' the look of 'im the time o' the retreat,
The blood was through 'is toonic an' the skin was orf 'is
feet;
But "Come aboard the bus," says 'e, "or you'll be lef'
be'ind,"
An' takes me weight upon 'is back—it 'asn't slip me mind.

It might 'ave 'appened yesterday, it comes to me so plain,
'E's dahn an' up a dozen times, a-reeling through the
rain;
It might 'ave bin lars' Saturday I seem to 'ear 'im say:
"There's plenty room a-top, me lad, an' nothin' more to
pay."

'E ain't bin 'ung with medals like a blackamore with
beads;
'E doesn't figure on the screen a-doin' darin' deeds;
But reckon I'll be lucky if I gets to Kingdom.Come
Along o' that Contemptible wot wouldn't leave a chum.

R.A.F. PLUMAGE.

*Letter from Major Sir Fawcett Gear, R.A.F. (Deputy
Director of Mechanical Transport Brake Linings), at the
Ministry, to Messrs. Proffitt, Proffitt and Proffitt, Aero-
nautical Tailors, Savile Row, W.:*

DEAR SIRS,—With reference to my order for five tunics,
three breeches and six slacks, will you please note that
these garments are now required to be in pink georgette
and no longer in ninon?

With regard to the belt on the tunic I hear the material
and colour are shortly to be changed again, but as it will in
this case be possible to "wear out" the existing tunics,
would you kindly supply three extra belts—one of black-
and-white overcheck, one of green charmeuse with the lace
insertions, and the other of white buckskin?

In this way I shall be able to utilize each pattern as occa-
sion may necessitate.

As to the cap-badge, I have been making inquiries and
have heard to-day that I shall have to wear a 1/100-scale
kiwi, in full flight, of nickel; but as nothing has been de-
cided yet, please hold the cap back until you hear further
from me.

Yours faithfully,

FAWCETT GEAR.

P.S.—Kindly note that I need a second bar to my O.B.E.

"WANTED, Comfortable Home, by elderly gentleman, not invalid,
in clergyman's, doctor's, or Christian family."—*Times*.

On behalf of clergymen and doctors we protest against the
insinuation of "or."

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(The GERMAN KAISER, the CROWN PRINCE and General VON BERNHARDI.)

The Kaiser. Things are looking blacker and blacker. It is most extraordinary that it should be so, but so it is. We retreat constantly and are losing all the time in immense numbers.

The Crown Prince. Ah, but we don't let the people know that. The Censor keeps his eyes open and allows no bad news to be published.

The K. Bad news does get itself known all the same. The people become anxious and rumours of all kinds fly about, and in this condition of mind one can no longer look for the same efforts. I tell you frankly I don't at all like the way things are going and I heartily wish we were well out of it.

The C. P. It's too late to talk like that. You should have thought it out before.

The K. You whipper-snapper! It is not for you to talk against war. Was it not you who made my life a burden by trying to form your own party and to oppose my Government?

The C. P. I protest.

The K. No protest of yours can alter facts, and the facts are as I have stated them.

The C. P. All I admit is that I have sometimes suggested a greater and more vigorous display of energy in high quarters, but there is no disloyalty in that.

The K. There are more ways than one of being disloyal.

The C. P. I declare I know none of them, and have always been animated by the most complete deference to my War Lord.

The K. Well, we won't argue that old question out again. Things are too serious for that and there is BERNHARDI listening to us.

General von Bernhardt. I thought your Majesty desired my presence, but I can go at once if your Majesty wishes it.

The K. No, no, I was only joking. I did want you to be here, for I wish to ask you if you still adhere to the opinions expressed in your famous book.

Von B. Which book does your Majesty mean?

The K. Oh, so you have written more than one famous book, is that it? At any rate I mean the one in which you speak of war as necessary to a nation, and all that sort of nonsense.

Von B. Certainly I adhere to those opinions, and I had the best reason for believing that those opinions found favour not only in your Majesty's exalted mind but also in that of his Royal Highness the Crown Prince.

The C. P. I was induced to read some of the stuff, but I didn't think much of it, as it was mostly composed of platitudes about the benefits that war confers upon a nation.

Von B. Your Royal Highness is pleased to be facetious. What I have asserted remains absolutely true, only the leadership must be strong and intelligent. Is that so in this case? Who can assert that it is? Your Hindenburgs and your Ludendorffs are mere jugglers, and are responsible with your royal selves for all the blood that is being uselessly spent. You are both hated—no, I will not stop—all over the civilized world, and that hatred falls heavy on the head of the German people. It would have required only a small amount of good will and a little intelligence to have kept America out of the war. But no, you were not satisfied until you had added America, with her inexhaustible resources in men, money and munitions, to the number of our enemies. That seals our doom in this War, unless you and your Chancellor can devise a method of obtaining an immediate peace. That will be a humiliation

to Germany, and your own arrogance will feel the wound. But it is better that there should be humiliation than that our people should be for ever ruined by the incompetence of the ruling House.

The K. You have allowed yourself a singular liberty of expression; and now, General, it is time for you to retire.

Von B. I obey, your Majesty. *[He leaves the room.]*

The K. A very wordy gentleman. He does not weigh his sentences.

The C. P. Still, there may be something in what he says—at any rate so far as you yourself are concerned.

The K. You too can leave the room. I alone can deal with this situation.

HANS DANS AN' ME.

Hans Dans an' me was shipmates once an' shared the wind an' weather,

An' many a job o' work in them old days we done together; I've stood my trick with Hans afloat an' drunk with him ashore,

But—never no more, Hans Dans, my lad, Lord love you, never no more!

Hans Dans an' me was shipmates once, we couldn't 'elp but be,

E'd shoved 'is bloomin' nose in every ship as sailed the sea; For Hans'd sign for three pun' ten when union rates was four,

But—never no more, Hans Dans, my lad, you bet yer, never no more!

Hans Dans an' me was shipmates once, an' if 'e'd fought us clean

Why, shipmates still when war was done might Hans an' me 'ave been;

The truest pals a man can have are them 'e's fought before, But—never no more, Hans Dans, my lad, d'ye get me, never no more!

Hans Dans an' me was shipmates once—but long's I sail the sea

There'll be no foe's 'le big enough to 'old Hans Dans an' me, An' all the seas an' all the years won't wipe out Hans's score

Nor do away the dirty work he's done an' called it war; No, never no more, Hans Dans, my lad, so 'elp me, never no more! C. F. S.

The Reunion of the Churches.

"Dr. S. T. Nevill, Bishop of Dunedin, attained his eightieth year last week."

"Dr. S. T. Nevill, Bishop of Dunedin, has received a unanimous call to the pastorate of Palmerston North Congregational Church." *New Zealand Paper.*

We congratulate the Bishop. This was worth living for.

"We have among other relics of a bygone age an individual in Court circles known as 'The Master of the Stag Hounds.' Good lord, how long shall we as a nation endure such effigies? The Stag hounds (if there are any in existence) would be serving a more useful purpose as venison on a butcher's counter."—*The Empire (Calcutta).*

But we fear the butcher would get into trouble.

"THE RATIONING OF POULTRY."

Hen birds hatched since January 1, 1916, and not receiving rations under Scheme (A) will be able to obtain certificates entitling their owners to purchase up to an amount per head per day (which will be less than 4oz. per day).—*Provincial paper.*

Several correspondents write to inquire if the hens must make application in writing, and if they should use their own quills.



THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER, 1918.

"MY BIRD, I THINK?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I MAKE free to confess that as far as I am concerned Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM is at his best when he is leading me breathless through the capitals of Europe in pursuit of some tortuous intrigue of the *Corps demi-diplomatique*. I like it all, the diamonds and the champagne, the limousines and the Browning automatics, the waiters who are chiefs of police, and the countesses who are pick-pockets, the international conspiracies and the assassin-proof hero who appears at the psychological moment to save Europe from another conflagration. But the conflagration has arrived and is with us, and tales of diplomatic intrigue are no longer intriguing. So it is both natural and intelligent of Mr. OPPENHEIM to leave his familiar haunts and in *The Other Romilly* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) give us a mystery story which involves no other issues than the happiness of the persons concerned. As far as construction is concerned the story is not up to the level of his previous work. Possibly because more realism is necessary for dealing with common people than with the nebulous royalties of fiction. The punctual appearance in the last chapter of everybody who is necessary to clear the hero just as he is on the point of being haled off to jail rather smacks of the cinema. But Mr. OPPENHEIM is never dull and never amateurish, and his constant readers will no doubt find the brothers *Romilly* as good candle-burners as the scheming denizens of Montmartre or the furtive minions of the Wilhelmstrasse.

Verdun Days in Paris (COLLINS) is not a very appropriate

title for Miss MARJORIE GRANT's delightful little book. Verdun is here only a background for what is an informing account of Paris in times of great stress. There is real value in this book, for apart from the descriptions of work among soldiers and refugees it will correct, and indeed entirely obliterate, any tendency we may still have to think of Paris as we thought of it in the days before the War. To Parisians our determination to regard it as merely a city of pleasure has always been a source of annoyance, and if Miss GRANT can ever be furiously angry (which I doubt) it is because she believes that the old British idea still persists that "France is a land of feverish gaiety, sickly sentimentality, lax morals, endless suppers, and dancers of more than Oriental mystery. How complete a misunderstanding," she adds, "of a nation inexorably logical, sternly industrious, abstemious, parsimonious, with only one real sentimental passion, that of patriotism." Eloquent advocate as she is, Miss GRANT has not mentioned the French quality of being able to laugh when tears are very near the heart, a quality that asks the finest courage. You must read *Verdun Days in Paris* not only for its information, but because the author never misses the humorous side of life, which she presents with a quiet and most attractive charm.

Pacifists, Defeatists, Bolsheviks and others who favour a patched-up peace are apt to look on the German colonies mainly as counters with which to bargain with the Hun; and to persons of that kidney any evidence bearing on the treatment of the natives by their German masters will be hardly welcome. But fortunately these types are few and may, it is hoped, be ignored. Even so the Dark Continent

is a subject about which too many Englishmen are in the dark, and any book that throws light on it is of value, especially when its style is straightforward and its evidence unquestionable. This much at least can be said of *The Prussian Lash in Africa* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), in which "AFRICANUS" briefly describes both the methods and effects of German rule. To many readers the horrors may appear exaggerated and so filthily savage as to be beyond belief in the case of any country that calls itself civilized. This would have been my own impression had I not seen something of the results both in peace and war; but most men who have taken part in any African campaign will feel that these statements of "AFRICANUS," so far from being overdone, are almost unduly mild and moderate. At first, of course, when we entered a native village in German territory the cry of "*Jambo, Bwana!*" ("Welcome, Master!") with which we were greeted by the civilian natives was regarded merely as a polite pose and incompatible with the attitude of their Askaris. But we were not long in learning better; and if you want to know why the British were warmly welcomed and loyally served by the mass of the population, while the native troops put up such a bitter resistance, you need only read this well-informed and unpretentious little book. You will also realise how fatal it would be to British prestige throughout Africa if the colonies were handed back to the Hun.

MURIEL HINE in *The Best in Life* (LANE) is more concerned with her story than her characterisation, as you will gather when you hear little *Patty*, the shop-girl, saying to her superior friend, *Isoël* the mannequin (and heroine), *à propos* of munition work: "Once you're in the Government's hands you become an automatic machine. They certainly pour in pennies fast, but expect its equivalent in return." *Isoël's* notion of the best thing in life is to marry a gentleman (her absentee father, so her mother had told her, was one, but he went to the bad and turned up in a Paris café as a waiter and was killed by a bomb just when *Isoël* had come in from the ends of the earth to have a cup of coffee, so that she recognised him by a strawb—no, a tattooed snake on his arm). A lucky windfall enables her to go to Venice, where the people say *Buon giorno* and *Subito* and *Che sarà sarà!*; and to Paris, where they say *Tiens* and *Mais oui* and *Merci, non* and even *Mais que voulez-vous? C'est la guerre!* No sort of scruples in the pursuit of her ideal for *Isoël*. Concealments and hair-raising perversions of the truth, mitigated blackmail, bold advances, coy withdrawals—all these she uses to hook her fish, a wealthy V.C.; and, having hooked him, she uses discreet confessions to land him. I don't share the author's evident affection for this artful child of nature, but I do like monocled *Judy Dalglish*, the masculine reluctant lover who yields to her patient American millionaire in the end. Money and snobbishness are very prominent in this story, which thus establishes actual contacts with real life.

It happens that two books dealing with the vexed topic of education have arrived on my table simultaneously. These are *The German School as a War Nursery* (MELROSE), by V. H. FRIEDEL, and *Political Education at a Public School* (COLLINS), by VICTOR GOLLANCZ and DAVID SOMERVELL. Reading these titles you will be prepared to find that, apparently at least, the books contradict one another; only apparently, of course, as it does not in fact at all follow that because an educational system has had results in Germany its effect will be the same in civilized countries. "Education," says Professor SADLER, in his admirable brief introduction to the English translation of M. FRIEDEL's book, "is a great power. If you can canalize it you can use it hydraulically for public works." Substitute for "public works" another aim, military aggrandizement, and this is precisely what Germany has been doing with that ugly but momentous force the Teutonic educational canal. M. FRIEDEL, as Director of the Musée Pédagogique of Paris, writes with authority; his book, largely made up of extracts from German educational writings published since 1914,

should be read by anyone interested in a clear exposition of the methods of political *kultur* in the "war nurseries." The authors of the second book are clearly enthusiasts, and as such their arguments—and the report of their translation of these into experiment—are deserving of respect; though their clinching proof, which consists of quotations from the super school-magazines resulting from diffusion of modern ideas, failed to stagger me.

For those who like a placid story which never unduly ruffles the emotions and where everything ends happily—oh, so happily!—*The Desired Haven* (MELROSE) is the novel to recommend. But I warn you that

LESLIE MOORE (whether Mrs. or Miss I do not know, but certainly not Mr.) has written it mainly, I think, for the purpose of changing the religion of her heroine. I was ready to lay a small wager from almost the start that *Philippa* was ultimately to be received into the Roman Catholic Church. Personally I am not altogether in love with religious propaganda in a novel. But if you do not share this fastidiousness the career of *Philippa* is well enough. The author has a considerable sense of character and knows how to construct a novel. Best of all, she shows a real understanding of children.

Another Impending Apology.

"OPEN-AIR CONCERT.—The Special Constables' Male Voice Choir and the choir of the U.F. Church contributed to the programme, which was otherwise attractive."—*Scotch Paper*.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

AMERICA, whose dentist wore the wreath
Due to the man who stopped the KAISER's teeth,
Could you not reach the ladder's highest rung?
Had you no linguist who could stop his tongue?



CAMOUFLAGE DEPARTMENT, B.C.

The Little Greek. "DADDY, WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE TROJAN WAR?"
Daddy (proudly). "MY CHILD, I PAINTED THE SPOTS ON THE WOODEN HORSE."

CHARIVARIA.

THE KAISER recently told the Reichstag: "The autumn is approaching and when you then reassemble the complete military victory of Germany will not only be assured, but will certainly be evident to the whole world." Part of this prophecy is coming true. Signs of the waning of summer are evident.

"The War," says the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "stares us in the face and stares very hard." Indeed by some Germans it is even said that the War is making rude grimaces at them.

"It is necessary for our German sword to speak," says the *Lokal Anzeiger*. Already it is learning to say "Kamerad" quite distinctly.

"Will the scientists be able to supply a substitute for tobacco?" asks the same paper. This attempt to ignore the German cigar is pathetic.

The Germans, according to the Associated Press correspondent, have practically no prepared positions behind the Wotan line. We understand, however, that rather than disappoint regular readers of *Land and Water*, Mr. BELLOC has consented to draw the positions they would have had if they had had any.

According to a Copenhagen telegram Austria is claiming that Russia shall pay her an indemnity. Russia, we understand, has replied that she is temporarily embarrassed for funds, but is willing to allow Austria a free hand in the Malay States.

We were not surprised to read of the attempt on the life of M. LENIN. For a considerable time now we have felt that one of these days he would get mixed up in some irritating bother or another.

Owing to the fact that it was their busy season it seems that the burglars were unable to come out in sympathy with the London police.

Seeing a large body of policemen strikers marching through New Bridge Street the other day a dear old lady threatened to give them in charge.

A New York journal states that CHARLIE CHAPLIN is now serving in the

American Army as a private. Influence again, we suppose.

The controlled price for vegetable marrows is six pounds ten a ton, but we understand that special arrangements have been made for marrows which fall a few pounds short of that weight.

A gossip-writer mentions that a few days ago he mistook a well-known author for Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN . . . but happily they made it up afterwards.

The reported discovery of a pot of strawberry jam in the possession of a Devizes man now appears to have been based on a misunderstanding. The man's statement was that when a boy he had seen one in the possession of his grandfather.



ADVICE TO AN INSTRUCTOR ON ANTI-GAS COURSE.
"WHEN MAKING JOKES DO NOT EXPECT ANY APPROPRIATE EXPRESSION FROM THE AUDIENCE."

A munition-worker charged with stealing was said to have over one hundred and thirty-eight pounds in his pockets. It seems that the unfortunate fellow was saving up to buy a pound of blackberries.

A postwoman charged before the magistrates admitted that she had swallowed a postal order and a cheque. It is extremely fortunate that the cheque was crossed.

Charged with being an absentee a Stourbridge man expressed great surprise when told that this country was at war. The theory is that he was employed in some Government department.

Under a new Defence of the Realm Regulation owners of premises may be required to kill rats. An appeal to the tribunals will be permitted in all cases when it is claimed that they are not real rats.

"A group of Filipinos in American khaki," says the *Paris Daily Mail*, "enlivened a Tuileries Garden festival with an acrobatic display in the trees, swinging from branch to branch with a more than simian abandon." There is such a thing as carrying fulsome flattery too far.

According to scientific authority the next glacial epoch will be in the year 7338. Experts however are of the opinion that even when it does come its effect on the War will be hardly noticeable.

OUR VILLAGE.

Our baker's in the Flying Corps,
Our butcher's in the Buffs,
Our one policeman cares no more
For running in the roughs,
But carves a pathway to the stars
As trooper in the Tenth Hussars.

The Mayor's a Dublin Fusilier,
The Clerk's a Royal Scot,
The bellman is a Brigadier
And something of a pot;
The barber, though at large, is spurned;
The Blue Boar's waiter is interned.

The postman, now in Egypt, wears
A medal on his coat,
The Vet. is breeding Belgian hares,
The Vicar keeps a goat;

The schoolmaster knits upon her stool;
The village idiot gathers wool.

If every city in the land
Would similarly act,
And do its bit and take a hand,
Berlin would soon be sacked.
Come, pledge us now in Blue Boar beer
From Belgian hares to Brigadier!

W. H. O.

The Slump in German Values.

"HALF CROWN PRINCE'S ARMY TURNED
OVER TO GENERAL VON BÖHN."
Daily Paper.

It would be interesting to know how much the Half Crown Prince thinks the German Sovereign worth?

A Modern Pompeii.

"Owing to the holiday on Monday, the burgh carts will not make their usual round on that day for the removal of ashes, but will cover the whole town on Tuesday."
Peeblesshire Advertiser.

And they talk about "Peebles for pleasure."

JAMOUFLAGE.

CASTING an early-morning and disgruntled eye upon our war-breakfast table, I remarked sadly, "No jam, no jelly, no marmalade."

"Also no muffins, and no flowers, by request," said Doris pleasantly. "On the other hand you have two kinds of margarine, some of last week's and some of this."

"Surely you could manage a little honey."

"I could manage quite a lot, if we had any. But I can't get it. You forget that the bees have now been controlled. The Apiary Commissioner has commandeered all the hives, to be set up in aircraft factories as an example. I can't afford to make marmalade with oranges uncontrolled at 5d. Besides, they are going to sell them next week without the skins. The skins are wanted for high explosives or something. As for jam——"

"Well, what about jam?"

"Fruit crops a failure; sugar short; so many more men in the Army."

"Please don't talk like a newspaper," I said plaintively. "Even if there are five million more men eating jam in France than there were last autumn, there must be five million fewer men eating jam in this country."

"But they eat more jam in the Army. They are hungrier than civilians."

"They can hardly be that," I said. "Of course I don't grudge them a single pot that they eat, but in Flanders I believe they use the best strawberry for dubbin. Why is there no jam? I ask you as man to jam——"

"You can't make it without fruit."

"Pardon me, you can make it out of turnips and a little ginger. Have the swedes been a failure?"

"They are still neutral, if that is what you mean. As for ginger, you forget that the Ginger Controller has taken up all available supplies. The Government needs it."

"It does indeed. But isn't there anything you can do? Surely your former Highland servant's old aunt in St. Kilda could lend you one pot of gooseberry to tide us over the winter."

"Silly," said Doris. "You've no memory to-day. All the gooseberry-bushes on St. Kilda were taken over by the Afforestation Board this summer. The Coal-mines Maintenance Commissioner is to get them for pit-props."

"How thorough of him!"

"Yes," said Doris. "Ellen Macarthur told me at the canteen yesterday that her brother, who is 29 and Grade 1, but not really very strong, expects to get a job as a Timber Commissioner for the Outer Hebrides."

"Nonsense!—I should say 'Hoots and havers!' There are no trees in the Outer Hebrides."

"Not very many, perhaps," Doris agreed. "But I expect there is an Outer Hebrides Chief Commissioner for Timber, with so much a year, and six Assistant Commissioners with so much a year, and twelve Sub-Assistant Commissioners, and I don't know how many inspectors. They will probably stay in Oban during the summer and have quite a decent time. You see, the less timber there is in a place the more men are needed to take thorough good care of it and see that it isn't used by civilians for toothpicks."

"Quite so. But is there *nothing* sweet in the house?"

"Ah, well," said Doris coyly, "you used to say . . . but no matter . . . Try a little mustard on your second inch of toast."

She pushed a large silver mustard-pot towards me. I opened the lid apathetically. Then I grasped the nearest spoon. The pot was nearly full of strawberry jam.

"Hooray!" I cried. "More camouflage. No visitor would ever guess what was in that pot."

Doris swiftly removed the treasure untasted.

"I was afraid, even after your solemn promise, that you couldn't get through breakfast without that world-weary word. But if you don't camouflage anything in my hearing for twenty-four hours I promise you a whole teaspoonful to-morrow morning."

"Good," I said. "Jam to-morrow. Any cheese on the dinner horizon?"

"Well, the grocer hoped yesterday that he would be able to oblige me to-day with half-a-pound of a new sort of cheese, Gorgonmargo."

"I know," I said. "Breadcrumbs, rancid waggon-grease and a pinch of salt. Well, well. More cam——" I pulled up just in time.

But I know I shall never keep off the fatal word for twenty-four hours on end. The strain will be too great. No war-jam is worth it.

"FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED, for six months or a year; good tenant; House must be detached, and close to tram, without being actually on tram line."—*Dublin Paper*.

The police are so touchy nowadays.

"Two and one-half per cent. beer is all right, according to Ald. —, who stated that he had recently had a drink of it to test it. If the beer had been intoxicating he would certainly and ytsre uw cating . . ."

Canadian Paper.

Despite the worthy Alderman's assertion we have an uneasy feeling that it was intoxicating after all.

VALEDICTORY: TO A V.A.D.

TAKE off, my nurse, the band of blue
You sewed upon my sleeve;
Repaired and patched as good as new
I make this last request of you
And then I take my leave.

Pathetic fancies may not grace
My little vacant bed;
There comes another lucky case
To bless his "blighty" in my place,
Your patient in my stead.

While willy-nilly I must go
A-hunting of the Hun,
You'll carry on—which now I know
(Although I've helped to rag you so)
Means great work greatly done.

And if, when you're fed-up some day,
As even you must be,
When tumblers tumble from the tray,
When Sister has too much to say
(She may have, even she);

When on the quilts you've made so neat
Some silly asses sprawl;
When weights are on your weary feet,
The dinner-trolley has you beat
And nothing's right at all;

Then, if an unseen crutch you hear
Come tapping lightly up,
And if, by means that don't appear,
That trolley should be taught to steer
And caught that falling cup;

If somehow pillows are put straight
Or wrinkly quilts are smoothed;
If something shares the teapot's weight
Or rolls a bandage when you're late,
—Or Sister's strangely soothed,—

Be well assured that one you knew
(Though which you may not guess),
Who came and went as hundreds do,
Has sent a wish to wait on you
In friendly thankfulness.

An Untimely Eviction.

"At the meeting to-day of the hotel and restaurant proprietors it was decided that all visitors at present staying in hotels be notified that they must leave by midday to-morrow night."—*Evening Telegraph (Dublin)*.

A plea for a respite until midnight the following morning was, we understand, inexorably refused.

"A boy of sixteen, charged at Guildhall with stealing eight £1 Treasury notes, was stated to have spent the money in taking a girl to theatres and music-halls, etc. It was stated also that he had received a good education.

The Alderman: But no moral teaching. After being birched soundly in the cells, his father was bound over for his future good conduct, and he was allowed to go."

Evening Paper.

If the magistrate thinks that this vicarious punishment will reform the young rascal he must be a more than usually sanguine alderman.



THE VICIOUS CIRCLE.

PROFITEER (to successful striker). "YOU GET YOUR BONUS; I MAKE EXTRA PROFIT; AND HE STANDS THE RACKET."



Soldier (who has been posing for picture entitled "Health in the Harvest Fields"). "OI 'A' BIN CALLED BACK TO ME UNIT, ZUR. BUT THIS 'ERE GRADE III. CHAP WILL COOM AS ME SUBSTITOOT."

A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

I do not mind admitting it, we have been considerably alarmed about William. William, *en passant*—though he seldom passes but just comes in and has a meal—is my wife's brother. He is far, far more than that, however, for he ranks with the elect, that chosen coterie of favoured mortals who never work. He drives in taxis and owes his tradesmen for purple and fine linen. William has frequently in my hearing spoken of work, but that is as near as he ever got to it. This was why I was swept off my feet when Mary told me what he had been chatting to her about.

"William wants a job," she said. "He thinks that perhaps you might find him something—fairly easy; he is not strong. He seemed to fancy it is time he settled down."

"Well, for a bright young fellow of forty-seven perhaps he is right," I said.

The more I dwelt on the matter of this yearning on the part of William for work the more unreasonable it seemed, for he always appeared to get along very nicely, thank you, as things were—a fiver borrowed in his well-

known gracious way whenever he ran short; week-ends for the asking (William used to do the asking); and a fine and airy diplomatic touch with him which enabled him to rise superior to debts, tailors and the common ills of insolvent humanity. It was not surprising that it all caused us some little uneasiness. I told him frankly that we, his relatives, felt anxious about him.

"It is not like you, William," I said impressively. "I am afraid you are taking the times a bit too seriously. It has just struck you, perhaps, that there is a war on; but don't go and over-exert yourself. Still, I know of a berth for you. Brooks wants a man to help him in the office."

But we need not have worried ourselves. William is all right. At the last moment he said he felt he could not avail himself of my kindness. He said he had been hasty and he apologised handsomely. He had been thinking things over.

You will never guess his reasons. Even I was outwitted, and I have lent money to William for years and years.

William told me the plain truth over a glass of port—my port. He said he

should have liked nothing better than this job, but he had been thinking about the Man Power Act, and he felt that, with the chance of being called up, he would be putting his employer in a position of unfair risk.

This is very noble of him, but I wish William were not quite so high-principled. It comes very expensive for his friends.

"Awfully sorry, old chap," he said regretfully, "but I can't bring myself to do it. It would not be playing the game. Brooks seemed a decent sort, and the work would have just suited me; but there is this new Act. I may be called up, you see, and that would leave the poor chap in a corner. I will come down and see you this week-end. We can talk things over. You see I am in a bit of a difficulty, not knowing what the Government may do with me."

But the Government won't do anything with William—not if it knows its business.

From a *feuilleton* :—

"He paused, and held her a little way from him, gazing into her tea-dimmed eyes." The result, we suppose, of a slip between the cup and the lip.

AUNT ALICE'S LUCK.

THE scene was our billet in the Rue de la Gare, and "Gramophone, one, how to procure with as little delay and expense as possible," was the subject under discussion.

"I have an aunt," Tony began, but with some hesitation.

"What kind of aunt?" I asked.

"A female, height about five foot six; age . . ."

"Silly ass! I mean, is she the kind of one who would know where to ask for a Grade I. gramophone, and see that she got it?"

"I should say that she's thoroughly trustworthy."

"That's good," I said. "Does she know you well?"

"Yes, pretty well. Why?"

"I was thinking, would she require cash first? I take it she will."

"Not she. She won't require cash at all."

"Rich?"

"Beyond the dreams of avarice."

"I don't know quite how much that is."

"I should think Aunt Alice's income is a bit over three dreams at a thousand a dream."

"Then why hesitate?"

"Well, though Aunt Alice is, as I say, trustworthy and rich, she's unlucky. At least she's been unlucky twice. I don't know if we ought to risk her a third time."

"Tell me about it and I'll decide," I said.

"When I was at Salonika," Tony began, "we were posted on a mountain side in the most exposed position in Europe. At least I think it must have been. It was winter, and the cold at night was absolutely frightful. When I tell you—"

"Yes, never mind those details. Get on with the story."

"After the third night I wrote something like this to Aunt Alice: 'You told me to let you know if I wanted anything. Where I am now it is bitterly cold, and a British warm with a fur lining would be absolutely invaluable.'"

"In April we had orders to move. I hadn't seen anything of the fur-lined coat, but I hoped that, if it hadn't gone to the bottom, some not too undeserving person had got it. Then I forgot all about it. By the end of May we were on the Red Sea. There was a short spell of extra heat—the hottest for fifteen years—while we were there. People who knew said it would last eight days. On the evening of the fourth day a mail came in. There were two parcels for me. One contained



First Blue Boy (taking a look round, to second ditto). "WOT D'YE SAY TO 'ARF-AN-HOUR'S EMOTION, BILL?"

chocolate. I suppose it had been solid once, but it was now a thin soup. The other was a large important-looking parcel. I sat looking at it for a while, listlessly reading the many re-directions upon it. Then with an effort I cut the string and tore off the parched paper. It was the fur-lined coat."

I considered. "Unlucky, certainly," I said. "And now the other case?"

"We moved after a bit to a place called El Below, or something like that. Sandstorms were the speciality there, and the water supply was by camel a matter of ninety miles, so there wasn't too much water about at any time, as you can guess. At the end of a month a mail came in. Our usual meagre supply of water had to be cut down to make room for it in the transport, but we were glad enough to get the mail. There were a few letters for me, a price-less illustrated paper or so, and a parcel

from Aunt Alice. Full of curiosity I tore it open." He paused for effect. "It was a Gieve waistcoat!"

I shook my head.

"Aunt Alice's luck is dead out," I said.

"Not worth giving it another trial," said Tony. "Risk too great. You see, if the gramophone arrived and then we got so busy with battles that we couldn't turn the thing on for the next six months we should feel that we only had ourselves to blame. Better give Aunt Alice a miss."

"If this were Germany, the bells would be rung threadbare over to-day's splendid news."

Evening Standard.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
Whilst other bards will walk these dells
To darn *The Evening Standard* bells.

VISION.

I've seen her, I've seen her
 Beneath an apple-tree;
 The minute that I saw her there
 With stars and dewdrops in her hair
 I knew it must be she.
 She's sitting on a dragon-fly
 • All shining green and gold;
 The dragon-fly goes circling round
 A little way above the ground—
 She isn't taking hold.

I've seen her, I've seen her,
 I never, never knew
 That anything could be so sweet;
 She has the tiniest hands and feet,
 Her wings are very blue.
 She holds her little head like this
 Because she is a queen;
 (I can't describe it all in words)
 She's throwing kisses to the birds
 And laughing in between.

I've seen her, I've seen her—
 I simply ran and ran;
 Put down your sewing quickly, please,
 Let's hurry to the orchard trees
 As softly as we can.
 I had to go and leave her there,
 I felt I couldn't stay,
 I wanted you to see her too—
 But oh, whatever shall we do
 If she has flown away? R. F.

THE LANGUAGE DIFFICULTY.

THE servant question has reached India. I discovered it when I arrived here on leave and acquired the only available attendant, a Tamil youth who knows no English and very little of anything else. I imagine that it is only the general scarcity of everything, including servants, which has emboldened Moonuswamy to offer himself as dressing-boy even to that predestined employer of the incapable, the "Arficer Jintiman from Basra."

Leave is too short and far too precious to permit of my making any attempt to learn a language which offers for the simple obvious word "is" *i-s, is*, the horrible polysyllable *irrekeradu*. One lesson in Tamil decided me on that point. But the language of signs has its limitations, and things were rapidly reaching an impasse when Moonuswamy produced the *Domestics' Manual*. It was not an inviting book as it lay amid the dust and crumbs of Moonuswamy's favourite tin salver, and I gazed with a cold reluctance at first upon the lavish grease-spots which darkened its brown-paper wrapper. Then, grunting strange Tamil grunts in disapproval of my apathy, Moonuswamy laid it open and pointed proudly to the parallel columns of Tamil and English wherein were to be found just

those useful and intimate remarks which he and I were longing to exchange.

For a time mine was the joy with which *Crusoe* must first have heard *Friday* speak; but as the days go by I realise that the manual has not given me all I hoped. Its value to us is limited by Moonuswamy's lack of intellect.

The leader of the dialogues is a person of a vagrant and vacillating habit of mind, who constantly introduces a subject only to let it drop again at once in the most irritating way; still, when I do light upon what I want I am able to read the English at a glance and point to the Tamil counterpart with the severity which the occasion may demand. Moonuswamy, on the other hand, has intense difficulty in spelling out the Tamil to which I have referred him, and if it is pretty to see the triumph grow in his face as he strings his horrid sounds together and discovers that they are really making words, it is pitiful to watch it fade when he realizes that all told they represent "There is no oil in the lamp," or, if I am unable to find the appropriate words for a more definite charge, "You are not a very clever boy."

But it is over his answers that Moonuswamy gets into the most serious difficulty. Unable to read rapidly enough he notes the position of my accusation and trusts to the next consecutive sentence to furnish the fitting excuse. In this he is not often lucky, because the antiphonist of the book, like the leader, is given to a reckless irrelevance. But also Moonuswamy seldom misses the mark by less than a couple of lines—a serious miss when topics change so quickly and completely as those of the *Manual*—and oftener than not goes wider still.

Only yesterday, for instance, when I approached him with a buttonless shirt and pointed severely to the remark, "The handle of this thing is broken" (the most suitable reproof which I could find at the moment), the fellow missed three sentences and indicated the absurd reply: "*To have you with me will be a hindrance to my work.*"

This morning, again, I burst out of my room and found Moonuswamy squatted on his heels beside an undarned pile of socks, breathing stertorously as he bent over the *Manual*. I seized it, and, having hurriedly invited his attention to the inaccurate statement, "To-day I am to take physic," and then to the more truthful but equally irrelevant appeal, "You know that I am a family man," I found what I wanted and pointed indignantly to the words, "This water is not hot."

Moonuswamy mouthed laboriously over the Tamil in a guttural whisper and

two minutes later laid a black-tipped olive finger upon the comment: "*On this account he is cross and a little feverish.*"

He had lost his place again and was referring me to the matter of the baby's teething, which occurs suddenly a little farther on. I snatched the book and turned to the dog's-eared page on which is to be found the safe and almost universal appeal: "If you do not see to everything, who else will?"

This never fails to rouse in him an almost tearful anxiety to please me. He took up the jug and went in search of hotter water, pausing only to turn a page and plant his left thumb for a moment upon the unexpected sentiment: "*Nothing that is impure will enter Heaven.*"

Brooding over the precise interpretation to be put upon this I looked for the more strictly literary portion of the *Manual* which lies towards the end of the book, and had just discovered some entrancing proverbs when Moonuswamy returned with his little jug of lukewarm water.

"Even a rat has five wives in harvest time," I murmured, my eyes on the book, wondering whether this is indeed a zoological fact; and then Moonuswamy, panting respectfully over my shoulder, pointed further down the page. I looked and read: "*Will the temple cat worship the deity?*"

I think of reverting to the language of signs.

"I spent next Saturday afternoon on the moving butts."—*Daily Mail*.

And we are looking forward to a still more strenuous time the day before yesterday.

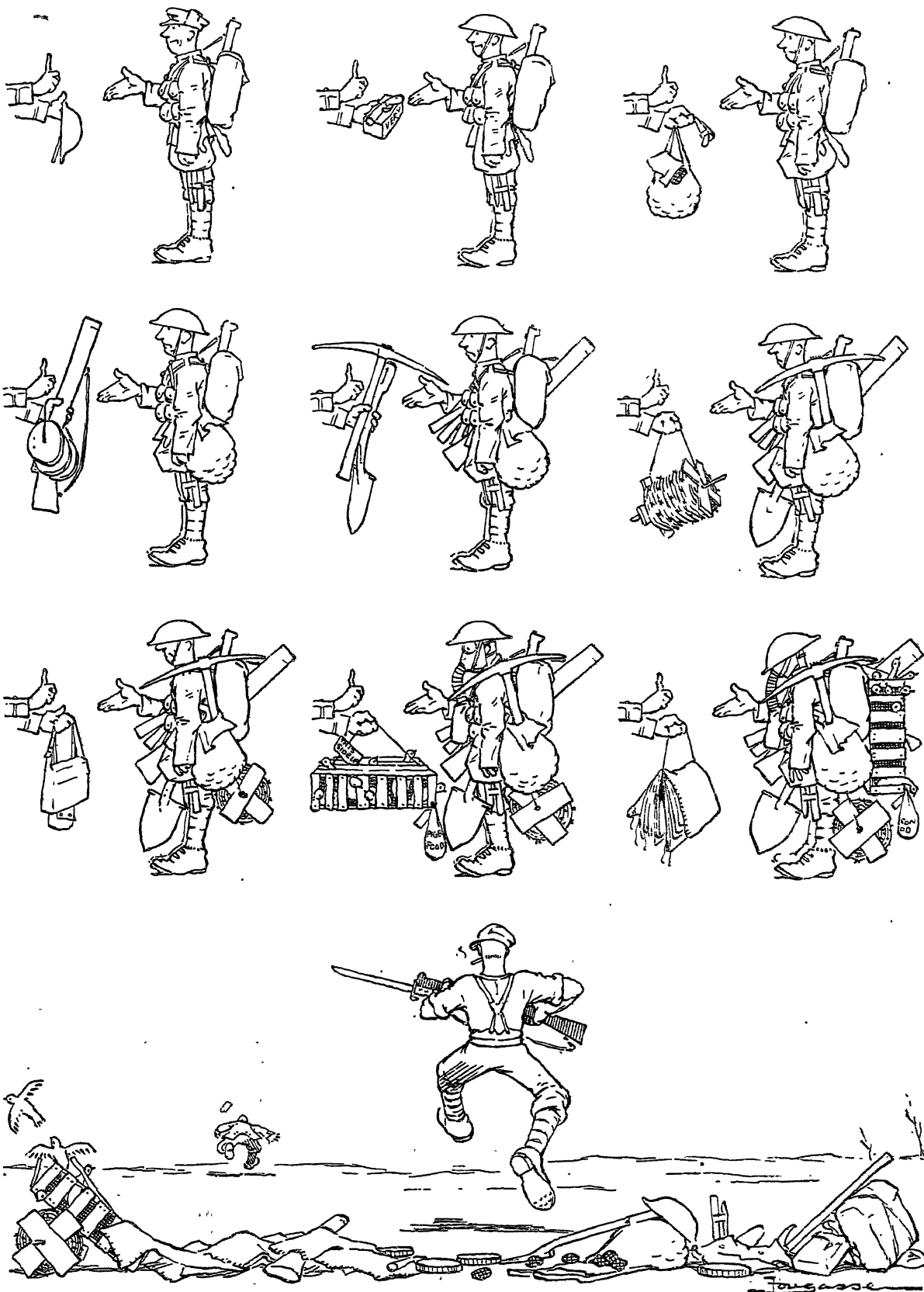
There was an objector at Chirk
 Who was charged with an impulse
 to shirk;
 But he answered, "All action
 I love to distraction,
 But loathe and abominate work."

"Lord Halsbury is 95 to-day. His longevity may be ascribed to hard work, variety of occupation, regular hours, and a zest for life. Among his hobbies have been books, wood-carving, bridge, spooks, and writing the Laws of England."—*Evening News*.

It is only fair to his Lordship to say that he did not write them all.

From General BERTHELOT's order of the day, as rendered by *The Egyptian Gazette* :—

"Scottish Highlanders, sons of Yorkshire, Australian and New Zealand horsemen, you one and all have added a glorious page to your history. Marfaux, Chaumouzy and Montagne de Bligny; these splendid words will be written in letters of gold in the annals of your regiments." And a very suitable medium, too. They all played the game.



"GADGETS."



WAR-TIME BATHING.

"HELP! MINES!! HELP!!!"

THE BOATS OF THE "ALBACORE."

"Five boats there was," said Bristol Tom, "in the steamship *Albacore*—

She used to sail on the Far East run, 'tween Hull an' Singapore—

Four under davits an' one on chocks; you couldn't ask no more.

"But one was smashed at the davits, an' the same shell killed 'er crew,

An' one got tangled up in the falls an' stove, an' that was two,

An' the one as was lashed went down with the ship, she couldn't 'elp but do.

"There was nine got clear in the captain's boat, but we missed 'er by-and-by,

For there wasn't a light in the whole black night nor a star in the bloomin' sky,

An' the Lord 'e knows where them chaps went, an' the sea 'as saw them die.

"An' seven men in the quarter-boat there was that went away—

Seven men in an open boat a-knockin' around the Bay,
In the wind an' rain that bit to the bone, an' dollops o' freezin' spray.

"Seven men in a leaky boat with neither oars nor sail—

We done our best with a len'th o' spar an' a rag of an old shirt-tail,

An' we took it in turns to watch an' steer, an' sleep a bit an' bale.

"Seven men in an open boat, an' the fifth day dawnin' red,
When a drifter picked 'er up at last, due South o' Lizard 'ead—

Seven men in an open boat, two livin' an' five dead.

* * * * *

"An' the two that was livin' they'd signed again afore a month was through;

They'd signed an' sailed for to take their chance as a seaman's bound to do;

An' one went West when the *Runnymede* was mined with all her crew;

An' God 'elp Fritz when we meet," said Tom, "for I was one o' the two!"

C. F. S.

IN THE BEST OF CAUSES.

Mr. Punch desires to appeal very strongly on behalf of our Royal Navy Prisoners of War. The Ladies' Emergency Committee of the Navy League, under the presidency of Lord BERESFORD, sends parcels of food, clothing, books and money regularly to every R.N. prisoner of war in Germany and Austria. Four guineas a month is spent on each prisoner. An added attraction is lent to these gifts where the giver "adopts," either entirely or partially, some particular prisoner and thus creates a personal relationship which is greatly appreciated. The Committee has tried to avoid public appeals, and has carried out its work as silently as the Service to whose needs it devotes itself. Mr. Punch greatly hopes that some of his kind readers will make themselves individually responsible for the assistance of these gallant men, to whose courage and endurance we owe our safety. All contributions, however small, will be welcome. Cheques should be made payable to The Ladies' Committee of the Navy League, and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. HERBERT FULLER, 56, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, W.1., who will gladly supply any further information.

"PARTRIDGE DAY.

"In North Yorkshire the birds were more numerous than the sportsmen."—*Daily Chronicle*.

Strange to say, the same phenomenon was occasionally noticed even in peace-time.



STORM-DRIVEN.

THE KAISER. "I DON'T LIKE THIS WIND, MY SON. WHICH WAY IS IT?"
THE CROWN PRINCE. "UP!"

AT THE PLAY.

"THE LAW DIVINE."

MR. H. V. ESMOND'S new comedy is a love-play pure and simple—a description to be qualified by the recognition of some intriguing *doubles ententes* and a rather muddled (if any) plot. Love is the only thing that matters in the wide wide world; Woman's business and glory is to hold and inspire Man. The Mohammedan hypothesis, briefly, and Mr. ESMOND'S version of the Law Divine.

Jack La Bas, novelist, thirty-eight, temp. captain, three wounds, is at the moment acting Controller of Potatoes at the War Office. What he doesn't control is his habit of discussing his domestic troubles and his sense of grievance that his pretty committee-ridden wife, *Edie*, thinks the telephone the most important thing in her (separate) bedroom. We assist indeed at the crisis of *Jack's* fate. This sort of thing has been going on for a year in Hampstead.

The author affects the unities. "With the exception of a period late in the evening when *Jack La Bas* takes the boys to the theatre the action of the play is continuous." It is indeed a crowded hour and three-quarters for *Jack* when it really gets going. (1) Colloquy on love with the amazingly frank young woman, *Claudia*, which has all the air of a serious flirtation, in which the agitated *Jack*, apparently much to her disappointment, manfully keeps himself in hand. (2) Prophecy by *Claudia* that at any moment a woman may enter his life.

(3) Instantaneous entry of woman, who performs the odd evolution of turning out all the sitting-room lights and standing—a very exquisite white-furred widow—in the abnormally fierce light of the hall, for effect. This is something like coming into a man's life, and I don't wonder at (4) *Claudia's* bouncing out of the room and slamming the door. (5) Tender love scene between hero and widow, ending in particularly impassioned kiss and impounding by hero, who gets a bit above himself, of key of widow's flat, restored under pressure of virtue (or prudence) triumphant in owner of key. (6) Entry of a woman into wife's life. It is the mother of the widow (she also turns out all the sitting-room lights: a family custom apparently, light-saving mania perhaps—unless, indeed, could it really have been a brainy "idea" of the actor-

author-producer? If so he can have no notion of its preposterous effect). She has come to warn the wife of her man's goings-on. (7) Visit of *Jack* (with boys) to His Majesty's Theatre, still fed-up. (8) Air-raid. (9) Return to champagne supper utterly unexpected, to find a devoted, soft, gauzily-gowned provokingly attractive woman in place of the untidy, parcel-despatching, envelope-licking automaton of the past year and afternoon. Alternative title—*Cupid's Quick Changes*.

There was a pretty scene between *Jack* (Mr. H. V. ESMOND) and the widow (Miss BARBARA HOFFE). No wonder *Jack* lost his head, and lost it so nicely. In his later re-wooing of his wife he



Ted Campton PAT SOMERSET.
Daphne Grey BARBARA HOFFE.
Jack La Bas H. V. ESMOND.
Bill JOHN WILLIAMS.

A little clumsy masculine conjuring with a latch-key—very un-MASKELYNE and easily spotted by our watchful Navy.

was less effective (with no excuse provided by Miss JESSIE WINTER, who looked charming), he attitudinised too much, and I may say that in this connection the pose of the Discobolus is not appropriate.

Particularly good was a little scene between the widow's mother (Miss MARIE ILLINGTON—easily distinguished from the widow's mite) and *Jack's* wife, well written and excellently played. And the very amusing turns of the two boys, *Ted* of the senior service (Mr. PAT SOMERSET), and *Bill*, surely the very youngest private in the British army (Mr., or perhaps Master, WILLIAMS), in the main a sort of Humpsti-Bumsti-Two-Macs affair, was very generally appreciated. And it was jolly to see Miss DORIS LYTTON pathetically protesting that nobody loved her because she was so plain!

"EYES OF YOUTH."

We should all have been glad to welcome Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT at the St. James's in a play of more conspicuous interest than *Eyes of Youth*. One understands perfectly the temptation to a leading lady of a part which enables her to appear as (in the present drama) a young girl hesitating between three suitors—poor *Peter*, rich *Robert* and dubious *Louis*; her dull duty to a duller father; a great career as a singer. She is also offered (in glimpses of alternative futures with the aid of the crystal of a mysterious and accommodating *Yogi*) existence as a jaded school-marm (this through waiting for *Louis*), as an unnecessarily naughty opera-singer (this for choosing the stage "career"), and as an innocent divorcee reduced to beggary with a dash of *Ophelia's* witlessness (this owing to a marriage with the opulent *Robert*). But it is a temptation which I could wish had been resisted, for it seems to me that the kinema-inspired authors, MESSRS. MAX MARCIN and CHARLES GUERNON, were restrained by no laws of plausibility or sense of character, and were masters rather of mechanical than dramatic contrivance. Why should the faithful *Peter*, for instance, have died in South America because *Gina*, the heroine, selected *Louis*, and why should she have become a prosperous haunter of smart restaurants if she married *Robert*? While the school-mistress, the star, the injured wife were not one woman after five years of three differing environments but three frankly and fundamentally different women.

Had *Gina* had more than three guesses we might have been there yet. I rather wished she could have seen herself after five years with *Peter*; or five years after poisoning her father, which really seemed the most urgent business, for I have rarely seen a stage-father of such unplumbable futility. He had just failed in business (even this is unpalatable: he would have failed years ago); but let no one say that he was not a man of a receptive mind, for when *Gina* pointed out that, instead of closing down the business, he had only to look at the matter with *Eyes of Youth* and let his son *Kenneth* build it all up again, he received the suggestion with enthusiasm, though it simply hadn't occurred to him before.

It remained to one to enjoy the good patches. Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT was at her best in the dressing-room scene



Young Lady from Town. "WHAT DO YOU USE FOR FRECKLES, MISS GILES?"

in the Paris Opera House—in fact as a detached effect the whole scene was excellent of its kind, with a sudden death from one of those fatal bullet wounds in the foreleg which are so common in stage murders. Mr. DAGNALL's study of the impresario, *Salvo*, was not only a quite admirable piece of impersonation, but, by appearing throughout in the same character, he contrived to create the illusion that one was sitting in one place at one play rather than visiting a succession of kinemas in a nightmare.

Certainly the team of school-children, trained by Miss ITALIA CONTI, did great credit to their coach. They were the perfect little beasts they were meant to be. I am curious to know whether little American girls in real life are called (forexample) "Sunday," "Dinka" and "Pippyn," or only when they become little actresses. None of the other players had long enough innings to get well set and show their form, but the kind-hearted detective of Mr. ALEC ALVES, the Opera House manager of Mr. HERMAN DE LANGE and the Russian Tenor of Mr. ARTHUR VIROUX seemed to be meritorious short studies. I couldn't believe in the *Yogi*, because he was so obviously a property, like the

crystal, not through any particular fault of Mr. IAN ROBERTSON. T.

THE SERGEANT-MAJOR.

Sergeant-Major Caleb Hawker
Is a most prolific talker.
Could he wear a tighter dress
P'raps he'd talk a little less;
But I cannot think—can you, Sir?—
What would happen were it looser.

Always talking to a crowd
Makes his voice a trifle loud.
It, in fact, is like the full
Mellow bellow of a bull,
And the cows in fields hard by
Quite instinctively reply.

When he comes upon parade
Brigadiers and Colonels fade;
Gilded hats grow very pale,
Rookies' knees begin to fail;
Roaring Sergeants cease to rant,
Puny is the Adjutant.

Once I saw some young recruits
Make a mess of their salutes;
Hawker didn't say a lot,
But he said it loud. 'Twas not
What he said that scared the boys,
Not the substance, but the noise.
After merely two short hours
Those recruits resembled flowers

Plucked at noon in summer's heat—
Prone they lay at Hawker's feet.
Nevermore they made reply
(Doctors call it "G.P.I.").

Should an order come my way
Never could I disobey;
I would sooner place my head
In the cavernous and red
Alimentary canal
Of a hungry cannibal.

Should he speak a word to me,
Sooner far than disagree
I would perish where I stood,
I would almost—yes, I would—
Ask the General his age or
Play at pills and pot the Major.

"BEAUTY SHOW.

Class B, ladies over 20.—1, Pauline G., 192 votes; 2, Dora R. W., 108 votes; 3, Gwendoline K., 912 votes. Special prize for highest number of votes, Pauline G.

Provincial Paper.

If we were GWENDOLINE K. we should enter a protest.

At a College for Farming, the staff
Were recently prompted to laugh
By a girl who said, "How
Can-I milk this huge cow?
Please may I begin with a calf?"



Fifteenth-Century Tramp (to inquisitive stranger). "OW DID I COME BY THIS SUIT OF ARMOUR? W'Y, VARLET, DON'T YER RECKER-NISE YER LIEGE LORD, 'UGH FITZ-WALTER, JUST COME BACK FROM THE WARS IN FRANCE?"

THE LITTLE MORE.

"No," said Mr. Brown, tapping his second egg, "it is not a mistake. Jones is a man of business and men of business don't make mistakes of that kind. He knows that the additional stamp may be affixed by the payee, and he is not the only person who has served me in the same way. I shall send back the cheque and remind him of the new regulation," he added with a frown, and on sitting down to write to Jones the same evening satire seemed to be indicated as the most satisfactory method.

"But you told me," Mrs. Brown expostulated when he read the letter aloud with not unnatural pride, "that you felt certain Mr. Jones had not made a mistake."

"He can't have forgotten that since the first of September every cheque requires an extra penny stamp," was the answer.

"Then why do you say you know that he has?"

"That," said Mr. Brown, "is irony."

"What is the difference between irony and a falsehood?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"The one seeks to hide a fact and

the other to show it more plainly," he replied.

When three days had passed without an answer, Mr. Brown wrote again, and towards the end of a week he began to show symptoms of irritability, coming down to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual to examine the post, and remarking emphatically that he "couldn't understand Jones."

"Perhaps your letters have miscarried," Mrs. Brown suggested. "You know how very irregular the posts are just now."

"The best way will be for you to go and call on Mrs. Jones and introduce the subject casually in the course of conversation. Not too plainly. Just a hint," said Mr. Brown; and his wife dutifully set out the following afternoon in the rain. "Did you hear anything about the cheque?" he asked on her return, whereupon Mrs. Brown opened her handbag and laid the draft on the table. "Ah, that's better," he said, regarding the additional penny stamp with approval. "I should like to know why he didn't send it back before."

"He said you told him on no account to hurry, but to take his own time about it."

"Jones obviously doesn't know the

meaning of satire," said Mr. Brown, rubbing his palms together.

"Still," was the answer, "he did say there was something ironical in the situation."

"How's that?" demanded Mr. Brown.

"You were so anxious to save a penny that you didn't mind spending five shillings: in addition to the two three-half-penny stamps you used on your letters to Mr. Jones."

"Five shillings!" exclaimed Mr. Brown.

"He was thinking of my taxi," said Mrs. Brown. "It was raining so fast that I felt bound to keep it waiting."

"That's the worst of a man like Jones," Mr. Brown retorted. "He can never understand that it is the principle of the thing that matters, and there's nothing I dislike so much as procrastination."

"If you give me a ten-shilling note," said Mrs. Brown, opening her bag again, "and I give you five shillings, that will be right."

"After an excellent dinner the heart of Lady Ardayre began to beat with wonderment and excitement."—*Nash's Magazine*.

Or was it a touch of indigestion?



Jock. "COULD YE NO GIE ME A PHOTOGRAPH O' YERSEL', SISTER?"

Sister. "WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH IT?"

Jock. "I'D PUT IT IN A NICE COLLECTION O' CURIOS I'VE BEEN MACKIN' OOT HERE."

BACK AGAIN.

WE are back again and we know it, having spent three weeks of mixed weather close to the coast. Even if all memory of our departure and our three weeks' stay were wiped out of our minds, we should still be sure by several infallible signs that we have been away from home, because (1) the dogs have come to the verge of the garden to meet us. They have been brushed and made tidy within an inch of their lives. As soon as they see us they make an unrebuked rush and all begin to scream at the tops of their voices. Having upset most of us they run ahead towards the house, where we find them occupying all the best chairs in the best room. Because (2) we have the feeling that having packed nothing that we want, we have lost all our luggage, and because (3) we have as a matter of fact lost two pieces containing everything we need. Because (4) the gardener has come to the station to meet us. When we step out of the train he smiles his annual smile, but is promptly recalled to gloom by a mention of the weather, which seems to have played him the worst imaginable tricks. Because (5) the library has been cleaned and reduced to order. All the books have been taken out, presumably dusted and certainly put back again, the housemaid's idea being that they should number from right to left and not, in accordance with a stupid prejudice, from left to right. Because (6) everything at home looks so comfortable, so bright and so delightful. Muriel's napkin ring still rolls off the table if placed in a certain position; Anna's salt-sifter surrenders three pinches of salt and then goes on strike; Beatrix's silver mug loses its balance but by a miracle of ingenuity on her part is not upset; while Frederick's coat-sleeve

performs its stunt of catching up and concealing his knife. All the old familiar things in fact do the old familiar business as usual. Yes, we have been away at the seaside and are now, thank Heaven, back again.

THE WISHING-WELL.

THERE comes a quiet spirit to this cool green place,
A little White Lady with a wildflower face.
Among the ragged-robin, so the old wives tell,
Where nod the knowing crane's-bill and the Canterbury-bell,

You sometimes see her walking by the little wishing-well.

A-wishing at the wishing well, as wise folk should,
I saw a sudden brightness in the green-gold wood,
And Something drifted by me where the lad's-love blows
As softly as the petals of a white wild-rose
Or mist along the water when the water-lilies close.

Oh! LAWRENCE might have painted her, the sweet-faced shade;

I seem to see her sitting in her glimmering brocade,
Her lips a little parted and her soft hands pressed
To the daintiest of posies at her pretty white breast
(And if her heart were heavy, why, the painter never guessed).

I think she had a lover, though I scarce know who;
Perhaps he led his regiment at famous Waterloo;
Perhaps his bones are lying there, where brave men fell;
But still she never wearies, so the old wives tell,
A-wishing and a-wishing at the little wishing-well.

REVENONS-NOUS À NOTRE CHEVREUIL.

"I CAN'T think"—the Colonel was talking—"what some fellow in *Punch* means by suggesting that people don't like venison. Of course they do—if they've got any sense and so long as it's been hanging long enough."

"And the plate is hot," said the Doctor.

"And so long as there's some fat with it," said the Commander (with wavy stripes).

"Of course," the Colonel agreed. "But all that's understood."

"I didn't read the article," said the Commander. "What did it say?"

"Oh," the Colonel replied, "it was all about everyone passing on their gifts of venison until they had to be buried—I mean until the venison had to be buried. The usual joke. I suppose," he added thoughtfully, "it's pretty difficult having to be funny every week."

We were all silent for a while, pondering upon this reflection.

"I can't think," the Colonel continued, "where the joke began. It can't be a very old one, because in the middle-ages venison was a standing dish. Deer-stealing wouldn't have been so popular if people hadn't liked venison. You don't steal things you don't like."

"Wasn't there some poet fellow who stole deer?" the Commander inquired.

"Yes, of course," said the Doctor: "SHAKSPEARE. SHAKSPEARE knew a good thing when he saw it, I'll be bound."

"Then," asked the Colonel, "when did this foolish objection to venison come in?"

"It must be largely fancy, of course," said the Doctor: "In fact I can prove it. I know of a case where the same people both vilified venison and loved it."

"But how?" we began.

"I'll tell you. There's a hospital I'm interested in which belongs to Lord Blank. About forty beds and full up ever since the War really began. At first we had very little difficulty about food, but last year the shortage set in and Blank, who has a herd of deer in his park, thought it would be a good plan to substitute venison for butcher's meat. So he had some deer killed, and when they were ready the matron broke what she thought was the glad news to the patients. Big, comfortable, jolly woman. 'There's a treat for you to-day,' she said; 'something we don't often get . . . ' and she went on working the thing up to make them excited and then sprang the wonderful fact upon them. But when

she dropped her shell it was a dud. The very word 'venison' seemed to disgust them. How that was I know no more than you do; but there you are."

"What I always say," the Colonel interrupted. "It's one of the mysteries."

"It was too late," the Doctor continued, "to get anything else for dinner even if the matron was weak enough to give way. So the venison was served, but hardly a man would touch it; and when Blank called the next morning to look round and put his usual questions about the men's comfort and so on, one of them asked if his lordship would be so kind as to instruct the matron not to give them venison again. They would rather go without meat at all, and so on."

"Blank was thunderstruck, as it came as a surprise. Somehow he hadn't seen the matron that morning and therefore knew nothing. But he didn't commit himself and came to the matron and me and told us about it. He was very cross. 'It's a pack of nonsense,' he said. 'Some of the best bucks in England.'"

"Of course it is nonsense," said the Colonel.

"The matron," the Doctor continued, "told him that some of them wouldn't even taste it."

"It's just a superstition," the Colonel said. "Dislike of the unfamiliar, unwillingness to make any experiment." "Exactly so," the Doctor agreed, and continued his story. "'Well,' said his lordship, 'they've got to learn sense. Go on giving it to them, matron, but cook it in some other way and call it mutton. Tell them I shan't trouble them with any more deer; tell them I'm giving them the very best of my Southdowns instead.'"

"That was at the beginning of the season," the Doctor concluded. "At the end of it the patients thanked his lordship for his great kindness and consideration in letting them off the venison and substituting mutton instead. They had never, they said, had mutton that could compare with it."

The Decline in German Man-Power.

"THE SUPREME GERMAN ATTACK.

Probably sixty Germans are engaged. If so, it suggests this is undoubtedly their main offensive."—*New Zealand Paper*.

"Owing to the serious shortage of coal the people of the — area may be without gas to-morrow (Sunday).

Canon — will preach at — Parish Church to-morrow (Sunday) evening."—*Provincial Paper*.

Canon — considers that it was not quite tactful of the editor to place these two items in juxtaposition.

EXPLOSIVE BULLETINS.

Amsterdam, Tuesday.—The Helsingfors correspondent of the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* learns that sixteen explosive bullets have been extracted from Tchitchikoff's pericardium, but that for the moment the patient is not in danger. Pulse 250, temperature 154.5 Centigrade, respiration normal.

Copenhagen, Tuesday.—A Moscow telegram says that M. Tchitchikoff's condition continues to be very serious, as he expired on Monday at 9 p.m. A crisis is expected hourly. The official Bolshevik telegram is as follows:—"Monday, 10 p.m. The patient feels much better. Pulse 50 Centigrade, temperature 206 Réaumur, respiration 64 Fahrenheit. His general condition is very satisfactory. No change is observable in the metatarsal ganglion."

Honolulu, Tuesday.—A cable from Vladivostok announces the arrival of M. Tchitchikoff at Tomsk in a Sikhorsky triplane, accompanied by three German doctors. His condition is reported to be serious, and it is feared that in two or three days sclerosis of the pituitary gland may supervene, unless thoracokentesis is resorted to. Pulse $\frac{10}{\theta} \times \text{HO}$, temperature 45 Plantigrade, respiration subnormal. He slept during the flight, and since his arrival has been eating with a good appetite.

Rotterdam, Tuesday.—A Petrograd telegram to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* asserts that M. Tchitchikoff is in robust health, the bullets discharged at him having been stopped by a coat of mail, rebounding on to the assassin, whose condition is serious. No further bulletins will be issued.

"A City constable said that the City police would undoubtedly follow the lead of the Metropolitan police. He stated to a *Star* man that he saw hundreds singing the union ticket yesterday."—*Star*.

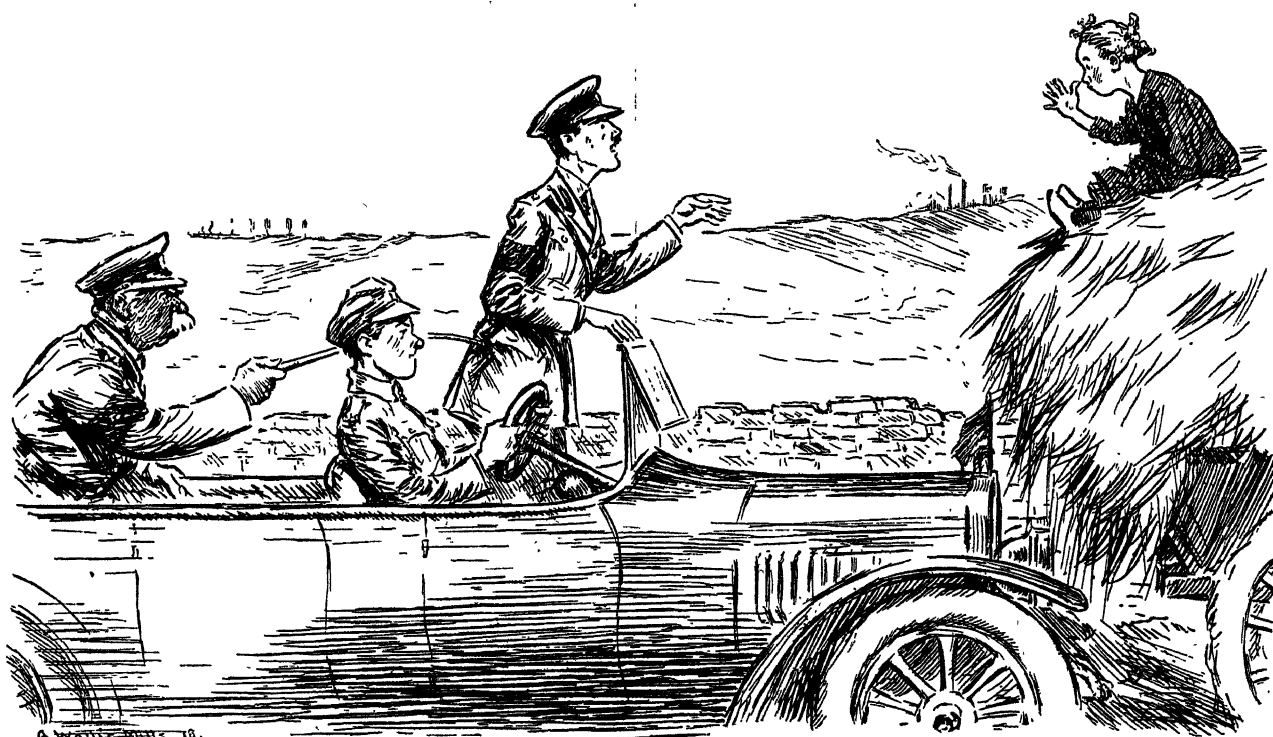
Nevertheless there was some lack of harmony in the proceedings, for few of them paid any attention to the beat.

"The Kaiser's proclamation to the German army and navy yesterday showed he is beginning hrldu mfwyp shrdlu mfwy becoming frightened."—*Toronto Daily Star*.

You can almost hear his teeth chattering.

"For the first time, we are to realize our utter dependence on coal. It is the veriest commonplace of domestic usage, for which we are never sufficiently grateful."—*Times*.

And if the COAL CONTROLLER has his way this winter we shan't be grateful at all.



LÈSE MAJESTÉ.

WOTAN'S WAY.

OLD Wotan was a deity adored by ancient Huns,
Who as the god of thunder controlled the heavenly guns,
And in our age he held the stage in places where they sing
And play the great Tetralogy we briefly call the *Ring*:

In figure he was ursine, extremely broad and fat,
His beard was long and shaggy and he wore a wondrous hat;
He was the heaviest father that ever took the floor,
And the world's long-distance champion-belt for monologue
he wore.

So, wishing to pay honour to this ancient Teuton god,
Who tried to rule his daughters with a Rhadamanthine rod,
The High Command conferred his name upon the vital
"switch"

That links Drocourt and Quéant with tunnel, wire and ditch.

Old Wotan was a German, so you couldn't shift his line;
Besides it would be sacrilege, for Wotan was divine;
And so for twice a twelvemonth the Hunnish hosts relied
On Wotan's indestructible impenetrable hide.

But even super-Germans are wont at times to nod,
And to borrow Wotan's ægis was indubitably odd;
For dark decline o'erwhelmed his line; he saw his godhead
wane

And his stately palace vanish in a red and ruinous rain.

The sequel shows that legend may foreshadow solid fact,
For the vaunted line of Wotan has at last completely cracked;
And as his kingdom crumbled with its Pagan creed outworn,
His wall and trench have yielded to the blows of BYNG and
HORNE.

"WANTED.—Two Large Cheerful Oil Paintings for £100 or less."
Times.

Was this what the Psalmist had in mind when he wrote
of "oil to make him a cheerful countenance"?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Early Life and Adventures of Sylvia Scarlett (SECKER) breaks a silence that had already lasted too long for those (including myself) who regard Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE as the most important of our modern novelists. Now that I have read it and attempt to consolidate my impressions, I think I am safe in predicting that the book will give its author's admirers no disappointment certainly (in several respects it is the best thing Mr. MACKENZIE has yet done), but perhaps surprise; chiefly because its treatment is not in the least that of the earlier volumes. You remember *Sylvia*, no doubt, as the enigmatic young woman in whose ambiguous protection *Michael* found *Lily* during the second book of *Sinister Street*. Here we have her own story, and incidentally that of *Michael* and *Lily* and other of Mr. MACKENZIE's people, brought down to a point some time later than this meeting. The difference in style of which I have spoken is largely one of pace and results naturally from the individuality of the central figure. *Sylvia* is a person of such varied and even violent activity that the tale must hurry to keep abreast of her. There is no time here for the exquisite and melodious beauty of *Carnival* or the delicate sadness that haunted the introspections of *Sinister Street*. It is all movement, ranging the habitable globe, intentionally a little restless in effect, but so vigorously alive as to leave the reader out of breath perhaps, but never out of interest. For swiftness of action and development and the growth of character the book emphatically marks a further advance in Mr. MACKENZIE's art—even if now and again I found myself regretting the prose-poetry of his more leisured moods. Certainly however these early adventures of *Sylvia* have sharpened my curiosity for the volume promised shortly, in which (I gather from the title) her fortunes are to be definitely mingled with those of *Michael*. This should be at least an interesting conjunction.

I heartily welcome the approach of Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, bringing with him another of his delightful novels of country-life as it was in England before the War. Mr. MARSHALL is indeed the prose laureate of the English countryside, with its houses and its inhabitants. He has already told the story of the Clintons in a series of volumes, and now he breaks new ground in *Abington Abbey* (STANLEY PAUL). In this he tells the story of the Graftons, a fascinating family, consisting of *George Grafton*, banker and Briton, and his three daughters, not forgetting young *George*, the son, who is an admirable creation and a provider of much fun. Having found a house which is exactly the one for them, money being no object, they abandon London and settle in the country. Mr. MARSHALL, in his calm and persuasive style, develops the various situations in which the members of the family find themselves. The story is told with perfect skill and good taste, and in the judgment of at least one reader it calls loudly for a sequel.

Dr. MUEHLON was a director of KRUPPS and in receipt of a salary which is variously stated as £10,000 or £20,000. He disapproved so violently of the attitude of the German Government and their determination to enter upon war, no matter at what cost, that he first of all resigned his post, and later (in 1917) secured the publication of a memorandum in which he denounced the violent and brutal action of his countrymen and charged the official classes with having provoked the War. Having done this, he retired for safety to Berne, and has now published a translation of his *Diary* (CASSELL). The *Diary* covers only the first four months of the War, but it is a formidably reasoned document and leaves no loophole for escape to the guilty ruffians who have plunged Europe and America into bloodshed. The *Diary* is well worth reading, even though the writer shows no special liking for our own people. As a shrewd forecast I may quote the following, written on August 22nd, 1914: "However important yesterday's battle may have been, it cannot be more than the first scene in the first act of a long tragedy. In all probability, as the war proceeds, our victories over France will recede further and further into the background, bringing us no profit."

The rush of War-literature continues, and to keep pace with it is an impossibility, but in many ways it will be a pity if *Round About Bar-le-Duc* (SKEFFINGTON) is overwhelmed by the flood. Miss SUZANNE DAY worked for many months among the refugees at Bar-le-Duc, and she writes of them with fine understanding. Occasionally too she reveals genuine powers of observation, and I cannot help thinking that her book would have been improved if she had given a freer rein to them. As it is she has been a little over-anxious to amuse, which is all the greater pity because she can be amusing without any effort whatsoever. Her wail over the costume she

was compelled to wear while working among the refugees will be received with many sympathetic smiles.

The Savignys (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a work of art, which is more than can be said for most of the hasty novels which come my way these days. I am still baffled as to the exact sex of the author, G. B. LANCASTER, for this book shows an equivocal sympathy with both the feminine and the masculine points of view. To all who take an interest in county life of modern England and have an appetite for a carefully-constructed story I commend its theme—the pride of an ancient house culminating in a battle-royal between the imperious mother, determined to maintain traditions before all else, and the headstrong son, determined to develop himself according to himself. This collision between the irresistible force and

the immovable body makes excellent drama, the election at *Coombe*, practically a contest between mother and son, being most effective. But the several incidents which go to make up the action lack novelty and appear to be culled from other books rather than from first-hand study of life. This applies notably to the other son's literary career, drug-taking habits, shallow wife and dying child. A good style is a little spoilt by excess of startling and alliterative epithets. As for the dialogue, so long as *Old Podley* and *Lady Rolls* handle it, it is delightful in its point and humour; when, however, the two brothers get talking about their souls it is at times most tediously drawn out and solemn. But it is *Old Podley* who opens the book and *Lady Rolls* who concludes it, and all that is in between is far and away too good to miss on account of a flaw or two.



THE SINEWS OF WAR.

Patriotic Sister. "YOU'VE BEEN EATIN' YER BLACKBERRIES. DON'T YOU KNOW AS EVERY TIME YOU EAT A BLACKBERRY YOU'RE EATIN' A BULLET?"

detective story, meaning by that that the detectives involved are no super-sleuths but the patient and not too subtle operators who make Scotland Yard a synonym for perseverance rather than inspiration. But if Mr. J. S. FLETCHER's sleuths are not super-sleuths the most hardened fiction-fiend will hesitate to suggest that *Joseph Chestermarke* is not a supervillain. One cannot help feeling that the interesting skein of mystery could have been finally unravelled to everybody's satisfaction without showing up *Joseph* as such a monster in the last chapter and spoiling the almost sleepy realism of the story by introducing effects that savour more of the *Monte Cristo* than an English market-town. But it is perhaps ungracious to criticise the conclusion of a mystery story. The inevitable explanation of how it all happened—that is, all the things that had to happen in order to distract our attention from what really did happen—is the least important part of such tales as these. Mr. FLETCHER has already won a substantial reputation as a writer of sensational and dramatic fiction; *The Chestermarke Instinct* will sustain it.

The Chestermarke Instinct (ALLEN AND UNWIN) may best be described as a realistic de-

CHARIVARIA.

If we are to believe the *Cologne Gazette*, the German High Command have decided upon a forward movement—that is, of course, if the Allies will only retreat. * *

"The German people," said the KAISER in his latest speech, "is resolved to defend its treasures of Kultur acquired in tenacious labour against the enemy onslaught." The German people may do the defending, but it's LITTLE WILLIE who really got away with most of the stuff. * *

According to the *Berliner Tageblatt* the Reichstag will shortly consider a proposal to grant much higher old-age pensions, to begin at the age of sixty. Several people in Germany complain that this is merely a plot to encourage them to live much longer. * *

KING FERDINAND is reported to have returned to Sofia completely cured. It turns out to have been nothing but a touch of the "flew." * *

"Immediate developments on the long line of bubble are a little obscure," says *The Cork Constitution*. From German sources, however, we gather that it is rapidly developing into a line of bubble and squeak. * *

The Association of Gramophone and Musical Instrument Manufacturers urge an embargo on all musical instruments, including mouth-organs, from enemy countries for five years after the War. We have always maintained that complete victory could never be had without paying the price. * *

"Six hundred Britons interned in Holland have married Dutch girls," says *The Daily Mail*, and asks what is to be done about it. The Bishop of LONDON is said to favour a course of instruction in cheese-making for the idle rich. * *

Sir HORACE PLUNKETT authorises the statement that he has no knowledge of the Irish Progressive Party. The name, it is suggested, can have no reference to any of the recognised Irish Parties. * *

In view of the unrest prevailing

among the firemen persons contemplating having fires on their premises are requested to postpone them until the trouble is over. * *

In this connection a reported statement by the COAL CONTROLLER, that there will be no more fires if he can help it, has aroused widespread consternation. * *

Can it be that the Government is losing its dash? The police trouble in London has been practically settled and the Cabinet has missed another exceptionally fine opportunity of setting up a Special Committee. * *

This strike, by the way, is already bearing evil fruit. Only yesterday an

American Army. We understand that he will be shipped to Europe as soon as they have a vessel to fit him. * *

An applicant for a transfer of licence at Rhyl was described in testimonials as being "honourable, temperate, affable, adaptable, reliable, straightforward, upright, good and steady." Nothing was said about his being Welsh. * *

An *Evening News* paragraph tells us that a non-alcoholic "beer-house" has been opened in Acton. Several men in the district are said to be much obliged to our contemporary for this little friendly warning. * *

A man has been charged at the Thames Police Court with stealing a quantity of cloth value seven hundred and fifteen pounds. Almost enough, in fact, to have made a suit of clothes in pre-war days. * *

A Chicago boy only four months old is said to have one of the most powerful tenor voices yet heard. This is not all. As soon as the father was told this it appears he left home, and it is feared that he has made away with himself. * *

A Tyneside munition-worker has been fined ten pounds for taking matches into a munition works. No information was forthcoming, however, as to where he obtained the matches. * *

An applicant to the Sunningdale tribunal discovered on producing his birth-certificate that he was ten years younger than he supposed. His only regret, he declares, is that he has wasted the best years of the War. * *

Under the heading, "A Surfeit of Blackberries," *The Weekly Dispatch* says, "Three youngsters from a village in Sussex gathered over a hundred-weight. The crop is the heaviest on record." All four crops, we should imagine. * *

From a Parish Magazine:—

"Mr. — had what might have proved a most serious bicycle accident on August 20th. Coming from — the front fork of his bicycle parted company with him and the other wheel, and went off on its own. Fortunately it happened on a level place and he came off with a bad cut and a stiff neck, for which we are very thankful." Callous, we call it.



Imaginative little Girl. "FANCY, MOTHER, ONLY YESTERDAY I MAY HAVE BEEN BATHING WITH THIS BLOATER!"

errand-boy was heard to say "Yah!" to a special constable in the Edgware Road. * *

Prison officers are now demanding wage increases. It is rumoured that several old lags now undergoing sentence have in the event of a strike offered to come out in sympathy. * *

So far as can at present be ascertained, at Acton there are only five prospective Candidates for the next General Election. It is felt locally that this palpable breakdown of the voluntary system will inevitably result in conscription. * *

A few days ago £4,725 was paid for a Friesland cow. The smallness of the sum is attributed to the fact that the animal had already been milked that morning. * *

It is announced that a man 7 feet 3 inches in height has just joined the

PLAYING THE GAME.

I TELL this, the true version of the story, that justice may be done. The reputation of my regiment for sportsman-like behaviour has suffered grievously and quite unjustly. This then is what actually occurred.

When we were in Rest Camp at Villeneuve St. Julien, we (the 6th K.R.L.I.) challenged the Staff of the F.M.D. to a cricket-match. It was only after they had accepted the challenge that we learned that Frysop was attached to them. Still, in face of this terrific news I think we may flatter ourselves that we never seriously got the wind up. "We may fizzle him out somehow," we said; "and as for his bowling, all bowling's more or less alike on a pitch full of shell-holes like this one." But we were sorry we had been a bit patronising to the F.M.D. about the match.

We went in first and made 125, and they had compiled 95 for 5 wickets, with Frysop in and well set, when the other batsman skied a ball over the bowler's head. While it was still in the air and the batsmen were running on the chance that long-on, who had some distance to go, would miss the catch, we became aware that a pair of mules were advancing rapidly from the north, little retarded by the efforts of a rider who uneasily bestrode one of them.

We watched in some anxiety, measuring the distance with our eyes. Would long-on reach the ball before the mules got there?

I do not wish to boast, but I may say that from the first I never doubted that they would all arrive together. And so it was. At the exact moment when the ball fell into the hands of long-on the off mule caught him in the back, and he thereafter became but part of a confusion of man and mule-heels.

Now a mule is least dangerous when most aggressive, and *vice-versa*. The mule somnolent, thinking, with half-closed eyes, gently of its mother, will suddenly reach out five yards with its heels and break your leg or your collar-bone or both. But the mule rampant will jump all over you and pass on without doing any damage at all. All who have learnt to know (if not to love) the mule will bear me out, but Frysop, nurtured in the sheltered offices of the F.M.D., knew less than nothing of mules. Horrified at the sight, or rather at the disappearance, of long-on, he left the batsman's wicket, at which he had by this time arrived, and hastened towards the scene of the disaster, further encouraged to do so by the fact

that the bowler was running in that direction also. The bowler, however, was moved by quite other motives. He had seen too many men under mules to be disturbed by such a trifle, and was running to gather the ball, which had at the moment of impact with the mule been shot from long-on's hands in his direction. He picked it up, and, naturally concluding that Frysop was starting for a second run, flung it to the wicket-keeper. The wicket-keeper, under the same impression, whipped off the bails, and, as the other batsman was still at the bowler's wicket gazing, fascinated, at the mule "mix-up," Frysop was out.

I must say for Frysop himself that he took it in good part and never questioned that the whole affair was the result of a mistake. But unfortunately the conduct of the other members of the F.M.D., especially the five remaining batsmen, who only compiled about ten between them, leaving us winners by twenty runs, was not so creditable. It was in vain that we pointed out that the catch would undoubtedly have been held had the mules not joined unbidden in the game. They replied that this would only have resulted in the loss of a batsman, who was nothing compared with Frysop; indeed, they repeated this so loudly and so often that I thought it must be a little painful for the batsman concerned. It was in vain that we called their attention to the subsequent indifferent fielding of the somewhat shaken long-on; in vain that the bowler and the wicket-keeper protested their good faith, and pointed out that the root of the trouble lay in Frysop's regrettable ignorance of the habits of the mule. While accusing us of frightfulness they themselves were guilty of a most venomous form of hate, and when, three days later, we played the Machine Gunners they came down to the ground, and, when we were having rather a leather-hunting, shouted, "Why don't you send for your performing mules?" I have been glad therefore to tell the true version of the story. Some doubtless will still continue to think the worst of us; that is inevitable, and we can afford to ignore them. The great body of fair-minded people will see that we were entirely innocent of evil intent.

"Mrs. Nancy —, of Silverdale, Carnforth, this week attained her 1000th birthday. She received many congratulations and a letter from the King expressing the hope that the remainder of her days would be blessed with good health and prosperity."

North-Western Daily News.

It is rumoured that the dear old lady contemplates setting up a millenary business.

"THE SWALLOWS ARE MAKING THEM READY TO FLY."

O SWALLOW, swallow, swallow,
I would I could fly like you,
And speed afar
To Zanzibar

Or China or Peru—
Or "any old" land
With a "silver strand,"

Where the skies are always blue;
For then would I seek with a flight
impassioned

Some spot where light and heat weren't
rationed,

(As they're probably not
Where the sun shines hot

And searches you through and
through);

But at flying you always beat me hollow,
O swallow, swallow, swallow, swallow!

O swallow, swallow, swallow,
Now Summer is on the wane,
Of course I *might*

Take a long lone flight

In a modern aeroplane,

And visit the Nile

Where the crocodile

Smiles ever through tears of pain;

But I fear that I'm getting 'a bit old-
fashioned,

So I'll wait where heat and light are
rationed;

But don't you stay

For a single day;

Be off, with your brood in train!

I'm only sorry I cannot follow

You in your flight, O swallow, swallow!

O swallow, swallow, swallow,
I shall sit at home and freeze
In the night-lit gloom

Of a fireless room,

And shiver and shake and sneeze,

And croak and cough;

But you get off

To your warm Antipodes!

I too would fly, if aptly-fashioned,

To a land where light and heat weren't
rationed;

But don't you worry;

Hurry, bird, hurry!

You've only yourself to please.

Leave me behind in the mud to wallow,
Our yellow fog to swallow—swallow!

The Strike Epidemic.

"Foch strikes to-day at new front."

Evening News.

"There is always a swarm of soldiers at Euston, fully accoutred, some spick and span, and others mud-splashed and dishevelled, according to whether the men are back from or going back to the Western front."

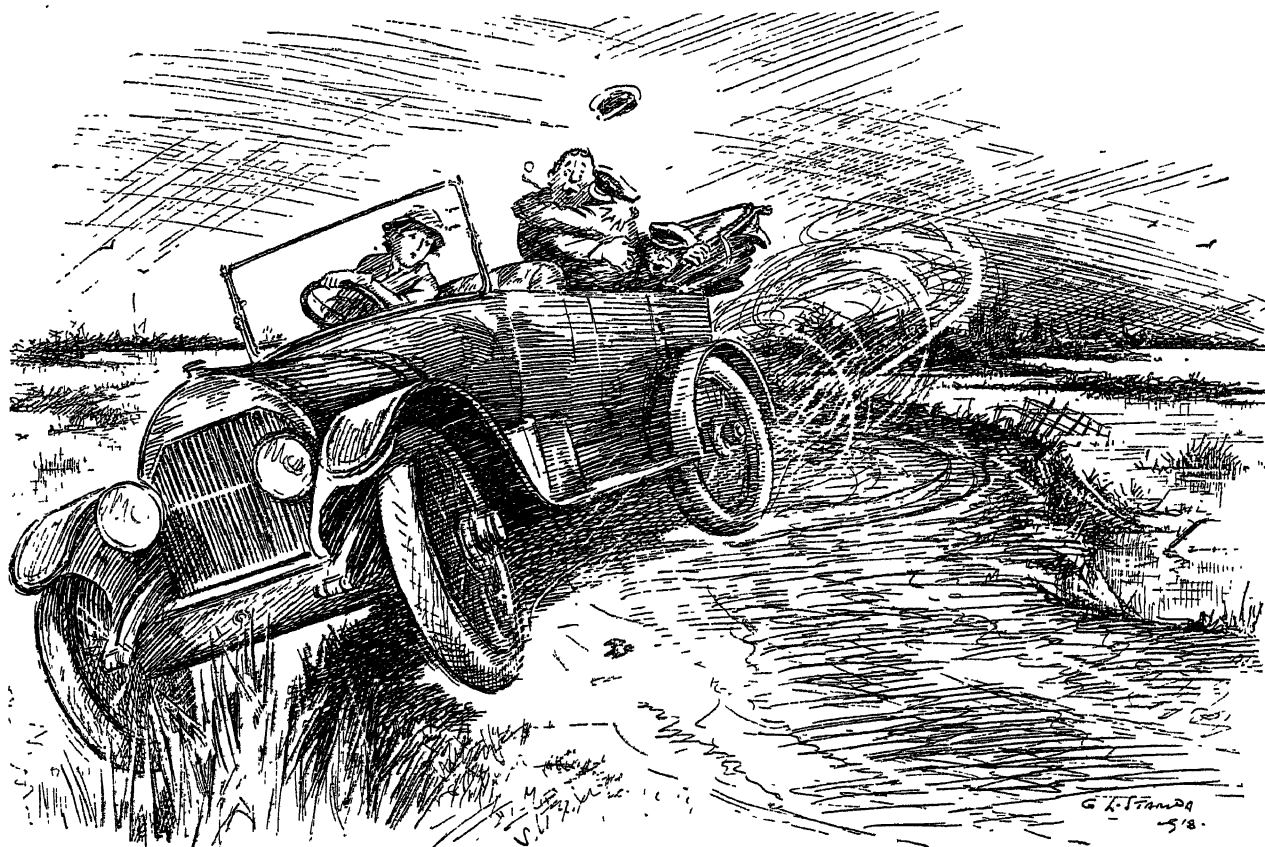
Birmingham Post.

Some of the descriptions of trench life which we have heard must have been grossly exaggerated.



AND SO SAY ALL OF US.

THE LANCASHIRE LASS. "WHAT LANCASHIRE GIVES YOU TO-DAY SHE LOOKS TO YOU
TO GIVE EUROPE TO-MORROW."



MISS X. (ON WAR-WORK AGAINST THE HUNS) SUCCEEDS IN HER HUMANE DESIRE TO AVOID KILLING AN ENGLISH SPARROW.

LETTERS OF A BOY SCOUT.

IV.

DEAR UNCLE,—I am working very hard for an amberlance badge and I wish you were out of hospital so I could practice on your leg. Belfitt, our petrol leader, says it is a good idea to keep an eye on stout old gentlemen who may have fits for he knew a boy scout who got five pounds for helping an old gentleman to have a stroke comfortable, and if any of us gets five pounds it is to go to the petrol funds. So I follow old gentlemen who seem likely, but up to now they have been very disappointing, not going into fits at all but into public-houses, which is unpatriotic in wartime. So please come out of hospital as soon as you can for the petrol wants your leg. It is no use bandaging well legs because it doesn't hurt if it isn't done proper. Now you could tell us just when we hurt your leg.

Belfitt is very trubbled about the War for he says if we go slamming the Huns like this what will become of the Invashun, and the scouts will stand no chance of a show, and he had set his heart on the Cuckoo Petrol capturing the CROWN PRINCE. He says we never do get a show and that the Government ought to have called out

the Scouts directly the police struck. And Belfitt says that if he could sit in Scotland Yard finding out murders he would be in his proper spear.

Belfitt says that scouts should be the sole of honour and truthfulness in all cires. He says always tell the truth even to schoolmasters—only his school-master being a beast is an excepshun which proves the rule.

We helped at a War Concert the other night giving out programs and showing people their seats, and the Lady Sekketary said afterwards, "Do you Scouts expect refreshment?"

So Belfitt, being always truthful, said, "We do our work for the honour of old England, but as scouts have to speak the truth I must say we did expect something." Only the singers had eat everything up and Belfitt says that the Lady Sekketary had no tack, because tackful people never offer things they haven't got.

We put up an air-rifle shooting range in our garden because Belfitt's pater has a green-house and raises Cane. But the pater has stopped it because the old lady next door got a pellet in her false teeth which is imposible unless she climbed the wall and put her head in front of the target. And she said her hens was shot at so much that

they wouldn't lay. Now no scout would be crooil enough to shoot at a hen only when a hen crosses the range. When he is aiming he has to think of his country first and not any old hen. I hope that when you come you will explain to the pater that unless we are crack shots like Dead Eye Dick there will be no hope for the country when we go to the War. Do you think the War will last till I am eighteen for the Pater says he is going to make me an analitical chemist and that the wars of the future will be won in the labboratories. But if it's as slow as at our Labb at school we might just as well have peace at once. So do come and argue with him for I want to be a professional bomber going to Berlin reglar.

Your loving nephew JIM.

"It is stated that Major — intends to sell his ancestral estates in Mull. The estates cover 34,000 acres, and comprise deer forests, grouse moors, and salmon hives."—*Observer*. Before purchasing we should like to know if there is a bee river.

"Mr. — wishes to highly reecomend his Protestant Steward; married, but would go single."—*Irish Paper*.

Ah, how many we know who are married but would gladly go single if they could.



THE UNINVITED MASCOT.

MILESTONES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I wonder whether you noticed how very appropriately Sir FRANCIS LLOYD's rescinding of the old order about the attendance of officers at subscription hops fitted in with the smashing of the Switch Line? The evening papers had the news of Jerry's collapse; next morning's contained an official announcement that officers might now appear at dances "in public places" (though I hope none of them will hastily conclude that this sanctions the practice of two-stepping down Shaftesbury Avenue or any indiscretions of that kind). What a very admirable and appropriate recognition of our victory! And what a contrast to the curmudgeonly attitude of the Fuel and Light autocrat, who straight-away weighed in with an explanation that even if we'd recaptured all the French pit-heads it wouldn't mean a ha'porth more coal on the kitchen fire this winter! But what I want to say is this: Why not apply Sir FRANCIS LLOYD's principle all round henceforward? Every time we give Jerry something more to be going on with, why not give ourselves something too, in the shape of the restitution of another of our pre-war privileges? When Cambrai goes we might all be allowed an extra ounce with afternoon tea, and perhaps just one sugary thing in the

way of cakes. Lille might be the signal for releasing an extra tank or two of Scotch from bond, thereby conveying our thanks to the renowned 51st Division by rescuing its country from the terrible drought that I am told has overtaken it. Back on the Meuse would be good enough for something really dramatic—permission to have supper after a theatre, say, or a whole tin of petrol to every holder of a motor licence. The system could be worked on an ascending scale, which included such amazing things as lots of real butter and beef-steaks, because the farther Lack we hustled them the nearer the end must be and the less need for husbanding our resources.

Don't you think it's a bon idea, Sir, and worthy your distinguished support? We're not a particularly demonstrative people, and bells and bunting don't mean very much after all. But here you would have every stage in the receding tide of German fortunes indelibly plotted out on the sands of individual memory. Besides we don't want to leave everything of this kind until Peace is actually declared, otherwise we shall be as helpless as prisoners staggering into daylight after half a lifetime in the cells. Far better regain our liberty by easy stages, chipping bits off our fetters as we go along. And then, when we really are marching down Unter den Linden, the only

thing left to do will be for both Houses to assemble in Palace Yard and solemnly commit to the flames the last remaining fragments of an emaciated Dora.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

TAILS UP.

TO THE LAND WORKERS.

STILL and warm and close together
Slept the seeds of ripening grain,
Whispering through the wintry weather
Of the grave where they had lain.
Spring came calling through the meadows

Where the little blades pierced through;

God brought sunshine to the shadows,
But the rest He left to you.

So you served the hidden treasure

With an unaccustomed hand,
Watching till in fullest measure

Beauty clothed the empty land;

Through the summer, as a token,

God sent sunshine, rain and dew,

Kept His promise still unbroken,

But the rest He left to you.

Where you drove the lonely furrow

With the sleeping seeds below,

Now across a world of sorrow

Golden sheaves of harvest show.

God's glad sunshine lies upon her,

Fed with wind and rain and dew,

And He knows you did with honour

All the work He left to you.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*Frau Professor KRUMMBEIN and Frau General VON STUMM.*)

Frau Krummbein. Well, then, how goes it, Frau General? Is the news from the Herr General good?

Frau von Stumm. He is alive at least, and in these days one must be thankful for that. How goes it with the Herr Professor?

[*Sounds of deep groaning from another part of the house are heard.*]

Frau K. There you have your answer. Those groans are the Professor.

Frau von S. But you are making fun with me. How can a groan, even if it is a good groan, be a Professor?

Frau K. I will tell you that. This is the hour when the Professor practises his will to victory, after first practising his will to cheerfulness. Are we not told by the ALL-HIGHEST and his HINDENBURG that we who are left in the homeland must do what we can to keep up the spirits of the people?

Frau von S. Now I begin to understand.

Frau K. The poor Professor does not find, I am afraid, that he does much good, though his attempts at cheerfulness are as strong as he can make them. They cause the perspiration to run from the forehead, and those groans that you hear are the proof that he is not working altogether in vain.

Frau von S. The Professor is certainly a most patriotic man, and if all were like him we should soon, I think, win the War and teach the English and the French not to interfere with us any more. But does the Professor only groan, or does he do other things as well?

Frau K. Oh, he does other things too. For instance, he will not show other people that he is pale and unhappy, but when he goes out for a walk he puts a red colour on his cheeks and smiles all the time, so that people may say, "That is the Herr Professor Krummbein. He has certainly got some good news, for his face is red with rejoicing and he keeps on smiling all the time. Certainly he has the will to cheerfulness." And then they try to smile too, but they do not always succeed.

Frau von S. No, they are not all so patriotic or so well educated as the Professor. It is for him to set an example, and that he does magnificently. But have you heard the latest trick of our enemies?

Frau K. Which do you mean? They have so many tricks with gas and other things that it is difficult to keep pace with them.

Frau von S. Well, it seems that when they go up in their horrible aeroplanes they take with them tons and tons of little printed papers, and these they scatter all over Belgium and those parts of France in which we are fighting, and the soldiers pick them up and read them, and when they have read them they pass them from hand to hand and send them home.

Frau K. But what is printed on these papers?

Frau von S. Oh, lies about Belgium, and who began the war, and false things about the ALL-HIGHEST. It is shocking to think that men can imagine such tales, and it is wicked that our HINDENBURG, who has hard enough work to keep the enemy from overwhelming us, should have to deal with such papers at a time when he wants all his strength for fighting.

Frau K. Yes, and it is whispered that the fighting is not going well. Everywhere our armies have been retreating. Have you heard anything about it from your Herr General?

Frau von S. No, he says nothing to me. But my second cousin, Heinrich, who is on my husband's Staff, wrote to me that all was not going too well.

Frau K. It is almost unbelievable that we should be beaten, and after all the brilliant things that they have told us.

[*At this moment the Professor in the back room breaks out with a series of groans louder than any that have preceded them.*]

Excuse me for the moment, I think I must go and see the Professor. His will to victory seems not to be going so smoothly as usual this morning, or perhaps it is his will to cheerfulness that has gone wrong.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF BINGO OUR TRENCH DOG.

WEEP, weep, ye dwellers in the delv'd earth,
Ah, weep, ye watchers by the dismal shore
Of No Man's Land, for Bingo is no more;
He is no more, and well ye knew his worth,
For whom on bully-beefless days were kept
Rare bones by each according to his means,
And, while the Quartermaster-Sergeant slept,
The elusive pork was rescued from the beans.
He is no more and, impudently brave,
The loathly rats sit grinning on his grave.

Him mourn the grimy cooks and bombers ten,
The sentinels in lonely posts forlorn,
The fierce patrols with hands and tunics torn,
The furtive band of sanitary men.
The murmuring sound of grief along the length
Of traversed trench the startled Hun could hear;
The Captain, as he struck him off the strength,
Let fall a sad and solitary tear;
'Tis even said a batman passing by
Had seen the Sergeant-Major wipe his eye.

The fearful fervour of the feline chase
He never knew, poor dog, he never knew;
Content with optimistic zeal to woo
Reluctant rodents in this murky place,
He never played with children on clean grass,
Nor dozed at ease beside the glowing embers,
Nor watched with hopeful eye the tea-cakes pass,
Nor smelt the heather-smell of Scotch Septembers,
For he was born amid a world at war
Although unrecking what we struggled for.

Yet who shall say that Bingo was unblest
Though all his Sprattless life was passed beneath
The roar of mortars and the whistling breath
Of grim nocturnal heavies going West?
Unmoved he heard the evening hymn of hate,
Unmoved would gaze into his master's eyes,
For all the sorrows men for men create
In search of happiness wise dogs despise,
Finding ecstatic joy in every rag
And every smile of friendship worth a wag.

The Pessimist.

From an Admiralty advertisement:—

"It is to be particularly noted that entries are only being made for 12 years' service, and NOT FOR DURATION OF WAR."—*Daily Paper.*

"A lady and gentleman wish to be received into a country house in a bracing locality as paying guests. Preferably where shooting is to be had. Could bring young cook."—*The Vote.*

We have often felt like this after a bad dinner.

"STILL WANTING CYCLE, girl 15: Father ditto. Passable condition."—*Parish Magazine.*

We are glad father is no worse.



Truculent Hun (to Scot). "AH, HINDENBURG WILL BE HERE SOON!"

Scot. "EH, MON, HE WULL. AN' HE'LL BE CAIRTIN' WOOD, SAME AS YERSEL'."

CHEQUES.

THIS new demand for an additional stamp on cheques brought them under discussion.

"Personally," said the Poet, "I think cheques the greatest invention of modern times."

"So long as you have a balance," said the Doctor.

"Or can overdraw," said the Poet. "But I admit," he added, "that that's a horrid moment when the Bank says, 'Hold, enough.'"

"Or returns a cheque marked 'N.E.," said the Actor.

"What does 'N.E.' mean?" we all asked.

"No earthly."

"In my opinion," said the General, "the cheque is the greatest of all foes to economy. If one had to pay everything in money—actual notes or coins—one would really consider one's expenditure carefully. But if a few strokes of the pen can do the business, why, then you hardly think at all."

"Quite true," said the K.C. "But, on the other hand, the cheque saves you from robbery. If we all carried large lumps of money about with us there would be ten times more pocket-picking and assaults than there are now, and with police-strikes in the air that would be very serious. It's no use

stealing a cheque-book unless you are a forger as well as a thief."

"Ah!" said the Doctor, "you're talking of those little pocket cheque-books. They're the devil! A man who keeps his cheque-book at home and writes his cheques there has a chance—a faint chance—of controlling his affairs. But to carry a cheque-book—that is the end of all caution."

"Absolutely," said the Poet. "And the cheque-writing habit grows on you. You find yourself paying for your meals in that way, and that means a more expensive wine than you would dream of if you had to produce good honest money for it. I hate paying out money—at least I hate paying more than seven-and-six—but I'll write a cheque with any man."

"I always thought," said the General, "that that shop in Bond Street where a block of cheques and a pen are placed on every counter is much the cleverest place in London. No doubt they lose a little now and then through swindlers, but they must make a large fortune simply through the lure to extravagance which is set up. Of course, not to have to part with actual money is the thing."

We all sighed in agreement.

"I'll tell you an odd thing about cheques," said the Doctor. "I can't bear to cross them according to in-

structions. I'm not a testy man, but for some reason or other it makes me furious to have to write a lot of directions—'a/c so and so, don't you know—between the lines. Why?'"

"I don't know why," said the General, "but I have the same reluctance."

And we found that we all had.

"It's worse than copying out another man's verses," said the Poet, "or, in fact, copying out anything."

"What are you discussing?" the Club bore inquired as he joined the dissolving group.

"Cheques," I said.

"Oh!" he said. "They're out of date, surely. I haven't seen a pair of check trousers for months. Why discuss the obsolete?"

"The damage will total easily \$50,000 and the sufferers are mainly Greek restaurant proprietors."

In some of them scarcely one pane of glass remains whole."

Vancouver World (British Columbia).

They have the satisfaction of knowing, however, that after this shattering experience it will be harder than ever to see through them.

"Assuming that his public engagements in Auckland made it difficult for His Excellency to be in two places at once . . ."

New Zealand Paper.

It seems a fair assumption.



Hostess. "I WISH I COULD DO SOME WAR-WORK TOO; BUT DANDY HERE IS SUCH A TIE."

HOW IT APPEARS

AFTER SPENDING THREE DAYS GRAPPLING WITH THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNFATHOMABLE.

AN additional 15,000 cubic feet of coal, not exceeding 3 tons 18 cwt., or an extra 1 cwt. for 13 additional tons of coke, not exceeding 2½ lbs. in weight, or 480 B.T. units of electricity on the table, and *vice-versa* in the case of infirm persons living on a doctor's certificate to each tenant, sub-tenant, servant, local fuel overseer, coal merchant, or other young children who refuse to accept the application (Form F.H.F. 14), make or connive at the making of any false statement (F.H.F. 53), on any application (F.H.F. 14) or requisition (F.H.F. 2) in connection with the Order (F.H.F. 63), consume gas or electricity from a hawker in quantities of 1 cwt. or less (Clause 68), or give notice of removal as required in one quarter, or consume the residue in any succeeding quarter of that year (F.H.F. 48) only in the summer months [November to April], say, 16 feet by 20 feet exclusive of recesses or bay windows not exceeding 2½ lbs. in weight or 1,000 to the ton (Clauses 75, 76, 77) is allowed where the number of persons habitually resident in a house, flat, railway station, bath, or warehouse

exceeds 800 to the ton up to 12 B.T. units (Clause 7), while asylums, homes, prisons, chapels, and other quasi-domestic places of amusement are to receive special treatment, the maximum penalty being 20 tons of imprisonment with or without hard labour, or both, or a fine of 100 cwt. or both (Clause 119).

CARESSING THE SCAPEGOAT.

["The Foreign Office deserves praise for this excellent piece of work."—*Daily Mail*.]

THEY are sitting up in bed in Downing Street,

They are sipping at their chicken broth;

They can take a bit of nourishment in Downing Street,

For the Lord has assuaged His wrath. They have done a bit of good in Downing Street,

At the place where they never did yet, And the Foreign Office hacks Have been patted on their backs, So it's BALFOUR that is proud, you bet!

"There was nothing I could do was any good," said he

(To the writer of these cheerful rhymes);

"There was always one or other saying, 'B.M.G.';

I expected to be shot for my crimes—

To be stood against a wall in Carmelite Street,

With my back to the big brass plate;

And be leaded just at dawn

By compositors of brawn To a leader-writer's Song of Hate.

"Oh, they damned the Foreign Office up and down, high and low, And they damned the Foreign Office broad and wide;

They observed that we were stupid, we were stuffy, we were slow, We were bound about with tape and triple hide.

But they've sung us a new song in Carmelite Street,

So that life is a loyesome thing.

I am cheery, I am perky;

And my nerves are not so jerky, No burden do I bear, but am a king!

"Yes, we're sitting up in bed in Downing Street,

We are sipping at our chicken broth; We can take a bit of nourishment in Downing Street,

For the Lord has assuaged His wrath. We have done a bit of good in Downing Street,

At the place where we never did yet.

Yes, we Foreign Office hacks

Have been patted on our backs...

How soon will 'The Mail' forget?"

W. B.



ITALY'S DAY.

[September 25th has been set apart for the celebration in Great Britain of Italy's noble efforts as our Ally, and for the support of the Italian Red Cross.]



Cadet. "REALLY, FROM THE WAY THESE COLLEGE AUTHORITIES MAKE THEMSELVES AT HOME YOU'D THINK THE PLACE BELONGED TO THEM."

LIGHT AND HEAT.

ONE of the compensations for the discomfort of fuel shortage in the coming winter will be the return of the weather as a subject of conversation, and the retirement of food and allotments into the background.

The Esquimaux, it is said, maintain physical heat by a generous diet of whale-blubber. There is little hope of this commodity figuring to any extent upon the British breakfast-table, however, for on enquiry at Billingsgate and SELFRIDGE'S we learn that there is hardly a drop in the country.

We can thoroughly recommend the common paraffin lamp as giving a pleasant and adequate light. We could recommend it still more strongly if paraffin were not so difficult to obtain.

Householders whose gardens abut on the railway line are busy preparing well-displayed insults to the engine-drivers, hoping to be pelted with coal in retaliation.

At least one of the railway companies has been requested to have the coal in the tenders of the engines covered up, to prevent annoyance to the passengers.

It is not generally known that the landlords of Hampstead are preparing a generous prize offer for the garden fence found to be in the best state of repair on May 1, 1919.

Following upon the announcement that certain Government offices are to be deprived of fires, a number of civil servants have inquired of the commissionaire at the main entrance of the building in which they are employed, "Is there a bed on the premises?"

Business men travelling from Brighton who carry their

own office coal with them are requested not to convey it in their side pockets, owing to the crowded state of the railway compartments.

Colonel Bluster and the office staff under his control are to be envied this winter. The Colonel possesses a natural inability to keep cool, and he will certainly make it hot for his clerks, whatever the weather.

FAIRY MUSIC.

WHEN the fiddlers play their tunes you may sometimes hear,
Very softly chiming in, magically clear,
Magically high and sweet, the tiny crystal notes
Of fairy voices bubbling free from tiny fairy throats.

When the birds at break of day chant their morning prayers
Or on sunny afternoons pipe ecstatic airs,
Comes an added rush of sound to the silver din—
Songs of fairy troubadours gaily joining in.

When athwart the drowsy fields summer twilight falls,
Through the tranquil air there float elfin madrigals;
And in wild November nights, on the winds astride,
Fairy hosts go rushing by, singing as they ride.

Every dream that mortals dream, sleeping or awake,
Every lovely fragile hope—these the fairies take,
Delicately fashion them and give them back again
In tender limpid melodies that charm the hearts of men.

R. F.

"One might take him, at a guess, for a Methodist minister—except, perhaps, for the genial and kindly expression in his eyes."

Daily Paper.

Shade of JOHN WESLEY!

THE NEW POST-OFFICE GAME.

"LIFE," said a cynic, "would be endurable if it were not for its amusements," but as there are no Piers, Pierrots or Picture-palaces at Bronwen we can take comfort from our comparative isolation. It is only comparative. If we lack these three P.'s we get a fourth, the Papers, soon after 8 A.M. on most mornings, and we do not lack other amenities. There are golf-links of excellent quality patronised by elderly and very youthful players. We have a massive and monumental policeman, and a miner who cuts hair in the evening. And we have concerts, with London celebrities and fuzzy-haired foreigners, at which professionals fraternize with amateurs. But if a vote of the visitors were to be taken I think that the chief attraction of Bronwen would prove to be the Postmaster. Not that he is highly efficient and invariably cheerful and obliging, or that dogs—generally suspicious of postmen—congregate round the post-office. Rather that young people adore him; and no wonder. For this amazing Postmaster has applied the principle of diluting skilled labour in a revolutionary but wholly successful manner. All young people love to play at keeping shop, and he has given a limited number of the children of visitors a taste of the real thing, without hampering the efficiency of the office. Do they monkey with the telephone? Perhaps; but for the most part they stand behind the counter and serve customers, serving out stamps and performing other minor duties with beaming faces, but passing on more important requests about "cowpons," declaration forms, savings-bank deposits, etc., to the regular staff. For it is a busy office and efficient: equal to anything. The other day, for example, we sent a telegram to Tokio.

It is all highly irregular and most charming, for Mr. Jenkins has been judicious in his selection, and the manners of his amateur helpers are as good as his own, which are perfect. It probably gives him more work in the long run, but he gets a handsome bonus in the affection of his youthful assistants and the gratitude of their parents. On wet days the post-office is a godsend. My only regret is that I can't give his real name, because on formal grounds the P.M.G. might not approve of his action, and besides, like most benefactors, Mr. Jenkins is a modest man. But as the inventor of a new and delightful game for the holidays he deserves recognition, imperfect and oblique though it necessarily must be.



"MY DEAR CHILD, HOW CAN YOU EXPECT TO MAKE A SUCCESS OF IT IF YOU ONLY CHARGE FIVE SHILLINGS FOR A SIXPENNY BOTTLE OF LEMONADE?"

COMPOSERS IN PURGATORY.

A HOLIDAY REMINISCENCE.

"O THAT melody in F!

How I wish that I were deaf!

Once I thought it rather fine"—

Said the ghost of RUBINSTEIN.

"Cease your dolorous self-pity

For your cheap and tawdry ditty;

'Twas for groundlings only made"—

Quick responded CHOPIN's shade.

"But it is the worst of crimes

When each day a dozen times

My C minor Prelude's mangled

And its lovely chords are jangled."

Thus the ghosts with futile wailing

Went on impotently railing,

While the player, quite at ease,

Pounded the unhappy keys.

The Nelson Touch.

Four reports of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S Manchester speech:—

"He is one of those rare men who have got a telescope at the back of his eyes."

Evening News.

"He is one of those rare men who have a telescope at the back of their eye."

Daily Mail.

"He is one of those rare men who has a telescope at the back of his eye."

Daily News.

"He was one of those rare men who had got a telescope at the back of his eyes."

Daily Chronicle.

From a "Wanted" column:—

"REALLY good man's bicycle."

Ladies' Paper.

But suppose the "really good man" wants to keep it?

WARRIORS' WEAR.

ONLY those who have had the experience know how terrible it is to be wounded and sent to England in advance of your kit. Sympathisers are so concerned with the thought of the damage done to your person that they forget the awful dilemma with which the hero is faced when the stern day comes for him to cast aside pyjamas and the Oriental languor of soul appropriate to them, and to clothe himself. Hospital authorities hate their guests to appear in the streets in pyjamas, no matter how artistic or becoming—a queer prejudice. "Other Ranks" may stroll about in their blue lounge suits, but gentlemen holding His Majesty's commission can be decorative only by stealth.

Yet think how our towns would be brightened if convalescent officers were encouraged to walk abroad in pyjamas of their own choosing; the streets would ripple and glow with colour like a brilliant flower-bed bewitched into animation. As it is, you rise from bed enfeebled by leisure, enervated by dependence, your spirit cowed by weeks of unquestioning submission to V.A.D.'s, your old talent for acquisition benumbed by disuse, to tackle the problem of dressing properly in portions of a tunic or half a pair of trousers. Shell-fire, it must be borne in mind, is fatal to good clothes, and the punctures in your uniform do not mend spontaneously while your person is under repair.

The obvious plan is to mark down the garments you like best amongst those worn by your fellow-inmates, and while the owners are in the bathroom bribe the Sister-in-charge to extract them from the lockers. But convalescents are often irritable, and Sisters-in-charge are seldom susceptible, and in practice you are reduced to wearing what people will lend you. The most obliging ones, you will discover, are always those most unlike you in shape and with views as to clothes which you can only regard as anarchic. All this accounts for the street scenes which bewilder civilians and are so painful to A.P.M.'s. Perhaps you were once one of those who like their dress to be worthy of the regiment, and it cuts you to the quick to hear the companion of your first walk abroad asked by acquaintances the old,

old question (with a new intonation), "What have you salved to-day?"

Unless the authorities will send you to a hospital within reach of your tailor you are likely to be subjected to cruel practical jokes if you determine to have some clothes made locally. I have seen a poor fellow's recovery seriously retarded by a pair of slacks supplied by some village wag with head-quarters and a tailor's signboard near the hospital. They appeared to be built of some kind of pasteboard which kept every wrinkle as a fixture. He put them on, smiling happily, sat down in them and then stood up, as is the way of one with new trousers; but the legs of these—which were not even tubular, but square or squarish—retained the sedentary posture regardless of the altered disposition of the limbs



Artful Boatman (to plump Officer). "JEST THE DAY FOR A COOLER ON THE WATER; SIR—THE BEST PLACE TO DODGE THE SALOOTS!"

beneath. . . . The orderlies put screens round him at once, but it was some minutes before he could be extricated from his horrible position. He returned to bed at once with a high temperature, and the Matron—a woman of great experience, with a brother in the R.A.F.—took so serious a view of his state that she wired for his London tailor.

This instance should be a warning. It is better to appear in public in clothes so ridiculously misfitting that people think you are winning a bet, and laugh with you, than in garments in which you try to look at home, knowing yourself to be an object of derision to every educated passer-by.

But pyjamas are best of all.

"This message is so complete a vindication of all the claims that have been made as to the seaworthiness of ferro-concrete ships that cement would be quite superfluous."

Provincial Paper.

Comment would also appear to be unnecessary.

A MATTER OF FORM.

Twickenbury, 3/5/15.

DEAR SIRS,—With reference to my tender of August, 1914, for the supply of horse-shoes, I should esteem it a favour to have your reply.

Yours truly, WILLEMIT GASS.

A.O.C., 9/10/15.

SIR,—Tenders for shoes, horses of, pairs double, should be submitted on Army Form H. 4586 and returned at once. JOSEPH FERGUSON, Major.

SIR,—I beg to state that my tender was made out on the prescribed form and submitted in August of 1914. I shall be pleased to hear from you next year without delay.

Yours, WILLEMIT GASS.

A.O.C., 6/8/16.

SIR,—Tender submitted must have been sent to "Forage" instead of "Equipment." Please forward another on Army Form 194 D, marking in the corner the words "Horse Shoes, for the supply of."

JOSEPH FERGUSON, Major.

SIR,—I enclose tender as suggested.

WILLEMIT GASS.

A.O.C., 12/8/17.

DEAR SIR,—Army Form 194 D to hand with tender. The words

"Horse Shoes, for the supply of" should be written in red ink. Please make correction and return again.

JOSEPH FERGUSON, Major.

Twickenbury, 14/8/17.

SIR,—Go to . . .

Yours, etc., WILLEMIT GASS.

A.O.C., 16/8/17.

DEAR SIR,—Orders for the transportation of troops to a foreign base should be made on Army Form F S 87498 B and marked "Troops, for the transportation of . . ."

Yours, JOSEPH FERGUSON, Major.

"At the theatre the other night I had a big surprise . . . the sight of stands containing wax vests on all the tables in the saloon, simply asking to be taken. Mere males looked blankly at those lights of other days, feeling there must be something wrong, but a practical woman speedily annexed a few and popped them in her bag."—*Evening Paper.*

Lucky for her they were vests and not vestas or the men would not have given her an earthly chance.



FASHION NOTE.

"HOW D'YOU LIKE MY NEW HAT, DEAREST?"
"I'VE GOT IT ON, IDIOT."

"PUT IT ON, DARLING, AND LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT IT."

THE "SOFT" WORD.

Private Smithers (spare a sob)
Has, according to a rumour,
Lost a very cushy job
Through a lively sense of humour.
At a cross-roads out in France
He controlled unruly traffic
With a hand-wave, or a glance
And vocabulary graphic.
But the Fates, devoid of tact,
Having caught him slightly bending,
Took advantage of the fact—
Private Smithers' case is pending.
To be frank, he "bought a pup,"
When a lorry ripe for trouble
(Captain Beauchamp Tompkins "up")
Tried to ram him at the double.
Smithers, every muscle taut,
But incomparably bland still,
Raised a horny hand and brought
The transgressor to a standstill.
To the officer in charge,
Who was madder than a hatter,
He proceeded to enlarge
On the merits of the matter.

Pointing out to Beauchamp T.
How disturbing and unsightly
Goings-on like this must be,
Smithers asked his name politely.
Captain Tompkins, full of bile,
Spluttered, "Dammit!" (unofficial);
Smithers camouflaged a smile,
Wrote it down and said, "Initial?"
"The contest was brilliant throughout, and
both boxers put up a good clean fight.
The decision, a draw, met with a mixed re-
ception. Winner and loser were loudly cheered
on leaving the ring."—*Egyptian Paper*.
Evidently the reporter did not agree
with the referee.

There was a young man in the States
Who so greatly admired Mr. YEATS
That he sent him some books—
An *édition de luxe*
Of WILCOX, with portrait and plates.

A dealer one day in a Ghetto,
In search of a lost Canaletto,
Bought a portrait by CUYR
Of a man with a pipe—
'Twas a *cornio* (in fact) *di bassetto*.

HINTS TO YOUNG SUBS.

- (1) Don't whistle at table. It cools the vegetables.
- (2) Don't puff your cigar in the Mess President's face. He may not be able to afford your brand.
- (3) Don't tell the C.O. how to run the unit. He's doing his best and it may only make him depressed.
- (4) Don't pay your Mess bills. It looks ostentatious.
- (5) Don't take all the newspapers. If they think you can read they may make you Adjutant.

"PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 7.—The Government thermometer this afternoon recorded 106° 00' 00" 00' 00" 00', breaking all local heat records."—*New York Times*.
We should think so.

"Two armies had harvested 16,278 hectares. There now remained 2,360 hectares (about 40,600 acres). There now remained 2,360 hectares (about 5,900 acres) yet to be gathered." *Star*.
Second thoughts are often best.

A HOLIDAY PROBLEM.

I AM going on a holiday. I have a cat. I do not wish to take the cat with me on the holiday. Neither has pussy any desire to be taken. All his felinity rises up in outrage at the prospect of a four hours' journey in a bass bag secured at the top by two skewers, merely leaving an outlet for his head; all my knowledge of the present difficulties of transport warns me against such an unwelcome addition to my luggage; so I decide to ask a friend to take Pussy for a fortnight. I think of Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker, pleasant hospitable people who I know will be only too glad to do me a small favour like that.

I call on the Whitakers and venture, like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, to proffer my request.

"I shall be awfully obliged," I remark quite easily, "if you could take my cat for a fortnight. I can arrange to have its milk left every day——" I pause, struck by the significance of the look exchanged between Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker. There is a silence; then they both begin to talk at once.

"We should have been only too delighted but for Peter——"

I haven't heard of Peter before. I inquire if he is a relative.

"Why, he's our Persian," says Mrs. Whitaker; "and the darling is of such a jealous nature——"

"He can't bear other cats," puts in Mr. Whitaker.

"He might kill your pussy," wails Mrs. Whitaker.

"And we should feel the responsibility," murmurs Mr. Whitaker.

"Otherwise we should have been perfectly delighted," they say in unison, "but as it is——"

"That's all right," I say quite cheerfully, for I have other friends. "I must ask someone who hasn't got a cat already."

I remember Mrs. Flitterly. She adores animals, I know; because she often says so. The last time she dined at our house I remember how she sat on the rug with Pussy in her lap, and with her fluffy head bent over him she made a very pretty picture in the fire-light.

I approach Mrs. Flitterly, therefore, without qualms.

"I shall be awfully obliged," I say, "if you could take my cat for a fortnight. I can arrange to have its milk——"

The expression on Mrs. Flitterly's face changes. When I want to continue Mrs. Flitterly is talking very quickly.

"My dear, I should have loved to have had the darling thing—I just

adore animals—if only it wasn't for John——"

"What, have you a cat too?" I inquire.

"I am speaking of my husband," she says, a trifle coldly. "He detests cats. I daren't have one in the house, my dear. He would *absolutely storm* if I suggested such a thing."

I thought of the extremely mild and self-effacing Mr. Flitterly and, after remarking that I shouldn't like to bring down his unbridled wrath on me for a thing like that, I depart, still cheerful. I have suddenly remembered Mrs. Barker, that jolly motherly soul, to whom everyone seems to turn naturally when in a difficulty. She hasn't a cat and her husband is at the Front.

With renewed hope I call on Mrs. Barker. "I have come to ask a favour," I say, grown a little diffident. Mrs. Barker beams. "I should be awfully obliged if you would take my cat for a fortnight. I can arrange . . ." Again I pause. Mrs. Barker's face has taken on an aspect akin to dismay.

"Oh, my dear," she says with genuine regret, "I wish you had asked me something else. I would have taken Pussy with the greatest of pleasure if it hadn't been for baby."

Ah, I had forgotten. She has a baby.

"Doesn't he like cats?" I inquire.

"It isn't that; but think how dangerous it would be. How often one reads of children being suffocated when they're asleep by cats lying on their faces."

"But *ours* isn't a cat of that sort," I say earnestly; "there are five faces in our household and he has never shown the slightest desire to lie on any one of them."

But Mrs. Barker is inexorable and says you never know.

I depart more thoughtful than cheerful and decide to ask one of the tradespeople to take pussy, paying for his keep in base coin of the realm. I tackle the milkman, a nice ruddy-faced pleasant-spoken man, whom I have always liked. I explain the situation to him and offer two-and-sixpence a week for Pussy's board.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," he says, and suddenly I notice that he is not so pleasant-looking as I thought. "If I had a cat about my place," he goes on, "it would be pretty serious for me with all my chicks."

"But do people—do hens—have chicks in September?" I ask falteringly (I am town-bred and uncertain on the point). "I always thought——"

But whatever I think he is ready for me. "I got a sitting hatched out last week," he says defiantly, and goes on to speak of the tremendous importance

of chicken-rearing in war-time, its necessity to the nation and so on, until he leaves me with a dazed conviction that if Pussy were lodged with him for the duration of my holiday the War would be lost to the Allies.

As a last resort I appeal to the gardener. He is a very deaf old man, blunt of speech, of uncertain temper and openly hostile to any feminine interference. Frankly, I am afraid of him.

"Oh, by the way, Lumpkin," I begin, "I should be awfully obliged if you could take my cat——"

"What's that, mum? Take yer cat? Want to get rid on it, hey?"

"Only for a *fortnight*," I explain, cheering up at his unexpected show of interest.

"*Wot night*, d'yo say?" he asks, being hard of hearing, which infirmity I forgot in my eagerness to have Pussy provided for.

"And I'll give you five shillings, Lumpkin," I continue with palpitating haste.

His face beams. "I'll do 't, mum. I've got a big tub in my backyard, an' I'll drown the little beast *to-night*."

* * * * *

I have just been in the store-room in search of a bass bag. I have attached two skewers to the bag and an addressed label. To-morrow Pussy will accompany me on my holiday.

POMONA'S LEVITY.

BENEATH the trees Sir ISAAC sat
And saw the red-cheeked apple fall,
And pondered, "Why did it do *that*?
It might have landed on my hat;
It might have frolicked like a bat,
Or flown across and hit the cat
Upon the garden wall."

But if Sir ISAAC lived to-day
He would have seen the apple rise
As if it were a ball at play,
Aspiring to the very skies.
When it will fall I cannot say,
For factory-girls have lots of pay,
And farmers, fruiterers, all are gay;
Only the small boy sighs.

Journalistic Candour.

"I saw the trade show of the pictures of the Conn-Wilde fight yesterday, and I hope you will all do the same when they are released. They are just great, and show us many things we missed. The only disappointment as far as I was concerned was that they make me look as old as sin, which I represent."

Morning Advertiser.

"SPREAD OF INFLUENZA.—Doctors and chemists have been made extremely busy supplying cures and preventatives."

Provincial Paper.

To ward off such a plague one must resort to any shift.



Physical Training Instructor (to dilatory squad). "CALL THAT FALLIN' IN? WHEN I SAYS, 'IN TWO RANKS—FALL IN,' I WANTS TO SEE A CLOUD O' DUST AN' A LIVING STATUE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SINCE *The Years for Rachel* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a story entirely about being engaged, I suppose it is hardly to be wondered at if it should be somewhat sentimental. Really it is an elaborate sermon against being engaged too long, which Miss BERTA RUCK preaches in her light and very feminine style. *Gwen*, the heroine, is betrothed on the first page; but, as the whole scheme of the tale leaves it an open question which of the various male characters will finally secure her, some entertainment may be derived from the problem of spotting the bridegroom. For a time my money hovered dubiously about an elderly and oh so sympathetic admirer, with a grave smile and well-cut gray suits (I told you this was a feminine book); but just in time I detected another, one who, introduced first as a sulky-looking schoolboy, was always so promptly hustled into obscure corners, and generally camouflaged by the author, that my suspicion became increasingly on the lookout for his eventual triumph. I have said that the thing is sentimental; now and then indeed its general sweetness is such that, taken with afternoon tea as a sugar substitute, it might almost be regarded as a war-economy. But Miss Ruck's sugar is wholesome crisp stuff, with just enough flavour in it to prevent cloying. Also I have a conviction approaching certainty that, even if her men are a trifle mechanical, every one of the many women who accept, or reject, or mother, or only discuss them, is quite strikingly true to life. This is one of the reasons for my prediction that the tale will add greatly to its author's popularity; though I feel bound to add a warning that the happiness or otherwise of the dénouement will greatly depend upon the side of (say) forty from which the reader is able to regard it.

Mr. PHILIPS PRICE'S *War and Revolution in Asiatic Russia* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) is a good deal more than the tourist war-correspondent's record of passing events. Indeed in the period under his review—June 1915 to the Revolution in the March of 1917—he had ceased to be a war-correspondent and wandered, a political observer and gallant odd-job man, behind and about the South-Eastern front. He is, like his former colleague of *The Manchester Guardian*, Mr. SIDEBOTHAM, a professed Easterner, has a nice appreciation of the *Drang nach Osten*, and with his developed historical and political sense has been able to make an analysis of events and a survey of tendencies which is of real value to the student of an appallingly complex problem. Readers who can tolerate opinions which they are unlikely to share (our author has a "minority mind" and is essentially an internationalist and bourgeois-hater) are assured an interesting adventure in too little known areas. I take from the book a wholesome sense of the provincialism of such unreflecting "Westernism" amongst us as comes of mere geographical circumstance, and a realisation that every other valley and hill of Transcaucasia is a pressing problem for constructive statesmanship. Mr. PRICE dates his preface May 1917. He had seen the first transports of the Revolution and shared its ambitions and worthy hopes. It would be interesting to know if he retains undiminished his faith in the idealist-revolutionary solution of the war-problem and his sense of the propaganda value in Germany of Bolshevism in action.

Rotorua Rex (SKEFFINGTON) is truly enough described on its cover as "a rattling good story of love and romance in the South Seas." When the tale opens the Commissioner of *Rotorua's* island kingdom had just died, and no one was left to uphold British prestige except the Commissioner's daughter, her prim but determined aunt, and an old

CHARIVARIA.

"We Germans," says the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, "are rightly proud of the superiority of our Military General Staff." Their pride in its superior re-treating power becomes daily more marked.

The GERMAN CHANCELLOR declares that Germany is opposed to annexations in any form. Indeed it is said that she is most indignant at the way in which the Russians are actually annexing Russia.

In view of a General Election in the near future and the slender chances of some Members of being returned, it appears that many of them contemplate taking up work of national importance.

"Members of the University of Wales," says a news item, "are required to pay five shillings to be registered as voters." Several have written to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, stating that in their opinion he is worth the sacrifice entailed.

A single gentleman who has been bequeathed a large lump of coal (nearly new) desires to get into communication with the owner of a turkey, with the view of arranging Christmas festivities.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has been exempted from military service to make propaganda films for the United States Government. We are unofficially informed that the first of these, "The Decline and Fall of General HINDENBURG," with CHARLIE in the title-rôle, is full of silent power.

"Nuneaton's future mayor," says a news item, "is a coal-miner." Busy, we trust.

Owing to the reduced lighting in London an alarming accident happened in Gray's Inn Road. It seems that in the dark a workman mistook a picture-palace for a public-house. As a result of this we understand he has since refused to venture out in the evening.

A baby has been called Grierson Plumer Haig French Smith-Dorrien, as its father served under these generals. The idea is to prevent the child

when older asking, "What did you do in the Great War, Daddy?"

At CHRISTIES' yesterday there was a crowded assembly of collectors and antique dealers. Some choice pieces were offered, including a pot of strawberry jam of the 1915 vintage.

A deaf mute has been called up for examination before one of the tribunals. Doubtless the Ministry of National Service thought he was admirably adapted to fill the place of a telephone operator.

The police records of Chicago prove that very few stout men are guilty of

"A whale forty feet long," says a news item, "has been towed into the docks at Silloth, Cumberland. The Customs officer has claimed the carcass." We trust he will be required to surrender at least one coupon for it.

A strange incident is reported from the eating world. It seems that a swarthy gentleman, who was attired in Spanish dress tastefully decorated with a brace of revolvers and a stiletto, walked into a restaurant and asked the waiter what he could have for dinner without a meat coupon. The waiter, a meek-looking man, replied that he could have everything on the menu except the printer's name and the music which the band was playing.

It is reported that the champion blackberry-gatherer of Sussex is now completely out of danger.

Commercial Candour.

"Don't wait until the weather looks threatening and then wish you had a Barometer. Be prepared for the worst by buying one of our instruments.

We also undertake the repairs of the above if they are worth doing."

West Indian Paper.

"But that will not do. We had some of it in 1890, you may remember—when, under the pretext of being elected for the sole purpose of putting the finishing touches to the Boer War, Mr. Balfour and his friends obtained a long lease of office."—*John Bull.*

Both the Boer War of 1890 and the General Election of that year have faded from our memory. Still, if *John Bull* says it is so—

Extract from an American soldier's letter to his mother:—

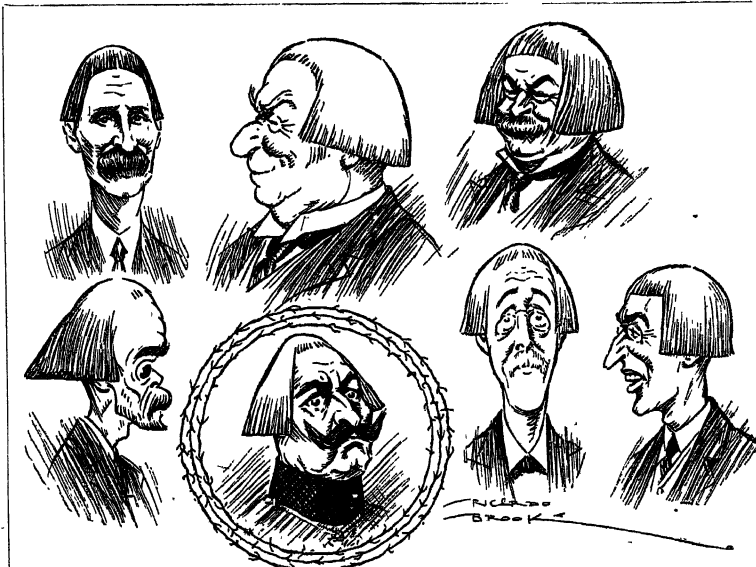
"Outside, the rain comes down in buckets and the street cars comes down in buckets and the streets are deserted save for the street cars."—*Egyptian Gazette.*

—and, of course, the buckets.

Economy ad Insaniam.

A thrifty old lady of Hull,
Whose intellect seemed rather dull,
When reading at night,
To economise light,
Put luminous paint on her skull.

A fanciful curate who read
That leather was scarce at once said,
"To save wear and tear
On my shoes, I declare,
When I preach I will stand on my head."



ALARMING SPREAD OF BOBBING.

serious crime. Burglars with double chins and chests that have slipped down say that this statement cannot be too widely circulated.

"Imagine an ocean liner," says a weekly paper, "of more than 10,000 tons deadweight suspended on the hairs of her passengers." This sort of imagination might have been all right in the days before Government ale was let loose.

What might have been a most unfortunate accident was only just avoided the other night in a London restaurant. It appears that the waitress quite by accident placed plum-and-apple jam on the table for a soldier.

According to Professor HENRY C. COULSEN, of New York, the world is now 387,000,000 years of age. We understand that when it reaches its 400,000,000th year the event will be celebrated by a Flag Day.

PRIVATE CUTHBERT.

AN intimacy extending over nearly seven years leads me to the regrettable conclusion than Joan Minor's faults are many. Want of fidelity to her old friends, however, is not among them, and this is especially noticeable in her relationship with her dolls. The subject of this story is a case in point. During his early career he was known to us as Gussie, later he became Gilbert the Filbert, and finally, during the great Cuthbert boom in the doll market, he adopted the popular appellation. Whatever his name, however, he retained Joan Minor's unwavering devotion. Other more orthodox Cuthberts, complete with exemption badges and attaché cases, retired battered and dissipated wrecks to the ignominious shelter of the ash-bucket and the rag-bag. He seemed to have drunk the elixir of perpetual youth. The same immaculate frock-coat and grey trousers, the same white spats and patent leather boots, the same sleek fair hair and irritating simper. Save for the little matter of the name, to which I have referred, it seemed that the greatest war in history was to leave him unaffected. He disdained even the exemption badge of his discomfited rivals. Yet the blow has fallen at last, the more sure and effective for being so long withheld.

Much as I admire Joan Minor's official attitude in the matter, I cannot acquit her of a certain personal responsibility. Only a week ago I heard her address the principal culprit in these words: "You shan't have to be a soldier, Cuthie darling, no matter if all the others are gone to fight. You shall stay at home to mind the babies." Even after the arrival of her cousin, aged four, and his appointment to the responsible position of regimental sergeant-major, Cuthbert enjoyed several days of inglorious immunity. Obviously, however, the vital interests of the nation could not for ever be trifled with. Yesterday he received his calling-up papers, and Joan Minor laboured all the morning to produce a suit of regimentals to replace his modish but obsolete civilian attire. Here again I have a certain sympathy with Cuthbert. I am not, I hope, a vain man, yet even I should hesitate to appear in clothes of such remarkable originality, and Cuthbert, as I mentioned, has always been the very pink of sartorial perfection.

It must have been about five o'clock in the evening when I observed from my study window Joan Minor settling herself with an awful dignity upon the seat in the summer-house. A pair of

my puttees, deplorably wound, trailed from her legs, and a red opera-cloak of her mother's was draped heavily about her shoulders, allowing an occasional glimpse of my best tunic beneath. Aided by my recollection of the fact that my daughter had once been present at a case upon which I was engaged, I was able to recognise a daring attempt to combine the atmospheres of the civil and military courts of justice. Presently the Sergeant-Major appeared from the laurel bush, which has been commandeered as barracks for the troops, dragging a limp and dejected-looking Cuthbert in his train. He came to a halt before his commanding officer, saluted unconventionally and, after an interval of embarrassed silence, fell to sucking his thumb. Cuthbert in the meantime revolved slowly, suspended by one arm, and I noticed with horror that he was in a state of nature.

"Well, Sergeant-Major," said his Colonel, "what is this man crimed with?"

"With refusin'——" The Sergeant-Major paused doubtfully.

"With refusing to put on military uniform and using——" prompted the O.C.

"An' usin' insultin' an' insuborginit language in the execution of his duty towards his sperior officer," gabbled the R.S.M., evidently fearful lest his carefully acquired part should again escape him. Even I, securely hidden behind the curtain, trembled at the frown which gathered on the Colonel's brow.

"This is very serious, Sergeant-Major. You say he insulted you. What did he say?"

"He called me a horrid pig."

"Indeed. And he refused to put on his uniform?"

"He wouldn't put on his twowsies." There was a gleeful, almost a sympathetic note in the R.S.M.'s voice, and involuntarily my mind went back to the evening when I had come upon him still wet and rosy from his bath and, attired like Cuthbert, hotly pursued down the passage by a flushed and scandalised Gwendolen. Gwendolen is Joan Minor's nurse, and I have reason to believe that it is from her various admirers that Joan Minor gets her astonishing acquaintance with military terminology both official and otherwise.

"When I tried to put them on he went like this." The R.S.M. flung himself on his back and extended his legs heavenwards in the form of a broad V. I was conscious that he was merely rehearsing a well-tried manœuvre the strategic value of which was immediately apparent even to my inexperienced eye. Then, feeling that he had acquitted himself of his part in the proceedings,

he made off in pursuit of a passing butterfly, leaving Cuthbert where he had fallen.

"Private Cuthbert," said the O.C. sternly, "you have heard the evidence of the Sergeant-Major. Have you anything to say?"

There was no reply.

"Cuthie dear, won't you put on your nice new clothes? If you put them on now for me I won't punish you."

Still the offender, prone upon the grass, maintained a sullen silence.

"Very well, Private Cuthbert, if you won't wear them you won't. But you will be surprised to hear that you are on guard to-night under the gooseberry bush to keep away the slugs from my peas just the same."

The sentence was carried out in all its merciless severity. Joan Minor herself, the Lucius Junius Brutus of her sex, affixed the naked and defiant Cuthbert to the stem of the gooseberry bush with an odd length of raffia. A September night under such conditions must, I imagine, be exceedingly cold.

This morning I observed Cuthbert present on parade decently attired in the uniform of his rank.

MICK.

I HAVE a friend, a perfect lunatic; He wipes his feet upon me—feet all thick

With viscid mud—to show he loves me well,

And roars his greetings in a joyful yell, "How glad you are to see me, aren't you, dear?"

Rejoice! Exult! you may—I'm really here!"

And I rejoice. The fool has points, you see;

And chiefest is his blind belief in ME. He looks upon me as a thing sublime, A culminating long result of time.

And, though it may be folly on his part (I say it *may* be), still it warms the heart;

And when he fawns upon me with a smile

As wide as that of any crocodile, And wags ecstatically, I—so wise!— Would fain be worth the worship of his eyes.

Marriage à la Mode.

"The bride, who was given away by her eldest brother, left later for the South Coast." *Morning Post.*

Where did the bridegroom go?

"COLLAPSIBLE child's go-carriage, nickle-plated, good condition, cost £3; exchange good Rabbits, Dutch preferred."

Fur and Feather.

We gather that the unfortunate infant has finally collapsed.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—SEPTEMBER 25, 1918.



THE RANGE-FINDERS.

A VISION OF THE COMING WINTER UNDER COAL CONTROL RESTRICTIONS.



Allotment Holder. "OW MANY BEETROOTS DID YOU WANT, MUM? ABOUT THREEPENNORTH?"

Lady. "YES, THREEPENNORTH WILL DO NICELY."

Allotment Holder. "RIGHT, MUM. THINGS IS VERY DEAR JUST NOW, SO THEY'LL BE FOURPENCE."

THE SYCAMORE-TREE.

From Tenant to Landlord.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to direct your attention to the condition of the old sycamore-tree at the end of the back-garden. It sways in the most dangerous manner in the slightest wind and threatens to fall to the ground. Out of regard for the safety of my wife and children I shall be greatly obliged if you will give instructions to have it cut down at the earliest possible moment.

From Landlord to Tenant.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your note I will send a man to examine the sycamore-tree and report on its condition, though I am inclined to think you are alarming yourself unnecessarily.

From Tenant to Landlord.

DEAR SIR,—*Re* sycamore-tree. I am surprised and disappointed that no steps have as yet been taken in this matter, about which I wrote to you a week ago. In consequence of the critical condition of the sycamore-tree my wife and children are afraid to avail themselves of the garden, and, as the

usual summer holiday has been lost this year, the effect upon their health is quite serious. Although it is true that I, personally, ventured out on Sunday last, I was immediately compelled to return by the alarming creaking of the tree. As Sunday affords my sole opportunity for obtaining a modicum of fresh air this is extremely annoying, and I hope you will attend to the matter without further delay.

From Landlord to Tenant.

DEAR SIR,—Although my man reports, as I anticipated, that the sycamore-tree is perfectly safe, I am willing to meet your wishes as to its removal and will send some workmen for the purpose at the beginning of next week.

From Tenant to Landlord.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for your kind favour, which is a great relief to my mind. On thinking the matter over I am afraid there may be considerable difficulty in the removal of the sycamore-tree after it is cut down, as the house has no side entrance. It has occurred to me that the simplest and least expensive method would be to

instruct your workmen to saw the tree into moderate-sized blocks and stack them as neatly as possible against the garden wall. Although this will be somewhat unsightly we must be prepared to put up with a little inconvenience for the sake of safety.

From Landlord to Tenant.

DEAR SIR,—I had already instructed the men to saw the trunk and branches into moderate-sized blocks as you suggest, and also, to save you inconvenience, to remove them from your premises to my own, where they can be utilized for heating the glass-houses during the approaching winter.

From Tenant to Landlord.

DEAR SIR,—On further consideration I have come to the conclusion that it will not be necessary to remove the old sycamore-tree, so please counteract the instructions to your workmen. I am afraid the absence of shade might prove a serious drawback next summer, and my wife and children are becoming more accustomed to the creaking, which I am now inclined to think may proceed from our neighbour's pear-tree.

THE YARN OF THE BLUE STAR LINE.

WHEN I was a lad and went to sea
In seventy-seven or six maybe,
There was ten tall ships on Merseyside
Did sail or berth with every tide;
There was "Hills" and "Halls" and
"Dales" and "Bens,"
"Counties" and "Cities" and "Lochs" and
"Glens,"
And none was there so fast and fine
As them that sailed in the Blue Star
Line.

They had tough-nut skippers as hard
as nails
To crack 'em along in the Cape Horn
gales,

And hard-case shellbacks thirty-two
There used to be in a Blue Star crew
To man the capstan and raise the shout
At tacks and sheets when she went
about,
And brass-bound reefers eight or nine
In them tall ships o' the Blue Star Line.

But Lord! the names them good ships
had—

Enough to drive a plain man mad!
The way them names was spelled or
said

'Ud crack your jaw like Liverpool
bread;

There was *Parthen-ope* and *Thucy-dides*,
And a whole lot more and worse besides,
And *Melpo-mene* and *Euphro-syne*
Was the sort o' names in the Blue Star
Line.

But the steam come up and the sail
went down,

And them tall ships of high renown
Was scrapped or wrecked or sold away
To the Dutch or the Dagoes, day by
day;

They went the way o' the songs we
sung,

And the girls we kissed when we all
were young,

And most o' the chaps as used to sign
Along with me in the Blue Star Line.

The *Parthen-ope* she met her fate,
Run down in a fog off the Golden Gate;
And the *Thucy-dides* kept knocking
around

'Tween the Cape and Cardiff and Puget
Sound,
Till a fire in her main hold burned her
down

To the water's edge at Simonstown;
And none was left but the *Euphro-syne*,
The blooming last o' the Blue Star Line.

There isn't a cargo great or small
But that old hooker's carried 'em all,
For whether it's rubber or whether it's
rice,

Coal or copra or salt or spice,
Teak or whale-oil or bone manure,
Smelly guano or copper ore,



FOUND!

The Driver (to mate, who has gone ahead to "pick out" the road). "DON'T FORGET TO SHOUT WHEN YOU FIND A SHELL-HOLE, BILL."

Gulf-ports cotton or B.C. pine—
All's one to the last o' the Blue Star
Line.

There isn't a tugboat far or near
But's took her to sea with a parting
cheer,

Or picked her up off o' Lizard Head
With the nine months' rust in her
hawse pipes red;

There isn't a pilot near or far
From Gravesend Reach to Astoria Bar,
On Hudson or Hooghly, or Thames or
Tyne,

But's known the last o' the Blue Star
Line.

She's been up and down and here and
there,

But there ain't no time for to tell you
where;

She's been sunk and raised and drove
ashore,

A wreck and a hulk and a prize o'
war . . .

But she's gone at the last, as I've
heard tell,

In the Channel chops as she knowed
so well,

Off St. Agnes Light, where a drifting
mine

Done in the last o' the Blue Star Line.

And it's good to know as she took her
bones,

When it come to the end, to Davy
Jones

With the old Red Duster flying the
same

As it did in the days when she earned
her fame—

When ten tall ships on Merseyside
Did sail or berth with every tide,

And none o' them all so fast and fine
As them tall ships o' the Blue Star

Line. C. F. S.

"MUSICAL GLASS BLOWER WANTED imme-
diately."—*Sunday Paper*.

To help the Harmonious Blacksmith?

THE WATCH DOGS.

LXXVI.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—For my sins, which must have been many and grievous, I have just had to make a tour of duty among the German colony in this more peaceful part of Europe. I support the criticism of the old gentleman who came with me and who also was new to the sight. As he noted the female element with his still youthful eye he said, "If these be typical of the women in Germany I can quite understand the German men trying to get into France."

It has always been my experience, in the judicial affairs of peace-time, that one's case loses much, if not most, of its virtue and rectitude when it comes before the tribunal together with the other fellow's version. Neutrality, as represented by any Bench, has always appeared to me to be a senseless thing, with no true perceptions, no appreciation of righteousness when confronted with it, no sympathy with purity and perfection as explained to it by myself in the quality of counsel. Juries also, supposedly neutral, I have found impervious to the burning justice of my client's cause and too credulous and attentive to the specious mendacity of the other side. It was with some anxiety, therefore, that I first mixed with the people of one of the few neutral States remaining at this time. Apart from the fear of seeing on the natives' faces that expression, so familiar with the Common Jury, of indifference to the gross instance of justice trampled under foot, I was afraid of a general doubt as to whether our affairs were progressing so nicely as we made out. My experience has been most consoling; we have some very good friends abroad, Charles.

I pass over the indiscretions of porters and ticket-collectors, who have so far forgotten the obligations of neutrality as to declare to me in public, "*Vive l'Angleterre! vive la France! vive l'Italie! vivent les États Unis!*" and a similar wish for all other nations, states and powers, which, from the largest to the smallest, have associated themselves with our cause; I confine myself to the local Press, which, with all respect to their Lordships at home, is as well-conducted as any I have ever read.

There are two papers in particular which I mean to take in for the rest of my life, in gratitude for the comfort I have derived from their convictions. The one has all the reputation for solemnity of our own leading journal. Not infrequently it takes us to task for our misconceptions and mistakes, and

tells us off for our faults of constitution or character; this done, it is in a position rather to assume than to say that of course we are right and as such are going to prevail. Certain developments of a few months back on the Western Front it reviewed as regrettable incidents inevitably producing tiresome results; addressing itself to the more intelligent and educated, it refrained from stating the obvious, that these tiresome results were naturally about to be rectified; it confined itself to enumerating a few simple reasons for accepting any delay there might be in the rectification.

The other paper is a bright little affair which says be blowed to the Bosch about six times a day, but with such happy variety of expression and phrase as to do away with any sense of iteration. I feel that even the Hun himself, if he has any better sense of journalism, must read it regularly, though secretly, and, in spite of himself and his fatherland, enjoy the mere vitality of it. To this paper there just were no events on the Western Front a few months' back worth worrying about. Facts and figures were duly quoted in full, but only as leading up to a thorough relishing of the good things they were bringing to the Allies, unity of command and a completely developed determination to annihilate utterly and for ever all Central Powers. In those dark days our sporting and irrepressible little friend, setting out the whole news at length, washed away the whole effects of it with some bright and daring headlines, calculated to convince anyone that this was all merely preparing the stage for the real business about to begin next week. It was at this time that the humourist who contributes the daily column of merri-ment in italics on the right-hand side of the front page reached his zenith with a fanciful description of the KAISER, now owner of the civilised world but offering to exchange the lot for half-a-loaf of bread.

From the whole of this Press two personalities stand out—Agence Havas and Commentaire Wolff. Agence Havas I put down as a cheerful, business-like fellow, thirty-five to forty years old, only son of an extremely happy marriage. I see him, in an old tweed suit and cap, with a pipe between his teeth, always out and about with the fighting soldiers of the Entente. Politics and offices are no affair of his; whatever the directorates may think or say or do, he takes his atmosphere from the trench line, and the spirit of his records is accordingly brisk and buoyant.

Commentaire Wolff I fancy is well past his first and second youth, neither

of which was very happy. Born with a grievance of some sort, which he has always had to suppress, he has made his way to the top of his tree by ruthless determination and undue influence. The former has put him out of sympathy with the best of humanity, and his time has been so much spent at an office desk that he has lost the fresh-air habit. The latter has got him into the inveterate custom of taking his cue from above, and he is too used to writing up what is given him officially to think of going and having a look for himself. When the times gave him something really to rejoice about, he wasn't able really to rejoice. I see him always in his well-appointed office, with no notes at all save the official communiqué; I see him writing and re-writing and re-re-writing his report for the Press, preening himself on the choice of epithets in the final edition, but inwardly cursing himself for not being able to write up a good thing with half the cheerfulness which Agence Havas manages to extract from a bad one.

I foresee old Commentaire Wolff retired from business in disgust, having handed over to his anæmic son, who can think of no better way of dealing with the day's news than by dishing up his father's past writings and applying them to the present, without caring whether they fit the facts or not.

Yours ever, HENRY.

FERDINAND THE FOX

(The eminent Botanist, Tsar of BULGARIA, and great-grandson of PHILIPPE ÉGALITÉ).

WHAT is faithless FERDY doing?
What new mischief is he brewing?
What sly stratagems pursuing?

Rumour, not above suspicion,
Represented his condition
As approaching inanition;

But reports of his arriving
At Vienna, well and thriving,
Point at least to his reviving.

Is he only botanizing,
Or intent upon devising
Counter-checks to thwart a rising?

Is he optimist and perky,
Or, when skies are drear and murky,
Does he curse his friends in Turkey?

Does he, Tsar of all Bulgaria,
Dread the Bolshevik malaria
Spreading to his special area?

Does he at the dead of night
Ever see with deep affright
STAMBOULOFF's indignant sprite?

Is his nerve impaired by shocks?
Is he Roman, Orthodox,
Mussulman, or simply Fox?



Loquacious Barber. "WE WAS DISCUSSING NATIONAL SERVICE, WASN'T WE, LAST TIME I SHAVED YOU? HAVE YOU JOINED UP YET?"
Customer. "I DON'T KNOW TILL I TAKE THE PLASTER OFF."

Is he anxious to outshine
 The arch-traitor of his line?
 Will he "stick it" or resign?

What a fund of introspection
 Must he find in home defection,
 Weariness and insurrection!

On his palace wall the writing
 Luminously glows, reciting
 Its invincible indicting—

Tells him, isolated, shaken,
 By his German friends forsaken,
 "Serbia's martyrs reawaken."

ALL STORIES.

Now that the dramatic and tumultuous Birmingham episode in the career of the PRIME MINISTER has been reproduced for film purposes, the cinematograph industry claims that there is no incident in the life of any public character that need baffle its operators.

The direct result is that a number of enthralling life-stories are on the stocks. Renowned authors and journalists have been commissioned to prepare the "books" of these romances.

There is little doubt that crowds will flock to see *Harold*; or, *On and On*, the true story of the journalistic activi-

ties of Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE. It is no secret to those who believe it to be true that Sir OLIVER LODGE has had a hand in preparing this photo-play. The story shows a large number of interesting interiors of the actual houses of the celebrities whom the hero has interviewed, from that of the Bishop of London to that of the Costermonger King of Camberwell, each containing the eminent journalist and his notebook. Occasionally a page from the notebook itself will be flashed upon the screen, ample time being allowed for the spectators to spell out the noble sentiments there written. It is said (by the producers) that few will come away with dry eyes from witnessing this very moving picture.

But the "scream" of the season will be the film depicting Mr. ARTHUR N. DAVIS, the vivacious American dentist, extracting the teeth of the KAISER. Picture-goers must exercise a little patience, however, for up to the time of writing there has been a singular difficulty in persuading any competent actor to volunteer for the rôle of the Imperial patient. The producers are sanguine enough to hope that, with the assistance of Marshal Foch and

HAIG, the KAISER himself may be available before very long.

Admirers of Miss MARIE CORELLI should not evade *The Sword-like Pen*. For this film has been engaged an actress of natural modesty and ability whose histrionic powers nevertheless enable her to represent with a wonderful simulation of truth the many stirring episodes in a pictorial career.

Another life-story in preparation is that of Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON. It will be found that in this film one of the most entertaining scenes will be of the future *littérateur* on the playing-fields of St. Paul's School, persistently kicking the football towards the goal of his own side. His reasons for so doing—and they are wonderfully convincing—will be made clear to the audience between the pictures. By an ingenious adaptation this life-story can be shown on a sheet of ordinary size.

"Rachel — has been fined 20s. by the Douglas Stipendiary for attempting to remove a leg of lamb from the Isle of Man."

Macclesfield Courier.

But for this timely punishment she might have cherished similar designs upon the Calf of Man.



First Irrepressible (from the other platform). "WHAT HO, CHARLEY? GOT A BIT O' LEAVE?"

Second ditto (from this). "YUS."

First ditto. "WHEN YER GOING BACK?"

Second ditto. "TUESDAY MIDNIGHT—IF IT'S FINE!"

THE EXPLANATION.

"I'm certain there are fairies in this house," I said, as I sat down at the breakfast-table.

My hostess looked a little alarmed.

"My dear," she said, "you have fairies on the brain. Where did you see them?"

"I didn't see them," I said. "I heard them."

Joan looked up again from the elegantly-decorated pages of a Bond Street catalogue.

She is a person who combines a rather matter-of-fact temperament with an attractively wistful manner; she also has wide blue eyes and an appearance of youthfulness so convincing that one finds it quite difficult to associate her with the multifarious responsibilities of a large country-house, to say nothing of a four-years-old Pamela in the nursery.

"Tell me what it was like," she said; "this house is so old; it is full of noises."

"What it was like?" I repeated. "Well, it's not very easy to describe. It was like starlings in the early morning, and like fountains playing in the sun, and like those tiny white clouds when the sky is very blue."

"Clouds don't make a noise," said Joan; "at least, not the tiny ones."

"And like cowbells far away on the mountain-slopes," I continued, "and like very, very good French chocolate, and wild-rose buds."

"Well, of all the extraordinary mixtures," said Joan; "I'd like to know what next."

"And like snow scrunching under your shoes," I went on, becoming more and more fascinated by the possibilities of my subject, "and like sweet-peas and——" I hesitated for a moment, and my host, who had finished his breakfast some time ago and had apparently been deeply absorbed in his paper, suddenly chimed in—

"And like water round the prow of a boat," he said, "and the smell of a wood-fire and apples and good leather, and like little bits of HERRICK, and old French dancing tunes, and"—he glanced across at his wife—"blue ribbons."

I looked at Joan; she didn't appear to be wearing any blue ribbons, but she smiled a little self-consciously.

"I think you're both very silly," she said; "and Dickie doesn't even know what you're talking about."

A dark form crossed the window.

"Hullo, there's Jordan," said Dickie. "You'll excuse me, won't you? I want

to tell him about those new rose-trees."

He walked across to the door, feeling in his pocket for his tobacco-pouch as he went, and presently we heard the slight clatter of the sticks as he drew one from the hall-stand.

"It's perfectly ridiculous the way Dickie fusses over that rose-garden," said Joan. "How does he think we manage when he is in France?"

There was a moment's pause.

Then suddenly—"There it is again," I said. "Didn't you hear it?"

Joan listened.

"That," she said, gazing at me with astonished half-incredulous eyes, "why, that's Pamela laughing."

R. F.

"OLD-ESTABLISHED country Newsagency on Sale, with capital horse and oat; illness cause for selling."—*Provincial Paper*.

It looks like a case of the last straw.

"An intelligent prisoner of the 61st Regiment said

The weather has somewhat improved, and has turned distinctly fresh."—*Scotsman*.

We infer that the "surrender-drill" to which German soldiers are now subjected includes the maxim, "When asked an awkward question talk about the weather."



MRS. PARTINGTON OF POTSDAM.

["In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood . . . ; the tide rose to an incredible height; the waves rushed in upon the houses; and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime storm Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house . . . trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean . . . The Atlantic was roused; Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic beat Mrs. Partington."—*SYDNEY SMITH.*]

THE FAMILY.

It was pouring hard and the dining-room was dark and cold.

"Only September," remarked the daughter bitterly, and snapped on the electric light.

They were mostly late that morning, but finally collected round the table. Five persons, the father, the mother, the uncle, the aunt and the daughter.

The father, opening letters, broke the hungry silence. "How much coal do you think we're allowed?" he asked.

The uncle settled comfortably to his porridge; his coal allowance wasn't in yet.

The mother eyed the father, kettle in hand. "I knew we shouldn't get all that coal," she said decidedly, "I knew they'd never allow it. If they'd sent what you put in that paper you had, we'd have had more than we'd ever had in our lives!"

The kettle clicked into its place and the father prepared his defence. "I never said how much coal we should have. Of course if you put statements—"

"My dear," said the mother, "I never put any statements anywhere. You wrote it. You ought to know. Of course it was ridiculous even to have supposed."

"I never did," retorted the father.

Here the daughter remarked with acerbity, "A nice family we shall be when it really is cold."

The mother placed her heavy guns. "Well, suppose you tell us how much coal we are allowed," she suggested.

The father shot off a tonnage so minute as to silence effectually any argument.

It was then that one discovered that the aunt had been speaking for several minutes. She was repeating something to herself in a low tone. It might have been the Catechism. "What we must do," she murmured, "is to light the study fire and put out the kitchen after lunch. No more gas fires to dress by; and we must wear warm clothes. It doesn't matter if you wear warm clothes, but we shan't be able to have all the fires we've had. I never have had a fire in my bedroom, except when I was ill. And then under protest," she added and bent over her bread-and-marmalade.

The daughter set her cup down decidedly. "It's perfectly simple," she remarked. "We must bring the servants

in here, or go in there and all eat together."

There was a pause. No one thought the daughter worth arguing with.

Then the aunt murmured to herself, "How they would hate it!"

The uncle was a democrat, but he couldn't resist saying, "Well, I believe she's right," referring to the daughter, not because he thought so, but because the aunt had said that they would hate it.

The mother took an edging of butter. "I shall begin economy from to-day," she announced. "Elizabeth must do with one scuttle instead of three." She glanced scornfully round the table. "It's well enough for you all to have your little ideas," she remarked, "I shall have the dealing with it."

"If you're going to begin economy



THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

"Y' SEE, MUM, I JUST PUTS ONE OF 'EM IN SOAK WHILE I GETS ON WIV THE OTHER."

to-day," retorted the father, "why not turn off the electric light?" He rose and did so, and the tablecloth became a shade paler.

"We must use wood," continued the mother, "and besides I already have a plan—"

But the aunt was again speaking. "Gas fires," she observed, "will be impossible, but hay-boxes—"

The uncle interrupted her. "What we shall have to do," he observed kindly but firmly, "is to read our gas-meter every day."

The aunt took a piece of bread. "Yes, I suppose so," she said, and added, "if you can read a gas-meter. I never could. I suppose they count the heating and lighting in one."

The uncle cleared his throat authoritatively, "I wish you would try and get it into your head, my dear," he observed, "that they are not counted as one."

But the aunt was not listening. "Anyhow it's better than having the

Germans here," she said and folded up her table-napkin; "I shall get a warm golf jersey."

And then the mother and the daughter began discussing golf jerseys with the aunt in a most amiable manner.

And the father and the uncle, warmed with porridge, argued joyfully over the war news.

Meanwhile, in the garden, the rain had stopped, and suddenly the lawns were bright. The sun had stepped out and flooded the morning.

"Well—if the sun will shine," murmured the father to himself; and the whole party rose and went into the garden.

"TO ASTONISH THE WORLD."

Mr. —, speaking at the Cairn Line meeting at Newcastle to-day, said the result of America's colossal shipbuilding programme was likely to astonish the world."—*Evening Paper*.

Mr. CLYNES' attention is hereby called to the unequal distribution of "t."

"Several of the Germans dropped, but the remainder rushed on until they were within fifteen years of the little English force."—*Daily Paper*. This must have been in the early days of the War.

"Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., who headed the ballet for a new parliamentary committee of the Trade Union Congress . . ."

Daily Express.

Is expected to lead them a pretty dance.

There once was a Madame called TUSSAUD

Who loved the grand folk in *Who's Who* so

That she made them in wax,
Both their fronts and their backs,
And asked no permission to do so.

"Although Germany is suffering, she will doubtless suffer a great deal more than many of her enemies suppose before the demon which impelled her to this insane adventure is exercised."—*Times*.

Well, he is getting a good deal of exercise just now—walking backwards.

An adventurous youngster of Crediton Took some *pâté de fois gras* and spread it on

A chocolate biscuit,
And said, "Yes, I'll risk it;"

* * * * *
On his tomb is the date that he said it on.

Telegram from Mr. DAVIS to the ALL-HIGHEST: "Hear you are gnashing and grinding your teeth. Will my work stand?—*DAVIS*."

SCENE.—*Damaged Château in France.*

Englishman. "BUT, HANG IT ALL, M'SIEU, HOW D'YOU MANAGE TO PLAY WITH THESE BALLS? ALL THE SAME COLOUR AND NO SPOT."
Frenchman. "OH, ZAT EES ALL RIGHT, YES. YOU GET TO KNOW ZEM BY ZE SHAPE."

PHILOSOPHY FOR ADVERTISERS.

I.

"BEAUTY is Truth, Truth Beauty," sings the poet,
 "And that is all we need to know."
 We know it.
 Keep beautiful and lovers true you'll find;
 Use Poggie's Powder and deceive mankind.

II.

"How low, how little are the proud,
 How indigent the great,"
 Whom chronic lack of cash has bowed
 Down from their high estate.
 But let Fitzclarence bring content,
 For he can ease their moan
 By lending cash at five per cent.
 On note of hand alone.

III.

"Ever let the fancy roam;
 Pleasure never is at home."
 Do not sit and mope with Alice;
 Come and see our Picture Palace.

IV.

Doubt not, O Man, the hand of Providence
 Because thou art not able to explain

The evils of the world, nor wonder whence

We draw our sad inheritance of pain.
 Consider rather how the gods provide
 A natural relief for every ill;
 The nettle and the dock-leaf side by side,
 The Christmas dinner and the Pinkney Pill.

V.

In opposites attraction lies, 'tis said;
 Since He is dark a blonde He'll want to wed;
 Then try Nobell's Peroxide for Thine hair;
 For ever will He love and Thou be fair.

VI.

'Tis not for youthful bloods to quaff
 Our "very special" Port,
 A brand that makes the butler laugh
 And connoisseurs to snort.
 But for your wealthy aunt 'twill make
 A drink to suit her age;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 It for a "Hermitage."

VII.

Achievement's never equal to
 The pleasure of pursuit;
 We long because it's something new
 To taste exotic fruit.

A subtle joy in life and art
 From mysteries we gain;
 We worship with a joyful heart
 That which we can't explain.

Enough. Where ignorance is bliss
 'Tis folly to be wise;
 So come and try our Sausages,
 Explore our Rabbit-pies.

"Captain and corporal of the same corps (New Zealanders) standing together in the pulpit and sharing the same hymn-book in the singing, were noticed at Hersham, near Walton-on-Thames."—*Evening News.*

Rather a noticeable position.

"Scotland Yard states it is proposed to apply for order for internment of Litvinoff and his staff."—*Liverpool Echo.*

But we are glad to learn that this drastic proposal was not carried out. It would have been a grave mistake.

An Irish Sinn Fein paper is greatly annoyed at the recruiting activities of Captain STEPHEN GWYNN, M.P. Admitting that he is a grandson of WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, the Irish patriot, it finds consolation in the fact that he is only "a grandson by marriage."



ARTHUR FERRISS

"OH, YES, MATE, WE HAD A POSH TIME OF IT DOWN THERE."
 "WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN BY 'POSH,' GERALD?"
 "DON'T YOU KNOW? IT'S SLANG FOR 'SWISH'!"

WHO WROTE DICKENS?

From "The Daily Meteor," April 1, 2218.

THE large number of aeroplanes parked on the roof of the Charles Chaplin Literary Institute last evening testified to the widespread popular interest in the Gladstonian theory. For more than two hours the audience listened with unabated attention to Professor Theophilus Linkhorn, whose latest discoveries have shed so much light on the Dickens-Gladstone controversy. "For many years," he said, "students of DICKENS had felt that the famous novels could not have sprung from the mind of the humble, uneducated employee of a blacking factory, but the question was, Who did write them? Then came the President of Bryan University with his theory of Gladstonian authorship. GLADSTONE, he was able to show, was a contemporary of DICKENS, who flourished in the reign of QUEEN VICTORIA, some years before the world war which resulted in the obliteration of Germany. He was a statesman, a scholar and a

writer of serious philosophical works. His office of Prime Minister imposed on him the necessity of a consistently dignified demeanour, with which the rôle of a writer of sensational fiction would scarcely accord. So he devised the plan of writing the novels and persuading the rising young reporter, CHARLES DICKENS, to stand sponsor for his efforts.

"It was a fascinating theory," continued Professor Linkhorn, "but something more than speculation seemed to be required. This was supplied most fortunately by the original research undertaken recently by the faculty of the Charles Chaplin Literary Institute, founded by the celebrated twentieth-century actor and savant who bequeathed an immense fund for historical-literary investigation. Thus we have the solution of the mysterious 'Murdstone letter' written to CHAPMAN AND HALL, the publishers, concerning the use of the name for one of the characters in *David Copperfield*. This letter had been carefully preserved in the St. Andrew Carnegie Library. GLAD-

STONE's first intention, evidently, had been to call this character 'Mirthstone,' or glad stone, but his publishers objected to the device as too transparent, and so we find him replying in these words: 'Very well; then Murdstone let it be.' But the most ingenious device of GLADSTONE's, perhaps, was his use of his initials in the case of 'the literary man with a wooden leg,' *Silas Wegg*. Here boldly we have the initials in full in their regular order, W.E.G., with an extra G for good measure."

The Professor then alluded to the subject of the Ivy Green cipher, which he had the honour of discovering in the *Pickwick Papers*. "Scholars had long been puzzled by the insertion of a poem of three stanzas in this book. The ostensible excuse for its introduction was its recitation at an evening party at Manor Farm, Dingley Dell, by the aged clergyman of the place, name not given, who posed as its author. But the poem has no connection with the story. Why, then, students formerly wondered, was it interpolated in this first long story of DICKENS?" By way of answer Professor Linkhorn wrote the first five lines on the blackboard:

"Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old!
 Of right choice food are his meals I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.
 The wall must be crumbled, the stone
 decayed . . ."

The Professor then requested his auditors to take their pencils and write down the first letter of the first line's last word, the second letter of the second line's last word, the third letter of the third line's third word from the last (a not uncommon variant in ciphers of this character), and the fourth letter of the fourth line's last word. These four letters spell "Glad." Then he invited his hearers to glance along the next line for the word to form the second syllable of a proper name. The next to the last word is "stone."

The noise from the electric applause machine, operated by thought waves from the audience, demonstrated virtually unanimous acceptance of the Professor's theory, and not a few persons resolved to perform a tardy act of justice by having their editions of DICKENS rebound and the name of GLADSTONE substituted as author in letters of gold.

The Irreducible Minimum.

"The wages payable for employment in summer of male workmen in agriculture shall be not less than wages at the following minimum rates, that is to say: For male workmen of 14 and under 15 years of age, 14s. for 54 years."—*Cambrian News*.

Just over three-pence per annum; it can't be called excessive.

TRAGEDY IN MILITARY LIFE.

DISAPPEARANCE OF TWO FAMOUS SISTERS.

"I DON'T like it a bit," he said, "after all these years." And his great honest round face seemed to dwindle.

"Why not?" I inquired. "There's no indignity in it. Other nations have done it for years—our ally France, for example."

"No," said my grandfather's clock—for it was he with whom I was talking—"I don't like it. I like the old ways. I hate novelty. And I tell you there are others who are furious about it as well."

"Who?" I asked.

"The two Emmas," he replied. "They're rabid."

"The two Emmas!" I repeated—thinking naturally first of VIOLET LORRAINE of Binghampton and wondering who the other could be. Not NELSON'S Lady HAMILTON? Not the Emma who years ago was told to "whoa"?

"Who are these ladies?" I asked again.

"The two Emmas," replied my grandfather's clock, "are 'Ack Emma' (also known as 'Auntie Meridian') and 'Pip Emma,' the slang for which is 'Post Meridian,' who, if this twenty-four hour system becomes universal, will simply be done in. Their occupation will be gone. Like other old soldiers they'll fade away. Isn't that a disaster? We never like it, you know, when we're superannuated, shelved, lidded; and that's what's happening to those poor girls!"

"Well," was all I could say, "if needs be they must. These are changeable times."

"Exactly what I complain of," retorted my grandfather's clock. "But why make innovations gratuitously? For centuries we have had A.M. and P.M., twelve o'clock noon and twelve o'clock midnight. Why suddenly abolish the old sensible rule? It isn't as if Dora was concerned."

"You never know," I replied, "where Dora is concerned. Maybe it's her doing entirely."

"If so," said the clock, "it's sheer unreasonableness. Pure feminine jealousy of the two Emmas. No, there's no sense in it. And look how it will upset life. Five-o'clock tea—what meaning will that have now? You will have to talk about seventeen-o'clock tea. Invitations to lunch at half-past one, old style, will now run, 'Meet me at the Fritz at double-0-thirty,' like a telephone number. It's a hard thing when the time of day resembles telephone numbers!"

He was very cross, as I could tell by his quivering hands.

THE FARMER AND THE NEW FARM-LABOURER.



FIRST WEEK.



SECOND WEEK.



THIRD WEEK.



FOURTH WEEK.

"And think of the good seasoned phrases that will go," he pursued. "'Like one o'clock' vanishes for ever. There's no one o'clock now; there's only double-0-one-0 or one-three double-0."

"You take it too seriously," I said. "You'll be no worse off personally. You'll simply go on ticking away just as usual. It's we who will have to learn the new way."

"And it's the absolute death of midnight," my grandfather's clock went on. "Midnight, strictly speaking, under this new and absurd rule is 0-double-0-0. But no one is to use it. They have got to say either 2359, which is one minute before, or 0-double-0-one, which is one minute after. Just think of a world

without a midnight—the old witching hour when one day died and another day was born, and things happened. What will ghosts do?"

Again his hands shook.

"And those two poor desolate sisters," he resumed—"those homeless Emmas—I can't bear to think of them turned out into the cold."

I did all I could to cheer him but in vain.

"I've heard all you've urged," he remarked, "and I come back to what I said at first: I don't like it. I shall join the fashion and go on strike."

And he did. It was six o'clock in the afternoon, and he struck eighteen steady implacable strokes beyond the power even of Mr. GOMPERTS to conciliate.

BUNNY'S BURDEN.

HARVEST, 1918.

OF all the rude rustic's detestable habits

There is none that I know more deserving of scorn
Than his barbarous custom of chasing us rabbits
Who hide in that last little strip of the corn.

Ah! many's the mix-up and many the *mêlée*

In which I have played an invidious part,
With farmer and ploughman and sheaf and shillelagh
All adding a beat to the beat of my heart:

Though in those days, I own, with a *souçon* of cunning

And a flavour of luck one might often get clear,
For a farmer's a fool to a rabbit at running,
And a ploughman's as slow as a barrel of beer.

But to-day we must face a more ominous question

In solving the problem of how to get out,
For the whole harvest field is a seething congestion
Of brains academic and tricks of the scout.

All the talent is here—all the great and the lesser,
The proud and the humble, the stout and the slim,
The Second Form boy and the agéd professor,
Grade Three and the hero in want of a limb.

From all sides they gather, the saint and the sinner,

The child from his cradle, the grandfather grey,
And none but would gladly have rabbit for dinner,
That is, if it happened to fall in his way.

And each new arrival has brought a new terror;

You move, and a constable holds up his hand;
Those boys out of school, they can run, and no error,
And who has an eye like the girl on the land?

The art of pursuit is reduced to a science

When coolness and culture combine to pursue;
Schoolmaster and scout in unhely alliance
Are banded to beat us—so what can we do?

Instead of dull yokels with crossings and wrangles

And ruminant rustics on faltering feet,
We've mathematicians appraising the angles
And telling where runner and rabbit should meet.

With a staff so adroit and an army so thorough

I fear we are fighting a losing campaign,
Believe me if ever I get to my burrow
There's nought will induce me to leave it again.

W. H. O.

"BIRTHS.

Box—September 8, at 5, Aubrey Street, the wife of Rifleman W. A. Box (Nellie Lloyd), of a son (both well).

Cox—September 13, at 42, Nicander Road, to the wife of Edgar G. Cox (of Sierra Leone, West Africa), a son (Flossie Ackerley).
Liverpool Post and Mercury.

When a similar concatenation appeared in an Antipodean paper a few months ago we remarked, "And Box and Cox are satisfied." But apparently they weren't.

A propos of the engagement of Prince RUPPRECHT OF BAVARIA to Princess ANTONIA OF LUXEMBURG:—

"But when one reflects that the bride does not number 19 summers and that her betrothed is about 50, and a widower with a son to boot, one must assume that love itself cannot serve as an excuse for this alliance."—*Daily Mail.*

Possibly the bride-elect calculates that as the PRINCE has a son to boot she may escape kicking.

A COCOA MYSTERY.

"At five minutes to eleven," said Lisbeth dramatically, "I put Sister's cup of cocoa on that table and went back to the kitchen to get her a couple of biscuits. I returned at two minutes to the hour to find the cup empty. Who stole Sister's cocoa?"

News of the theft spread through our V.A.D. hospital rapidly, for hitherto Sister's eleven-o'clock cocoa had been sacred. The staff pleaded not guilty, and Lisbeth, who is a major or something similarly gigantic in the Girl Guides, announced her intention of discovering the culprit no matter what the cost in time, and as Lisbeth has three badges for Observation, Penetration and Perseverance, we admitted that she must be our Sherlock Holmes whilst we acted as her Watsons.

"If the staff is innocent then it is obvious that the thief is one of the patients," she said, rolling her eyes in order to impress upon her audience the fact that she was thinking deeply. "I will make inquiries amongst the men."

Who stole Sister's cocoa? Lisbeth's slogan echoed through the hospital until we began to repeat it ourselves mechanically. As I had to do the detective's hospital work as well as my own I was anxious for her speedy triumph, but it was only five minutes before we were due to stop work for the day that Lisbeth, bubbling over with excitement, whispered to me that the stout little man whose bed was nearest the door was the thief.

"I'm sure there's a cocoa stain on his sleeve," she said; "I want you to come with me when I denounce him to his face. He only arrived this morning and we must be firm."

The suspect was sitting alone in the somewhat attenuated conservatory when Lisbeth and I entered, and he rose to his feet uneasily when he saw us. Emboldened by his confusion Lisbeth came to the point with embarrassing promptness and candour.

"I believe you stole Sister's cocoa," she said severely.

He looked down at his boots and then up at us.

"Well, wot if I did?" he asked defiantly. "You shouldn't have left it where'd I'd be sure to see it."

"But you get plenty to eat and drink," said Lisbeth, "and—"

"Drink?" he said scornfully, "D'ye mean that you think I'd drink cocoa?" His face became purple. "I hate cocoa—I've hated it all my life. The sight of it drives me crazy. It was bad enough afore I joined the army, but since then—" He pressed his hands to his face and groaned. "When I see a cup of cocoa I lose me head. I want to dance on it with both feet."

"But why?"

"Haven't I got the best of reasons?" he cried, and I really thought his wounds must have affected his head. "You don't know what I've suffered through cocoa. Wot with chaps tryin' to borrow money and callin' me stingy when I 'adn't the price of a fag for meself; wot with cheap jokes and invitations to temperance meetin's, I tell ye, Miss, the moment I comes upon that cup of cocoa I empties it out of the window. I would have sent the cup and saucer after it but I felt that they hadn't done me no harm."

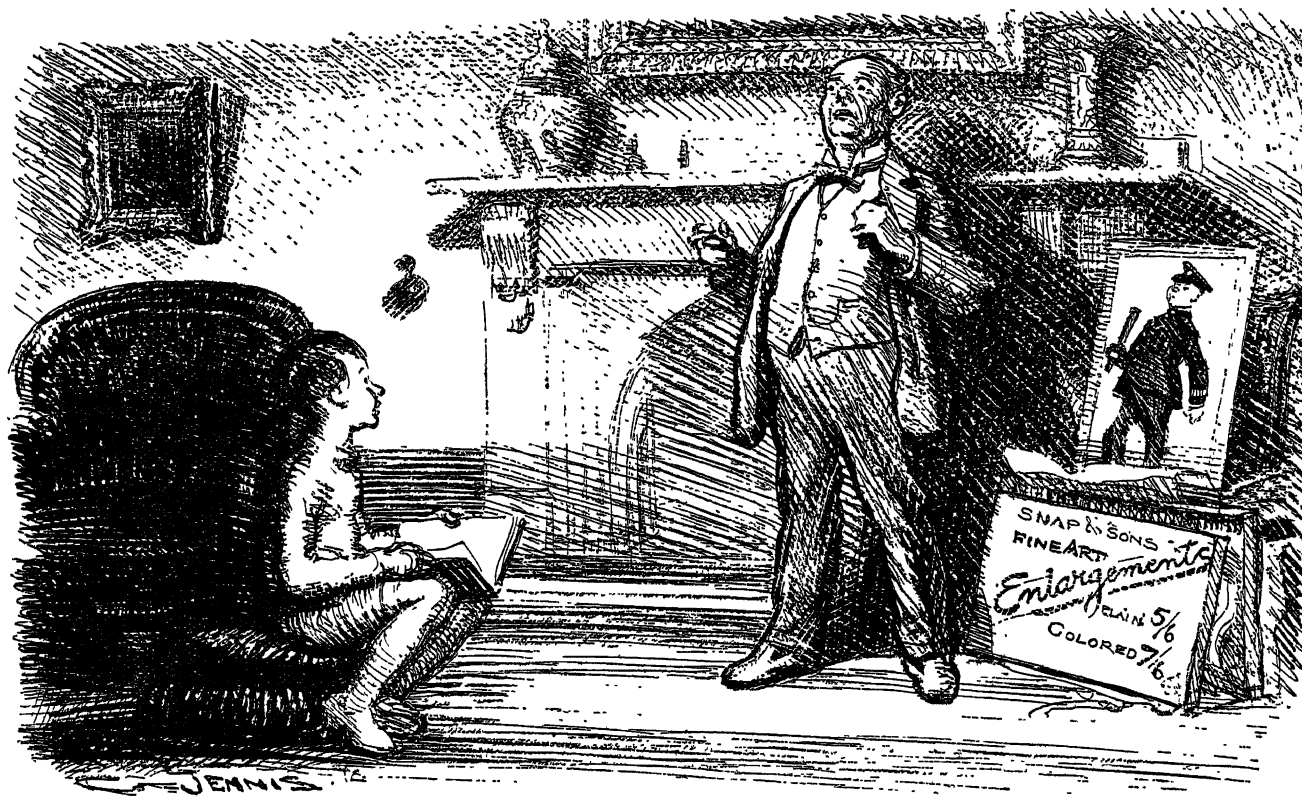
"I'm sorry, but I must report you," said Lisbeth magisterially. "It is a very serious offence to tamper with Sister's cocoa. What is your name?"

The culprit's eyes blazed defiance.

"Cadbury, Miss," he answered.

An Easy Place.

"HOUSE-PARLOURMAID Wanted. Small house and family. Out every Sunday and week-day."—*Bucks Free Press.*



Harold (to Special, who has resigned). "SHALL WE HAVE ANY MORE AIR-RAIDS, FATHER?"
 Father. "MY BOY, NOW I'VE RESIGNED ANYTHING MAY HAPPEN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. JEFFERY FARNOL still treads the broad highway of popular success. It has now brought him inevitably to the pleasant domain of costume-comedy, where dwells, amid every circumstance of the aptly picturesque, that type and pattern of all such heroines, *Our Admirable Betty* (SAMPSON Low). Really, I rather wonder if I need give you any more of her story than its title. We find the fair dame in act to rejuvenate by flirtation one *Major John D'Arcy*, her neighbour, a retired soldier, who, having renounced the sex in favour of literary composition, very naturally finds the leading lady looking over his garden wall in the second chapter. Shall I add that, for purposes of broad-comedy relief, the Major has a soldier servant, so that while the master is courting in the parlour . . . ? Mr. FARNOL has even been so complete as to endow his heroine with a fugitive brother, of striking family resemblance to herself, who (fulfilling thereby his almost painfully obvious duty) first embraces his sister in such clandestine style as to persuade the eavesdropping hero that he is supplanted, and then, falling back upon the family likeness—but no, I refuse to imagine that there exists any reader so dull as not to have anticipated the purpose of that. You will by now have gathered that the admirability of *Betty* urges her nowhere beyond the confines of the expected; but since this was (I suppose) her author's intention I have only to felicitate him upon a heroine whose profoundly trustworthy character should, and doubtless will, endear her to a thousand libraries.

Mr. Stanley G. Fulton is an American millionaire. He is sick and tired of his money and appears to have

exhausted all the usual methods of spending it. Moreover he is fifty-two years old and a bachelor and does not know to whom he can leave his riches, having only three relations (cousins) in the world, and knowing nothing of them beyond the mere fact of their existence in the township of Hillerton. The matter presses, for the millionaire's digestion is so far gone that he is reduced to one dietetic biscuit a day. What is he to do? Happy thought! He will arrange to convey to each of the cousins one hundred thousand dollars and will himself go and live at Hillerton in disguise—beard, blue spectacles and name of John Smith—in order to watch how the cousins behave when the golden shower descends upon them. His ostensible reason for being in Hillerton is the compilation of a history of the *Blaisdell* family, to which the millionaire and the cousins belong. Mr. Fulton himself disappears into the South American jungle, and in due time the money gets to work. This is the scheme of *Oh, Money! Money!* (CONSTABLE), and in working it out ELEANOR H. PORTER shows considerable skill in placing her characters and a nice sense of fun. Indeed she creates quite a DICKENS atmosphere, and in particular introduces her readers to *Poor Maggie*, who has to devote herself to an extraordinarily disagreeable father. In fact she is an American replica of *Little Dorrit*. Eventually *Poor Maggie*, though she is no relative of the *Blaisdells*, wins the *gros lot*, the millionaire himself. I can truthfully add that this story is thoroughly wholesome and ingenuous, and in saying this my strong intention is not to depreciate but to praise.

It would be interesting to know at what date in the world's history the comedy of mistaken identity first made its appearance. Probably, I fancy, as soon as there were sufficient inhabitants to provide two confusably alike. And

as the same old situation has ever since been pursuing its triumphant course down the ages, my respect is the greater for Mr. H. DE VÈRE STACPOOLE, who has shown how fresh and entertaining a plot it can furnish even now in artistic hands. Briefly, I hail *The Man Who Lost Himself* (HUTCHINSON) as one of the best resemblance-books I have met. I know exactly what I personally want in a tale of this kind. A poor but ingenious hero (Mr. STACPOOLE gives me an American stranded at the Savoy Hotel with an unpayable bill) mistaken for a twin image of small ability but unlimited wealth and social prestige (here we get an Earl; good enough, perhaps; though I should have preferred Royalty, if *Zenda* had not, I suppose, rendered this impossible). Anyhow, what I most admired about the present version was its air of convincing logic, even now and then its dash of serious psychology, which lifted the whole thing so high that it became almost credible. Perhaps Mr. STACPOOLE's hero succeeds a shade too easily; but his triumphs, in reversing the follies of the man whose place he has taken, are excellent fun. As you know, however, there are always two great tests for this particular intrigue—what to do with the heroine, and how to end it. Without spoiling your enjoyment by any premature revelation I can assure you that it is precisely in his treatment of these two problems that Mr. STACPOOLE has consolidated a very notable success.

The Remembered Kiss (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), by RUBY AYRES, is the feuilletonic history of Lorna Peterson, a sentimental little idiot (I may have got this wrong) who meets her Patrick (a very handsome spendthrift Irish gentleman and something of a Sinn Feiner in the matter of love) in her aunt's house during a thunderstorm. He came in the *Raffles* manner, but less well dressed and more furtively, to steal her aunt's diamonds. He remained to steal only a kiss from Lorna. This I think was the remembered kiss. There were others. For Lorna's aunt made a will whereby she was to have half a fortune if she married a certain Mr. Loughland, and he the other half. Naturally, Mr. Loughland turned out to be the amateur burglar, and naturally he didn't remember her or the kiss either, being a hasty kisser, and naturally each assumed the other to be after the money in a marriage of great convenience. Lorna having unwittingly betrayed the secret of her heart under the influence of a blow on the head from some falling stage scenery, Patrick falls really in love. And all is well until Lorna discovers that she has made the unpardonable betrayal and assumes that Patrick is play-acting, and behaves like a perfect little cat. Do people in real life and love mind so very much when they unwittingly betray the secrets of their hearts? But then this doesn't pretend to be real life.

Some of our sailors still remember, it seems, the good old days when the Captain of a man-of-war could have all the ship's boys caned daily on general principles and was not

thought remarkable in wearing a black frock-coat in heavy weather at sea. Admiral Sir CYPRIAN BRIDGE is one of them—not that he ever did such things himself—and in the earlier pages of *Some Recollections* (MURRAY) he has brought together stories of the Navy sixty years ago that make one expect at every turn to meet again our immortal *Midshipman Easy*. Indeed who else can the unknown officer have been who at a masked ball tied the devil's tail to the bannisters with such dire results, or who taught an Australian native his only English speech—"It's wrong to swear"—full in the face of an irate second mate? By a most modest autobiographical thread Admiral BRIDGE leads to later chapters full of the romance and glamour of the Pacific. He claims to hold a record by reason of the number of islands on which he has landed, and he has seized every chance of new experience, from mountaineering with Dr. CHALMERS to dancing—or did he only witness?—a native corroboree. Through the whole book, disconnected and unequal though it may be, there is a dash of the salt—perhaps it is the quiet tallness of some of the yarns that

does it—that makes it sure of a welcome from every boy, young or old, who would like to be a sailor.

Mr. W. J. DAWSON, in *The Father of a Soldier* (LANE), lays his heart upon the table, and to dissect it is not altogether a pleasant operation. Quite frankly he tells us how in 1914 he fought vigorously to persuade himself that the War was no concern of his sons. In England such a fight would have ended almost as soon as it began, but the DAWSONS were living in America, and in those days America was far from



Professor (surprised while bathing by a picnic party, suddenly inspired). "GO AWAY! I'M A DRYAD."

war. Nevertheless Mr. DAWSON knew that his was a losing battle, and the value of this book lies largely in the way in which he describes the change in his feelings from opposition to acquiescence, and from acquiescence to whole-hearted agreement. It was, in short, a just war, and it was the duty of his sons to take part in it. It is unnecessary to tell those who know Mr. DAWSON's work that both in style and psychology this confession (if so I may call it) is blameless. Where I feel a little inclined to fall foul of him is in publishing such an extremely intimate book. But, at any rate, it is a fine tribute to his sons, and especially to Mr. CONINGSBY DAWSON.

"NEW BRITISH OBSERVATION BALLOON."

... The observers operate from a car suspended by ropes from the balloon, and communicate with the ground by telephone, flags, or heliotropes.—*Canadian Paper*.

So now you know how messages are sent.

A Prima-Facie Excuse.

Letter received by a School Attendance Officer:—

"DEAR SIR,—The Reason Rosie didn't come to school on Friday Rosie was very Bad with faceache do not Punish her as It was quite by accident Rosie was at home with her face."

CHARIVARIA.

"In what particular manner," writes Colonel REPINGTON, "the War Cabinet should meet the vital need of armies in France is their business and not mine." Our mistake, of course.

"ACRE OCCUPIED." A dear old lady, after reading this headline, writes to say that in such a sweeping victory she had expected more ground to be captured from the Turks.

Dr. CATTERY, of New York, is of the opinion that we should all live much longer if we ate one meal a day instead of three. As a young man of twenty he adopted this plan and has lived ever since.

The important secret treaty between the KAISER and Allah which was found in General LIMAN VON SANDERS' baggage is now declared to be a forgery.

Smart society, writes a correspondent, is busy trying to probe the identity of the anonymous nobleman who has instructed Messrs. CHRISTIE to sell by auction a superb set of six perfectly matched Cox's Oranges.

"There is little likelihood," says a Dublin paper, "of the business of the Irish party being disposed of in one day." In some quarters it is thought that election-day (if, and when, it comes) will dispose of it nicely.

While motoring in Constantinople ENVER BEY collided with an electric tram. Soon after, by a strange coincidence, something bumped into his friend DJEMIL PASHA.

A Turkish soldier, it is reported, has been sighted on the road to Damascus. He was disguised as a gazelle.

Wine-drinkers in the Upper Rhine valley, according to the German Press, have struck against the high prices charged for their favourite beverage. Simultaneously we are informed that Count REVENTLOW has abandoned his daily draught of blood on the ground of expense.

Twenty-five thousand butterflies have been destroyed by Dover school-children. Many more were driven down out of control.

Mr. JOHN McCORMACK, the famous

tenor, is now a cook in the U.S. Army, says *The Daily Chronicle*. His interpretation of "Dixieland" is said to be peculiarly pathetic.

An escaped German arrested in the early hours of the morning at Wandsworth is said to have given the game away by saying that he was a burglar going off duty.

"A supply of excellent fuel," writes somebody in *The Daily Mail*, "could be obtained by grubbing up the stumps of trees which have been cut down." For full directions see the FUEL CON-



"I TELL YER, CHUM, THERE AIN'T NEVER BEEN A WAR LIKE THIS ONE—NOT EVEN IN HISTORY."

TROLLER's pamphlet, *Half-Hours with the Trowel*.

A Dublin woman has been sent to prison for pouring paraffin oil over her husband. We are pleased to note that the authorities take a very serious view of the matter, especially with paraffin at such a price.

Writing in the *Tägliche Rundschau* a correspondent points out that Admiral SCHEER is personally acquainted with the Fleet. We have always maintained that this is an advantage for any admiral.

"Varnished wall-paper," says a home journal, "can be cleaned by washing it with soap-and-water." This is much better than peeling it off and sending it to the laundry.

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, we are told, is in Ireland studying local conditions. There is a rumour that *The Daily Mirror* has secured the exclusive rights to all photographs showing Mr. CHESTERTON riding in a jaunting-car.

The Director of the Paris Opera House announces that he has secured the world's greatest actor. Several of the world's greatest actors now in London have written to say that they know nothing of this engagement.

"It is the young men—holers, stone-headers, rippers—who must be sent back if you want more coal," writes "Colliery Manager." He seems to want the whole army.

With reference to the statement that the wedding of Mr. GEORGE GRAVES was a quiet affair, it now appears that Mr. GRAVES had offered to go quietly.

The authorities are warning the public against the bogus coal-inspector, while several railway-strikers are said to be masquerading as decent Englishmen.

A bargee is reported to have earned over £700 last year. It works out at nearly 1½d. a swear.

A chicken with four legs has just been killed at Aylsham. But surely it wasn't the chicken's fault.

A rumour was current in the City last week to the effect that a man living at Stoke Newington had just completed the filling-in of his coal-rationing form.

Quis Custodiet — ?

From an L.C.C. Education Office circular:—

"A stamped addressed envelope to whom tickets are to be sent should be attached to this form."

There was a young man from Porthcawl

Who appeared to know nothing at all;
He was weak in his wits,
And was subject to fits—
He's a Minister now in Whitehall.

"In answer to a judyman, witness said the dog was in the other sitting-room fastened to the furniture."—*Daily Dispatch*.

Every punchman who has been asked denies having lashed Toby to the furniture.

WILLIAM'S JUNIOR PARTNERS.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

(to FERDIE, who is on a visit from Vienna to his own capital).

I CANNOT say how pleased I am to think
That you will soon be once more in the pink.
Believe me, I was absolutely stunned
By the report that you were moribund.
What will the Holy Compact do, I said,
If one so brave should join the Mighty Dead?
How will Vienna bear the awful drought
If such a fount of joy should peter out?
But, when I heard that you were out of pain
And taking nourishment, I breathed again.
Allah revives the gaiety of nations,
For which accept, my true felicitations!

FERDIE.

I thank you. I am still among the quick,
But, as regards my soul, am deadly sick.
It is indeed a cruel blow of fate
That lack of strength (I've lost a lot of weight)
Precludes my being on the spot to curb
The rude ambitions of the rampant Serb;
That, should the British foe extend the area
Of their intrusion into my Bulgaria,
I must regretfully curtail my visit—
Not very pleasant for a monarch, is it?
I curse the chance that will not let me wield
The sword of CÆSAR on the stricken field,
And through my convalescent nose I neigh,
Like to a wounded war-horse, for the fray.

SULTAN.

You have my sympathy. I too would fain
Have done a tilt on Armageddon's plain,
And spurred my camel on to cut the cordon
That gives my men the jumps each side the Jordan;
But, as a Sultan, here I have to stick,
Being, by tradition, permanently "sick."
Yet there are consolations for a crock
In seeing ENVER take this nasty knock—
ENVER, the loathed, who did the dirty deal
That put my Faithful under WILLIAM's heel.

FERDIE.

You shock me. Junior Partners can't afford
To speak so loosely of the All-High Lord.
Have you considered what he's like to say
About my troops and yours who run away?

SULTAN.

A fig for WILLIAM! 'We who run may read
How fast he also lately ran at need;
May read between the Lines how hard he's pressed—
Siegfried and Wotan, Kriemhild and the rest,
The whole damned catalogue of WAGNER's *Ring*,
Waiting the final curtain's fall next Spring.
Don't let the Prussian Eagle scare you, FERD;
I laugh inside at that decrepit bird;
His tail is docked; his eye is waxing dim;
He can't think worse of me than I of him. O.S.

From an official advertisement:—

"WHEREAS the Governor-General in Council is of opinion that
Yellow Bar Soap can be utilised in connection with the prosecution
of the present war . . ."—*Times of India*.

We cannot imagine how his Excellency finds time to think
out these things.

MISTAKES OF THE WAR.

Rapperley had been home but a fortnight before, and it was with some surprise therefore that, as I moved along the towpath, I became aware of his khaki-clad figure in its accustomed place upon a fallen tree. The butt of his rod rested upon the river-bank at his feet; his float lay peacefully upon the bosom of the stream; while Rapperley, gazing contemplatively across the grey waters, pulled at an ancient and very foul pipe. I sat myself beside him, for the risk of frightening away a fish was inconsiderable, and awaited his comments. I had not long to wait.

"There's been a lot o' big mistakes in this war," he said.

"There have," said I.

"Big mistakes," he repeated. "On both sides, mind you; not only on our side. The Huns have made big mistakes too. The War itself was their biggest one, of course. And, second to that, this here frightfulness. If they hadn't been frightful they'd like as not have won before now." He shook his head wisely. "These Pacifist blokes might have succeeded in kidding the people that the Hun was a perfect little gentleman, and we'd have had a peace—them to keep Antwerp in exchange for returning all the German waiters to us, or something o' that sort. 'Stead o' which," he laughed quietly, his eye on the float, "you wait, Fritz, old man; you shall have a peace all right, don't you worry.

"But we've made big mistakes, of course," he resumed after a minute. "Not so big as that, but big. If we hadn't made one only yesterday I shouldn't be sitting here at this very minute. You see, Sir, I went sick yesterday morning with a slight indisposition. Pains in the inside; sort o' cold. 'M. and D,' says the Doctor—medicine and duty; pops it down on his sheet, and out I goes. About an hour afterwards, when my inside was feeling comfortable and I was just wondering how I could get out of the medicine, I was sent for to the Orderly Room.

"'You've leave for three weeks, and here's your pass,' says the Sergeant-Major.

"I didn't say a word; just looked at him stupid-like and came over all of a perspiration. Then he turns round to look at something and I sees the M.O.'s sheet lying on the desk. The top name was that of a bloke what was just out of hospital and was marked for three weeks' leave. Then came my name, and I sees that my 'M. and D.' looked as if it had slipped down the paper, and there was a bit of a flourish which might have been took for a bracket joining me in with the three weeks' leave.

"'This is a very peculiar affair,' thinks I; and then the Sergeant-Major says, 'The train goes at 11.15,' and I was outside and making for my quarters at the double."

Rapperley took up his rod and had re-baited his hook before he spoke again.

"As soon as we were in the train I sees clearly that I must stay out my three weeks' pass. As I says to this hospital bloke, 'If I go back before my time it'll show up the Sergeant-Major or the M.O. and get 'em into trouble.'"

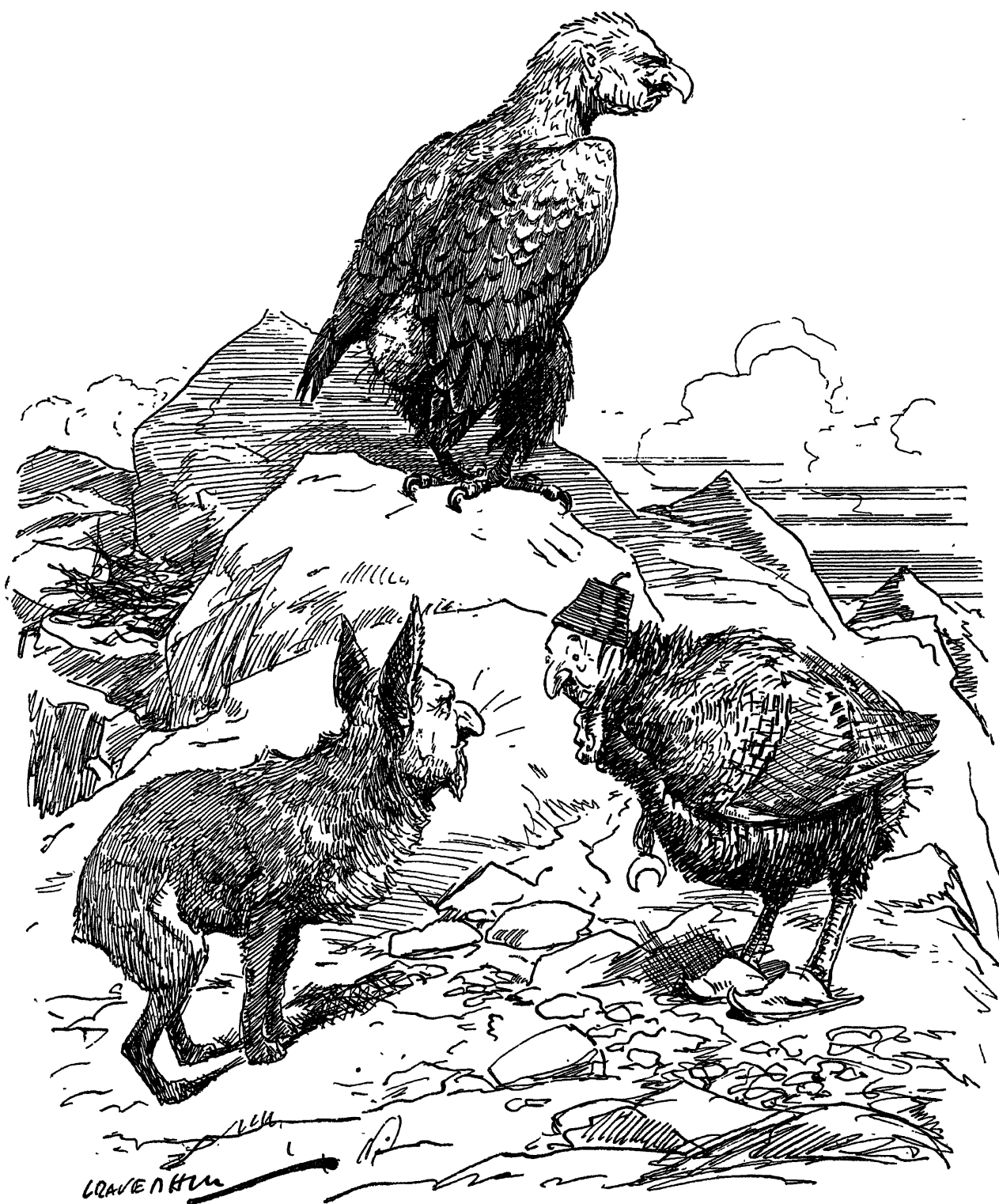
"Yes," I said. "But if you had pointed it out at the time. . . ."

A slow smile spread itself over Rapperley's features.

"There's been some big mistakes made in this war, as I was saying, Sir," he said; "but me pointing it out at the time ain't one of them."

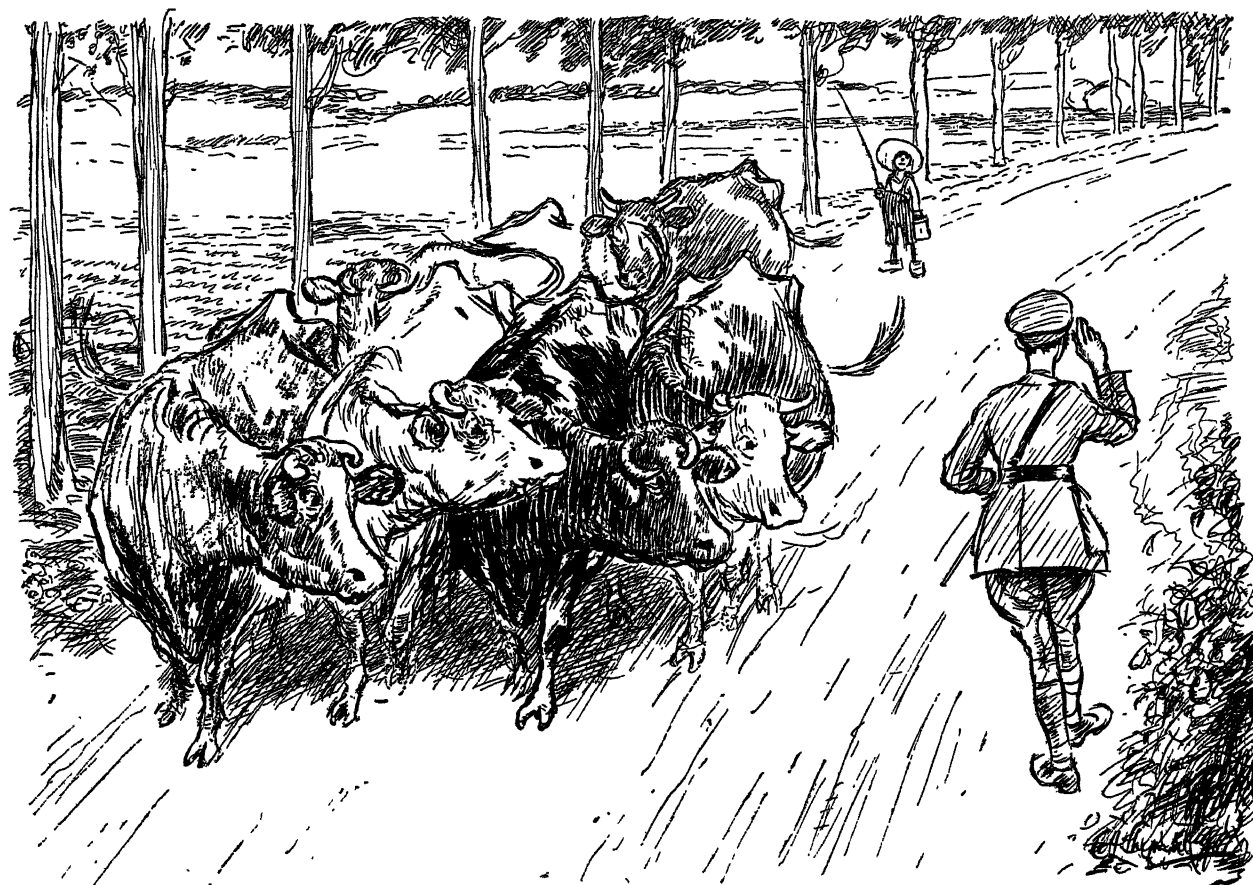
"Some evil disposed person, recently, illegally entered the dwelling house of Mr. — during his absence and stole from thence One Hundred Pounds sterling (which he had secreted in his bed-mattress) and other articles of value. To date, the thief is unknown. What a loss! He has our sympathy."—*West African Paper*.

This condonation of crime distresses us.



AUTUMN FASHIONS.

THE TURKEY (to the Bulgar Fox, as they enter the Presence). "IT'S ALL RIGHT—HE'S NOT WEARING ONE HIMSELF."



THE ABSENT-MINDED OFFICER AND THE COWS THAT "EYES LEFTED."

LETTERS OF A BOY SCOUT.

V.

DEAR UNCLE,—I wish you could come here as I am at present under a cloud with no pocket money. You see the pater had seen in the paper about rolling clay and coal dust into balls about the size of a baby's head and saving coal, which is silly because baby's heads are all sizes. Our garden is all clay which is good for roses, and our coal is all dust, which the pater says is good for the coal merchant. So he asked if our petrol could come round and do war work by making clay and coal dust balls, and if we made enough he would buy a second-hand bugel for the petrol.

So Belfitt said we must take it on, as his motto is "Get money for the petrol honestly if you can but by working if you can't." We made hundreds of clay balls about the size of a fat baby's head, and Belfitt was sitting on the wall and saw an erand boy idoling in wartime which made him so angry that he threw three balls at him. And the erand boy lost his temper and got more idol boys and they threw stones and in self-defense we had to use all

the clay balls. It was a great fight, but the pater says it will take my pocket money for two years to pay for windows broken at present prices, besides the top hat which belonged to an old gentleman who saw the fight and ran up saying "Is there not enough blood-shed on the battlefield?" and misteriously got four clay balls on his hat and used awful language like a conshtentious objector.

Belfitt has an idea about moberlising us all in a hurry. One of us runs to all our houses, rings the bell three times, and without waiting for an answer goes off. And last night Unwin's pater met me in their garden and said that he had been looking for bell runaways for weeks, and without listening boxed my ears which was an insult to Scout uniform. Belfitt says that out of consideration for Unwin's feelings he will do nothing at present, but when the invasion comes Unwin's pater will be left to be massacred. Only we don't tell Unwin this because of family affection though he hasn't much for he said to me "Our old man's a holy terror."

I went back to school on Monday but I cannot fix my mind on work because I am trubbled about pocket

money, not being able to give to hospitals for wounded heros like yourself, or missions. What would you do under the cires? Belfitt says that you ought to register your reply because so many valuable letters get lost in the post.

Belfitt says that the horrid shadow of peace is storking over the land, but I have not seen it myself. I hope not for your sake for if the war goes on and you got a wound in your other leg it might shorten both the same and keep you from getting lame.

Your loving Nephew, JIM.

A Strong Combination.

"The sugar shortage and the shortage of sugar have combined to bring about an increased interest in bee-keeping."

Kirkintilloch Herald.

"I am not thinking now of such gallant, though costly, operations as were recently carried out at Zeebrugge and Ostend. They were very spectacular, but you remember that saying of Napoleon's—'*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*'"

Mr. BOTTOMLEY in "The Sunday Pictorial."

Followed, as you remember equally well, by his notorious epigram, "*Veni, vidi, vici.*"

THE ROMANCE OF PLACE-NAMES.

"Many of the names now given to places in the battle-area will survive the war" (*Daily Paper*). This should give a great chance to the Picardy Poet of the future.]

THE leafy glades of "Maida Vale"

Are bright with bursting may,
And daffodils and violets pale

Bedew "The Milky Way;"

There's perfect peace in "Regent Street,"

In "Holborn" rural charm,
But nowhere smells the Spring so sweet
As down by "Stinking Farm."

And as I rode through "Dead Cow Lane,"

Beneath the dungeon keep
Of "Wobbly House" that tops the plain,
I saw a maiden peep;
Her glance was like the dappled doe's;
She blushed with shy alarm,
As pink as any Rambler-rose
That climbs at "Stinking Farm."

O maiden, if it be my fate
To win so great a boon,
At "Hell-fire Corner" I will wait
Beneath the silver moon;
I'll swear no maid but thee I know
As softly arm-in-arm
Along the "Blarney Road" we go,
That leads to "Stinking Farm."

And we will wander, O my Queen,
By many a mossy nook,
Where limpid waters flow between
The banks of "Beery Brook";
In "Purgatory" we will roam
Where blow the breezes warm,
If thou wilt come and make thy home,
O sweet, at "Stinking Farm."

IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

SCENE I.

The departure platform of the Universe Aerial Omnibus Company, Unlimited.

Porter. Any more for Cairo, Cape of Good Hope or Australia?

Fussy Gentleman. Here, I say, is this right for Archangel?

Porter. Archangel, Nova Zembla, Spitzbergen—No. 5 platform.

Fussy Gent. (to his Wife). There now, didn't I tell you? [*They hurry off.*]

Lady Passenger. Where do I book for Timbuctoo?

Porter. Marseilles, Algiers, Timbuctoo, Sierra Leone, Cape Coast Castle, No. 7 platform. Start at 5 P.M.

SCENE II.

Interior of the U.A. Omnibus "Hurricane."

Small Boy (to his Father). Papa, what country is that which we are passing over?

Papa. Oh, Holland or Austria or

Bulgaria or one of those places; don't bother.

Conductor. Fares, please.

Doubtful Gentleman. I hope this is right for South America?

Conductor. Wrong bus, Sir. This is the Africa and Australia bus.

Doubtful Gentleman. Dear, dear, and my wife and family are expecting me at Rio Janeiro.

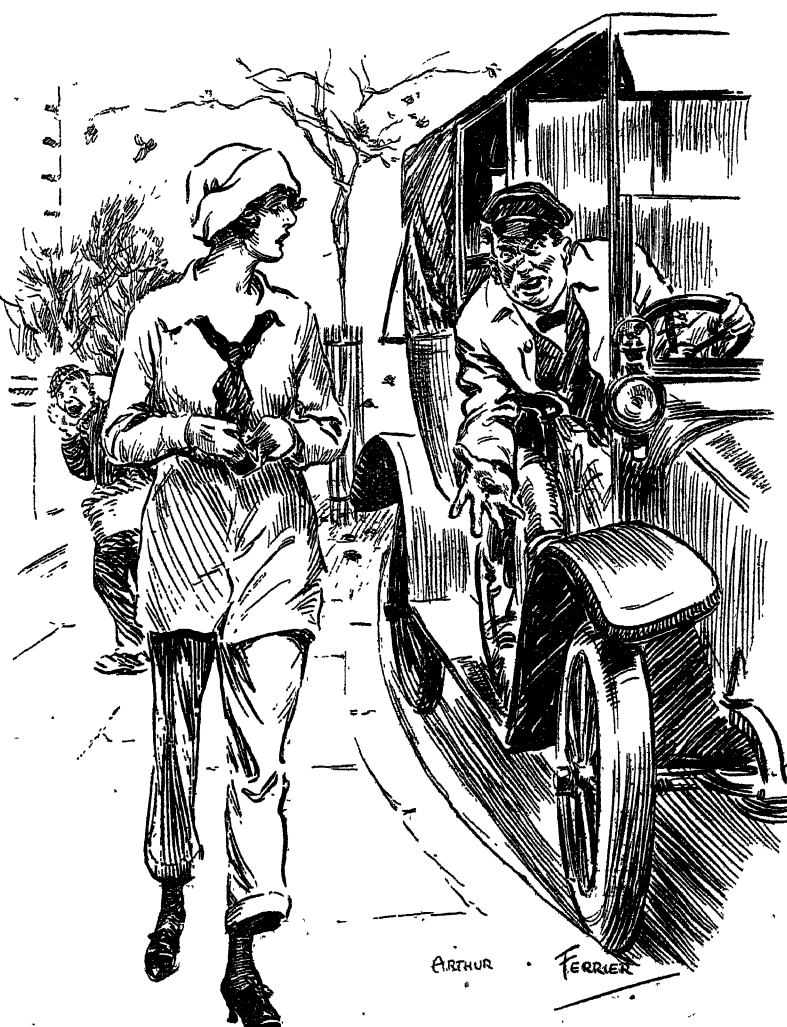
Conductor. Sorry, Sir. Better change at Cairo. Take the first "Stars and Stripes" to New York, then change into a "Brazil Nut" for Rio Janeiro. The "Stars and Stripes" start every four hours from Shephard's Hotel.

Stout Gentleman. Where do we lunch?

Conductor. First lunch served at Cairo, second at Khartoum.

Lady. Where do I change for Yokohama?

Conductor. Change at Cairo, Lady. Take a "Cyclone" to Hong Kong, then change into a "Typhoon" for Japan.



Taxi-driver (who has received bare legal fare, to Lady Maud, on munitions). "ERE, WOT'S THIS? CALLS YERSELF A GENTLEMAN, DO YER?"

Commercial Gent. How do I get to Tasmania? I want Hobart.

Conductor. Change at Melbourne into a "South Pole." Takes an hour or so.

Commercial Gent. What—a whole hour to do three hundred and fifty miles! I call it shameful. I shall write to the papers.

Our Great Minds.

Mr. LOWTH, at Unity House:—

"Speaking personally, I cannot hazard a guess at what may occur. It seems to me that the only thing that can end the strike is the return of the men to work."

Evening Standard.

"In a South London draper's shop every bargain day the proprietor advertises his prices in cash. Shoes that sell for 20s. or 30s. have notes to the amount protruding from the top of his show window shoes. Then shilling blouses flaunt a 10s. note."

New Zealand Paper.

We seem to have heard something like this before.

THE MUD LARKS.

THE Bosch having lately done a retreat—"strategic retirement," "tactical adjustment," "elastic evasion," or whatever LUDENDORFF is calling it this week—in plain words the Bosch, having gloriously trotted backwards off a certain slice of France, Albert Edward and I found ourselves attached to a Corps H.Q. operating in a wilderness of grass-grown fields, ruined villages and smoking châteaux.

One evening Albert Edward loitered up to the hen-house I was occupying at the time and chatted to me through the wires as I shaved.

"Put up seventeen hares and ten covey of partridges visiting outpost to-day—take my advice and scrap that moustache while you're about it, it must be a heavy drain on your system—and twenty hares and four covey riding home. Do you find lathering the ears improves their growth, or what?"

"The country is crawling with game," said I, ignoring his personalities, "and here we are hanging body and soul together on bully and dog biscuit."

"Exactly," said Albert Edward, "and in the meanwhile the festive *lapin* breeds and breeds. Has it ever occurred to you that, if something isn't done soon, we'll have Australia's sad story over again here in Picardy? Give the rabbits a chance and in no time they'll have eaten off all the crops in France. Why, on the Burra I've seen——"

"One moment," said I; "if I listen to your South Australian rabbit story again you've got to listen to my South African locust yarn; it's only fair."

"Oh, shut up," Albert Edward growled; "can't you understand this question is deadly serious?"

"Best put the Tanks on to 'em then," I suggested; "they'd enjoy themselves, and the Waterloo Cup wouldn't be in it—Captain Monkey-Wrench's brindled whippet, 'Sardine Tin,' 6 to 4; Major Spanner's 'Pig Iron,' 7 to 2; even money the field."

"Your humour is a trifle strained," said Albert Edward; "if you're not careful you'll crack a joke at the expense of a tendon one of these days."

"Look here," said I, wiping the blood off my safety-razor, "you're evidently struggling to give expression to some heavy brain wave; out with it."

"What about a pack of harriers?" said Albert Edward. "There must be swarms of sportive tykes about, faithful Fidos that have stuck to the dear old homestead through thick and thin, also refugee animals that follow the sweet-scented infantry cooks. I've got my old hunting-horn; you've got your old crop; between the two we ought to be

able to mobilize 'em a bit and put the wind up these darn hares. I'm going to try anyway. I may say I look on it as a duty."

"Looked on in that light it's a sacred duty," said I; "and—er—incidentally we might reap a haunch of hare out of it now and again, mightn't we?"

"Incidentally, yes," said Albert Edward, "and a trifle of sport into the bargain—incidentally."

So we set about collecting a pack there and then by offering our servants five francs per likely dog and no questions asked.

No questions were asked, but I have a strong suspicion that our gentlemen were up all night and that there were dark deeds done in the dead of it, for the very next evening my groom and countryman presented us with a bill for forty-five francs.

The dogs, he informed us, were kennelled "in a little shmall place the like of an ice-house" at the northern extremity of the châteaux grounds, and that "annyway a blind man himself couldn't miss them wid the screechin' an' hollerin' they are afther raisin' be dint of the confinemint."

I had an appointment with the Q. Staff (to explain why I had indented for sixty-four horse rations while only possessing thirty-two horses, the excuse that they all enjoyed very healthy appetites apparently not sufficing), so Albert Edward went forth to inspect the pack alone.

He came into Mess very late, looking hot and dishevelled.

"My word, they've looted a blooming menagerie," he panted in my ear; "still, couldn't expect to pick Pythley puppies off every bush, I suppose."

"What have they got, actually?" I inquired.

"Two couple of Belgian light-draught dogs—you know, the kind they hitch on to any load too heavy for a horse—an asthmatic beagle, an anæmic bloodhound, a domesticated wolf, an unfrocked poodle, and a sort of drop-sical pug."

"What on earth is the pug for?" I asked.

"Luck," said Albert Edward. "Your henchman says 'them kind of little dogs do be bringing ye luck,' and backs it up with a very convincing yarn of an uncle of his in Bally-something who had a lucky dog—as like this wan here as two spits, except maybe for the least little curliness of the tail—which provided complete immunity from ghosts, witches' evil and ingrowing toe-nails. I thought it cheap at five francs."

"But, good Lord, that lot'll never hunt hares," I protested.

"Won't they?" said Albert Edward grimly. "With the only meal they'll ever see prancing along in front of them, and you and me prancing along behind scourging 'em with scorpions, I rather fancy they will. By the way, I know you won't mind, but I've had to shift your bed out under the chest-nut-tree; it's really quite a good tree as trees go."

"But why can't I stop in my hen-house?" I objected.

"Because I've just moved the pack there," said he.

"But why?" I went on. "What's the matter with the ice-house?"

"That's just it," he hissed in my ear; "it isn't an ice-house—never was; it's the De Valcourt family vault."

The next day being propitious, we decided to hold our first meet that evening, and issued a few invitations. The Veterinary Bloke and the Field Cashier promised to show up, likewise the Padre, once the sacredness of our cause had been explained to him.

At noon "stables" Albert Edward reported the pack in fine fettle. "Kicking up a fearful din and look desperate enough to hunt a holy angel," said he. "At five o'clock, me lad, Hark forward! Tally-ho! and Odds-boddikins!"

However at 4.45 P.M., just as I was mounting, he appeared in my lines wearing slacks and a very downcast expression.

"Wash-out," he growled; "they've been fed and are now lying about, blown up and dead to the world."

"But who the devil fed them?" I thundered.

"They fed themselves," said Albert Edward. "They ate the blooming lucky dog at half-past four."

We therefore postponed the hunt until the morrow; but cannibalism (so cannibals assure me), once indulged in, becomes as absorbing as morphia or jig-saws, and at two-fifteen the next afternoon my groom reported the beagle to have gone the way of the pug, and the pack once more dead to the world.

There was nothing for it but to postpone the show yet again, and tie up each hound separately as a precaution against further orgies.

However it seemed to have become a habit with them, for the moment they were unleashed on the evening of the third day they turned as one dog upon the poodle.

I wiped the bloodhound's nose for him with a deft swipe of my whip lash, and Albert Edward's charger anchored the domesticated wolf by treading firmly on its tail, all of which served to give the fugitive a few seconds' start; and then a wave of mad dog dashed



Boy. "HERE'S MY SCOUT-MASTER COMING, DAD. I'LL INTRODUCE YOU. IF YOU TALK ABOUT MILITARY SUBJECTS BE CAREFUL, WON'T YOU?—BECAUSE HE'S AWFULLY CLEVER."

between our horses' legs and was on his trail screaming for gore.

The poodle heard the scream and did not dally, but got him hence with promptitude and agility. He streaked across the orchard, leading by five lengths; but the good going across the park reduced his advantage. He dived through the fence hard pressed and, with the bloodhound's hot breath singeing his tail feathers, leaped into the back of a large farm-cart which happened, providentially for him, to be meandering down the broad highway.

In the shafts of the cart was a sleepy fat Percheron mare. On the seat was a ponderous farmeress, upholstered in respectable black and crowned with a bead bonnet. They were probably making a sentimental excursion to the ruins of their farm. I know not; but I do know that the fat mare was suddenly shocked out of a pleasant drowse to find herself the centre of a frenzied pack of wolves, bloodhounds and other dog-hooligans, and, not liking the look of things, promptly bolted.

Albert Edward and I dropped over the low hedge to see the cart disappearing down the road in a whirl of dust, pursued by our vociferous harriers.

The fat farmeress, her bonnet wobbling over one ear, was tugging manfully at the reins and howling to Saint Lazarus of Artois to put on the brakes. Over the tail-board protruded the head of the poodle, yelping derision at his baffled enemies.

People will tell you Percherons cannot gallop; can't they? Believe me that grey mare flitted like a startled gazelle. At all events she was too good for our pack, whom we came upon a mile distant, lying on their backs in a ditch, too exhausted to do anything but put their tongues out at us, while far away we could see a small cloud of dust careering on towards the horizon.

"God help the Traffic Controlman at the next corner," Albert Edward mused; "he'll never know what struck him. Well, that was pretty cheery while it lasted, what? To see that purler the Padre took over the garden-wall was alone worth the money."

"Oh, well, I suppose we'd best herd these perishers home to kennels while they're still too weak to protest. Come on."

"And in the meanwhile the festive *lapin* breeds and breeds," said Albert Edward.

PATLANDER.

THINGS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

(After "Snappy Bits.")

If all the matches in the world were placed one on top of the other in Hyde Park they would be very useful.

Striped grey trousers will never bag at the knees till they have been worn.

Cabbages can be kept free from caterpillars if the caterpillars are first of all well soaked in coal-tar.

To remove freckles on the face when pressed for time use a safety razor. It is much quicker than sandpaper.

A piece of camphor placed in a box with furs will keep burglars from biting them.

The annoyance caused by the habit of blushing can be almost entirely prevented by smearing the face with burnt cork.

Racing men are now generally agreed that the vacuum cleaner is practically useless for picking up winners.

"GENTLEPEOPLE taking house. Vicar's aunt will housekeep and furnish same moderately; or widow's daughter teaches."—*Irish Paper*.

It sounds a little like OLLENDORFF.



Doctor. "AND CONTINUE THE MILK DIET FOR—AH—SHALL WE SAY—AH—YES, EMPHATICALLY FOR ANOTHER FORTNIGHT AT LEAST. AND—AH—BY THE WAY, YOU MIGHT LET ME HAVE YOUR—AH—MEAT COUPONS."

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

OF all the suggestions which have been made from time to time by people for the increase of the Revenue at the expense of other people, not one would have more far-reaching effects than the proposed tax upon all houses which are known by a name. At first sight this may appear, especially to those whose houses have always been known by a number, a defensible, even a justifiable inposition. But on further consideration it will be realised that the scheme is doomed to failure from the start, for every owner of a house known by a name will drop the name and substitute a number at the first note of warning.

The case where No. 21, Gladstone Road, has taken to itself the title "The Polyanthus," to which No. 22 has replied with "The Sanguinarias," is simple enough; they will revert to their original numbers and soon forget their short-lived glory. But other cases will be more complex, and we may anticipate something like the following:—

H.M. the KING held an Investiture at No. 1, Constitution Hill, this morning, afterwards proceeding by train to No. 75A, The Hill, Windsor. We understand that the terminus from which the Royal train started will in future

be known as No. 145, Praed Street, the directors of the G.W.R. having decided against paying the new tax.

The Post Office authorities state that the building formerly known as St. James's Palace will now be No. 66, Pall Mall, and not 90, St. James's Street, as originally stated.

The Duke of PORTLAND is expected to return to-morrow from Scotland to No. 2, Welbeck Drive, Dukeries. (No. 1 is the lodge).

The Patagonian Ambassador is spending the week-end with Sir Norman and Lady Bloodstone at their beautiful country seat, No. 17, Bottle Lane, Littlebury, Beds.

Messrs. Giddier and Giddier will sell by auction, on Monday next, the handsome Tudor Mansion, No. 184, The Towpath, Henley-on-Thames, containing 34 bedrooms, 2 billiard-rooms, 3 dining-rooms, 12 bath-rooms (h & c), etc., etc.

"To Field-Marshal-Sir DOUGLAS HAIG, from General Pershing.

Please extend to all ranks of that splendid Army the affectionate regards of the young American Army, and assure them that we shall battle on by their side until permanent peace is assured to the world-ends."

Daily Telegraph.

Certainly any settlement to be final must include the Poles.

A MATTER OF COURSE.

I HAD a motor-car in Angleterre Before the War—such joyful days of bliss; One could drive then (the roads were perfect there)

In
a
dead
straight
line
like
this.

But when I came out here, down at the Base,
The English paths and lanes I used to miss;
O'er bumpy roads my motor-bike would race

In
a
wobbly
course
like
this.

Then we went up the line, my bike and I
(The road in parts like unto some abyss),
Until a German shell came hurtling by
And mixed

in
up
like
this.



THE TRAITOR.



Prosperous Irish Farmer. "AND WHAT ABOUT THE WAR, YOUR RIVERENCE? DO YE THINK IT WILL HOULD?"

THE HOME CODE.

I WAS talking with an American on the subject of initials.

It is, by the way, very easy to talk with Americans just now. You find yourself sitting next to them in all kinds of places, and probably they want to know something about London, and you inform them, or misinform them, as the case may be, and some kind of companionship springs up.

I met one of these strangers at Stamford Bridge not long ago—a tall grave man in khaki—and he told me all about baseball and its mysteries, looking at me the while through great round yellow spectacles with horn or tortoiseshell rims. But for him I should have been utterly perplexed; but his deep level tones gradually converted chaos into order and I came away with something like admiration for the possibilities of a game which until then I had been inclined to suspect. Next summer, when he has won the War, he is going to Lord's with me, and I am to embark upon the perilous enterprise of trying to prove to him the merits of cricket.

The funny thing about these Americans is that they are not funny. They don't make jokes or want jokes made to them. They don't talk as they talk in books. They don't say "waal" or "stranger." They never "guess." They display no excitement—not even when you praise their amazing and glorious writer, O. HENRY. Everything is taken as matter of course. Whether all Americans are like this, or only those who are now with us, intent on winning the War, I cannot say.

But to return to my other American, who talked about initials. He began by asking me what those mysterious letters outside Claridge's mean: T.F.H. I told him. Then—(oh, you don't know either? They mean Taxi, Four-wheeler, Hansom, and are illuminated according to requirement)—then he wanted to know what the word "Mice" after an engineer's name meant, and I told him, Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers; and "Ram" after a singer's—Royal Academy of Music; and all kinds of other combinations of initials which had struck his eye in programmes, newspapers and so forth, most of which I could explicate.

And then he offered a poser of his own, from the other side of the Atlantic.

"What," he asked, "would you say that M.I.K. and F.H.B. stand for?"

I gave it up instantly, or even sooner.

"They're our home code," he said, "and I'll give you a little help by saying that they're used only when we have company—folks to dinner and so on."

But still I couldn't see any light.

"Well," he continued, "when there's a party going on and the supplies run a bit short, mother whispers to the others, or lets them know, so as the visitors don't hear, the letters F.H.B. That means 'Family holds back,' and we behave accordingly. But if a new dish comes in and, while we're all wondering if we dare have a go at it, she says, 'M.I.K.' we let ourselves loose, because that means 'More in kitchen.'"

"It's a great country!" I said. He agreed with me.

"Dead Turks caught in the retreat tell of the harassing effect of the guns near the coast."—*Observer*.
So dead men do tell tales after all.

THE CONVERTED EPICURE.

WHEN I recall the ancient days of quiet,
Of plenty and of unrestricted diet,
I think with shame of all the whole-
some food
I blindly and fastidiously eschewed.

Viands that once I squeamishly ab-
horred
Now find a cordial welcome at my board;
And vegetables, once condemned as
hateful,
Now furnish me with many a well-
heaped plateful.

Schooled by adversity in broader views
No more I delicately pick and choose,
But gladly take with a submissive hand
All that is offered, whether fresh or
canned.

Lapped in luxurious sybaritic habits
Of old I used to draw the line at rabbits;
Against all kinds of pork I once rebelled,
And liver (help!) in high abhorrence
held.

Rabbits! O scarce but palatable bunny
You have become as sweet as heather
honey;
And pork, in almost any shape or guise,
Finds favour in my educated eyes.

Without the vestige of a qualm or
quiver
I view the coming of a plate of liver;
With nerve unflinching on my fork I
spike it,
And what is more, I positively like it.

So in the humbler and the coarser fishes
I find material for salubrious dishes,
No longer out of prejudice refraining
From the gay mackerel, oily but sus-
taining.

No longer my reluctant palate feels
An ill-advised antipathy to eels,
Since DESBOROUGH'S electrifying plea
From foolish delicacy set me free.

Again, I deemed it once a sacrilege
To see some homely vulgar sorts of
veg.—

Parsnips and turnips, swedes and butter
beans—
Served as a substitute for nobler greens.

But this intolerance I have abjured,
Converted, though not absolutely cured;
The parsnip still I cordially detest,
But gladly "give it" as a stodger
"best."

And anyhow it were a crying sin
To grouse, when we reflect upon Berlin,
Depicted in its grinding hunger-pangs
By him who drew or crowned the
KAISER'S fangs.

American valour altereth not; it is
the law of the MEADES and PERSHINGs.



Orderly Officer (to cook). "GOOD LORD, MAN, YOU MUST KEEP YOUR POTS AND PANS CLEANER—THE FLIES ARE ALL OVER THEM. DO YOU KNOW THAT ONE FLY COULD KILL A GENERAL?"

AT CROSS-PURPOSES.

Scene: PADDINGTON STATION.

Prim Lady (who has been making purchases at a goat-show, to booking-office clerk). I've got two kids with me. Do I buy tickets for them here?

Clerk (surprised at slang proceeding from such austere lips). Yes; half-price if they're under twelve.

Prim Lady. Oh, they're under twelve all right. Please give me one ticket and two halves for Slough.

[Clerk does so.]

Prim Lady. How will the kids travel? Not with me, I hope.

Clerk (astonished at such a want of maternal solicitude). That is just as you wish, so long as there's someone to look after them.

Prim Lady. I was thinking the guard's van would be the best place.

Clerk (revising all his views as to womanly tenderness). No children are allowed in the guard's van.

Prim Lady. Children! I've no children. I mean kids—little goats.

Clerk (after a few moments for silent prayer, with reflections on the diversity and scope of the English language). Then why didn't you say so?

[Refunds money and directs her to another guichet, where kids are exempted from any ambiguity.]

"Sir Douglas Haig had long been asking for those reserves in order that he might train them at the front."—*Daily Paper.*

No doubt, with a view to their baptism of fire.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

WHEN I read in these columns the other week of the tragic end of Romeo, the Red Cross Flea, my thoughts went back at once to Harold and William—not the 1066 gentlemen, but two members of a troupe of educated fleas with whose proprietor and his good lady I had the pleasure of an interview before the War had become permanently established. It was after watching "The Miniature Thespians," a talented company including "Harold, the most highly gifted and perfectly trained flea in the world" (I quote the advertisement), that I got into conversation with Professor and Mrs. Hopper as they cleared away the stage properties.

Mrs. Hopper was a thin soulful woman with yellow hair and a hoarse voice; the Professor was stout and volatile; now on the heights, now in the depths. His present air of dejection—for he had dropped his mask of animation as the audience drifted away—I at first put down to reaction after the show; but the cause lay deeper. Harold, the star flea, was out of the bill. A fit of whimsies the Professor would have thought little about (he was too familiar with the artistic temperament), but here was something more serious. The doctor had hinted at appendicitis.

Lacking Harold the show had fallen short of the Professor's ideals, and even when his wife, phrasing her remark, I thought, rather happily, assured him that the whole performance had "gone off without a 'itch,'" he refused to be comforted.

"If anything happens to Harold," said the Professor gloomily, "it will be a calamity to the Stage. It will be felt wherever dramatic genius is appreciated."

Mrs. Hopper somewhat deprecated her husband's enthusiasm over Harold, but admitted the latter's strong hold over the public. Practically unknown but a short year ago he had then, it seems, "jumped into fame at a bound," his subsequent career proving an almost unbroken succession of triumphs.

"He is one in a thousand—a million," said the Professor. "With Harold's name in the bill we play to capacity," and narrowing his eyes he peered about for the stage-coach. Suddenly a dark thought crossed his mind.

"I hope there's been no foul play," he muttered. "William's mortal jealous of Harold."

"Some bad blood between them?" I asked.

"Only the best blood," he replied absently as he picked up the moated castle. "Harold's all right, but the rank and file—they need very careful handling. Tact? You want tons of it in the profession. How ARTHUR COLLINS and DE COURVILLE and these people keep their reason I don't know."

"Well," said Mrs. Hopper, "I knew when you put 'Arold on the box and William between the shafts there'd be unpleasantness."

"We could hardly have reversed the rôles," said the Professor. "Harold pulling the coach—impossible!"



Alarmist Neighbour. "IF I WOS YOU, MATE, I'D BUILD A LITTLE COOP ROUND IT. YOU CAN GUESS WOT'D 'APPEN IF THE OLE JAM CONTROLLER CLAPPED EYES ON IT."

"A super could have pulled the coach."

"I don't know. It wants strength and William's very strong. All muscle and no brains."

He turned to me with sudden elation. "You ought to see Harold drive," he said; "he handles the ribbons superbly, he does indeed. Upon my soul, it calls to mind the old coaching days."

"You're lost in 'Arold," said Mrs. Hopper.

"He's the draw, my dear, and you know it," and, polishing his magnifier, the Professor hunted about for Harold's astrakhan coat, which the understudy had been wearing.

I turned to Mrs. Hopper and asked if she helped with the training; but her husband said No, adding with pardonable pride, however, that she painted

all the scenery and designed and made all the dresses.

"By the way, 'Enery, I 'ad to make Violet's frock all over again. She wouldn't wear it."

The Professor clicked his tongue. "What a life!" he said wearily, and scanned the table for a pair of foils and a windmill. Then, beginning to brood over Harold again—"I hope it won't mean an operation," he said. "You remember Cecil's case, Miriam?"

"The victim of his own vaulting ambition," observed Mrs. Hopper.

"Jumped off the stage?" I queried.

"Oh, no," said the Professor. "No, it was when appendicitis was so

fashionable. All the best people were having it, and Cecil—he was playing heavy lead with us at the time—had it for an advert. Of course you can imagine the extreme delicacy of the operation, and just when it had been performed the magnifier got mislaid and—most distressing!—we, er, saved the appendix and threw away Cecil."

A young man interrupted here, and I caught a whispered reference to some photos for *The Daily Scratch*.

"Oh, those! We sent them back," said the Professor. "Not the right expression." And he turned again to myself.

"Pressmen worry the life out of us, but we mustn't complain," he said; "we get some capital notices. The critics, though, never see Harold at his best. First night in a fresh town he goes all to pieces. The artistic temperament, you know—all nerves! Fell off the gondola in Manchester and was nearly drowned in the Grand Canal. William looked awfully sulky

when we fished him out."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," protested Mrs. Hopper.

"Oh, but he did. You always stick up for William, but he did. Now William—he's never nervous. Great bull-necked, glowering, lethargic—"

"'Enery!"

"Well, I see him at rehearsals, my dear; you don't know him. Harold errs on the other side. Too sensitive; too highly strung. And yet, when he gets the house with him! By Jove! when he's at the top of his form there's no one to touch him. No one! That back-fall—what? That flying leap to the heroine's assistance, eh, my dear? That masterly wrist-stroke in the duel! And then his bow when he takes a call!"

The Professor gazed ecstatically into space.



Corporal of Sanitary Section (looking after departing General Officer). "It's a' VERRA WEEEL TO SAY WE'VE SPENT A HEAP O' TIME AN' USED A LOT O' ILE AN' THAT WE HAVENA EXTIRMINATED THE MOSQUITOES YET; BUT I'M THENKIN' HE'S USED A HEAP O' AMMU-NEETION HIMSELF AN' HE'S NO KILT A' THE ENEMY YET."

"You're lost in 'Arold," said Mrs. Hopper. "You just talk as if he was Martin 'Arvey."

The Professor put a couple of property-cases into his waistcoat-pocket. "Harold," he said with quiet satisfaction, "can do things that Harvey can't."

I ventured the opinion that Harold's understudy had acquitted himself well, and Mrs. Hopper seemed pleased. "He's a very quick study," she said. "I always think he's more—oh, what's that word?—more *absorbent* than even 'Arold 'imself."

"Bigger flea," said the Professor. "Oh, Claude did very well. He'd have done even better if Constance had played up to him properly. I expect her thoughts were elsewhere, poor thing."

"I was mad over the drama as a young girl," said Mrs. Hopper. "The glamour of the footlights 'as turned many a young 'ead."

"It never turned Harold's," said the Professor. "He knows his worth, of course—he a fool if he didn't—but there's no bounce about him. Not in that way." He sighed. "I know I wish he was back. He lifts the whole show along with him. What's that trial scene without Harold's dominating

personality? And his pose on the gondola—what? Where's he got that Venetian touch from? *I've* no Italian blood in my veins. Remarkable! A gentleman told me only last week how vividly the whole scene revived memories of foreign travel in his mind. And yet—marvellous, isn't it?—just fleas—nothing but fleas!"

"Do landladies," I asked, "object to your company—to your company's company at all?"

"Not as a rule; very orderly troupe, ours. Also I may say that here and there in our globe-trottings we have picked up one or two rather promising recruits."

"That's what I *tell* my 'usband," said Mrs. Hopper. "There's plenty more where 'Arold came from."

"Untrained," said the Professor. "Harold has the technique of the stage at his finger—at his—er— And then, my dear, his presence! his deportment! his physique! I do *hope* they won't have to cut any of him away."

He drummed the table despondently, but cheered up as another aspect of Harold's genius flashed before his mind. "He's had some tempting offers for the films," he said. "I may release

him for a picture or two some day; he would be at home on the sheet—on the—er—what d'you call it?—screen."

"Good in comedy?" I asked.

"Oh, fine—fine! Tickles the people immensely." He looked anxiously at his watch. "I'm expecting the doctor's diagnosis any time now," he went on. "He took Harold away with him. I didn't go. I should only have worked myself into a state and possibly upset the patient."

I was sorry to leave before news of the distinguished invalid arrived, but, shaking hands with Professor and Mrs. Hopper, I expressed my sincere hope that the stage would not be deprived of such an ornament. At the door a breathless messenger hastened past me to the Professor's side. I turned and watched anxiously the effect of his report. The Professor was transfigured with joy.

"It's all right! It's all right!" he called after me. "Not appendicitis at all. Indigestion. Back on the boards to-morrow."

I went away distinctly cheered by the news, but I could not help wondering how William would take it. Good news is seldom good news for everybody.

THE OUTLAW.

WHEN the first warship wakened to feel the life-blood stir,
The seas, of age-long wisdom, laid this command on her
And on her kind for ever: "Be whatsoe'er her might,
A ship shall fight with others as she would have them
fight;
And, guarding thus our honour, when the stern fight is
past
That brings her to the haven which all must make at last,
We pledge her way and welcome when she comes her soul
to yield,
And foes shall meet in friendship and all their wounds be
healed."

So year by year thereafter, from battle, storm and shoal,
Safe to the promised haven the sea sent in her toll,
Aged and worn with service, gallant in youth and fame,
But all with names untarnished—and last a U-boat came.
But the tides that sweep the fairway to speed them or
delay
Demand for each a sponsor to prove her right of way;
So she waited without in anger and peered through the
golden mists
At the taper masts uprising from the old sea-duellists.

And the message came to the *Regent* that lies by the
Cordelière,
"Does any speak for a U-boat to prove that the fight was
fair?"
But they spoke of an old-time conflict, from a fight off
Brest they came,
When the battle stayed in wonder as the two went up in
flame;
And since they fought with honour, as each was a knightly
foe,
So came they home together four hundred years ago.
And the waters paused for answer, listening North and
South,
But no one spoke for the U-boat that lay at the harbour
mouth.

And the call sped up the haven, borne in on the flowing tide,
Till the echo reached the *Vengeur* that is moored at the
Brunswick's side,
For so they had fought together with never an inch
between—

"Does any speak for a U-boat to show that her hands are
clean?"
But they spoke of a fight from morning hard fought till
afternoon
With tattered flags, but stainless, on a bygone First of June.
And the tide swept on in silence to the creek where the
frigates are,
For no one spoke for the U-boat that lay at the harbour bar.

And the challenge came to the inlet where the *Bonhomme*
Richard waits
At peace with the old *Serapis* that she fought for the new-
born States,
When the captains called the boarders and the decks were
red and swept—

"Does any speak for a U-boat to say that the Law was
kept?"

But they spoke of nought but freedom, and, speaking, told
the tide

The story of their colours that floated side by side,
And the herald tide was answered, slackened and turned
about

To carry word to the U-boat that lay unseen without.

And the ebb stream came to the offing, crying, "My task is
done;

There is no way or welcome;" and bare her forth alone
Far and away to seaward, no gleam of hope ahead,
Doomed to sail as an outlaw till the sea gives up her dead;
To make no light or landfall, with never a sail in sight,
Where the days but dawn to darken as the days she turned
to night,
And never a sound to silence the cry that haunts her there,
"Does any speak for a U-boat to prove that the fight was
fair?"

K. W. H. S. D.

I HAD supposed that I was dozing in my favourite arm-
chair in the library at home, but I think I must have been
mistaken. At any rate there I was, standing in a square
of houses, eight of them all told, and each of them lit with
a great light. Outside of these houses, but within the
radiance of the light, stood some who appeared to be
priests and priestesses of a cult which was, I thought, so
old as to be almost new again. And each one was intoning
words which sounded clear to me as I listened with ears
intent to catch their meaning. "Here," they said, "is
noble work for all who care to join us. Merchandise we
buy and deal with according to the needs of brave and
gallant men. Our wares are a tribute of gratitude to the
glory that has spent itself on our behalf, and the heroism
that has accomplished its task and now lies stricken and
waiting to be succoured. Good wages too we give in pay-
ment, for they who work here shall take from us a slice of
their own forgotten youth as payment for their help."

"These be strange words," I said to one who stood at
my side, "and easy in the saying. Yet how can man or
woman receive back what has perished and gone?"

"Ay," he answered me, "it does sound strange, but it is
true all the same. Those who spend their time and labour
with us take no payment in coin of the realm, but are made
happier, and so younger, by the tasks they achieve."

"Can I enter in," I asked, "and see what is going for-
ward within these eight houses?"

"Enter in," he said, "and be right welcome, and you will see
how suffering can be alleviated and wounds made bearable."

And so I entered, or thought I entered, for at that mo-
ment a gong gave a brazen sound, and I found myself back
in the armchair in which I started.

* * * * *
Now I don't want my readers to be under any misappre-
hension. This is frankly an appeal on behalf of the
Kensington War Hospital Supply Depot, which is, fortu-
nately, a solid fact, but which suffers, like many another
association, from a desire to enlarge its usefulness, and for
that purpose to increase the funds at its disposal. This
work is so good that merely to state it is, I am sure, to
open purses and to draw pens to cheque-books. In one
or other of its numerous departments it manufactures
surgical appliances of all sorts, such as splints, crutches,
bandages and hundreds of other things of the same nature.

The appeals for help from hospitals in France, Belgium,
Italy, East Africa, Mesopotamia, Roumania, Greece, and
from homes for the wounded in this country, are constant
and urgent, and in order to comply with even the most
pressing requests money is urgently needed.

Readers of *Punch*, I am sure, would not willingly suffer
any diminution in these splendid efforts. All are cordially
invited to see the work for themselves, and the Secretary of
the K.W.H.S.D., whose address is at Kensington Square, W.,
will gladly furnish all information to those who may ask
for it. You are invited to give twice by giving quickly. Thus
you too will earn a slice of youth.

R. C. L.



Hysterical Storekeeper. "DIRECKERLY I SEE 'IM DRIVIN' 'IS MOTOR THROUGH MY SHOP-WINDER I COULD TELL 'E WAS ONE O' THESE 'ERE JOY-RIDERS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF from its title you have supposed that *Joan and Peter* (CASSELL) would restore to you Mr. H. G. WELLS, the incomparable tale-teller, rather than the pedagogue of recent years, you may experience some disappointment to find him again in cap and gown, with, moreover, a very serviceable cane for use on any occasion that appears to call for it. In other words, *Joan and Peter* is one more example of the romance hortatory which Mr. WELLS has chosen as the medium for impressing his philosophy upon a world that must still be cajoled with some pretence of a story. His theme this time is education, as illustrated by the diverse and experimental upbringing of two young people during the last one-and-twenty years. At first, indeed, I fancied that the mere human interest of *Joan and Peter*, as engagingly real children, and the fun of laughing at their futile (and in one case farcical) aunts, were going to cause Mr. WELLS to forget his mission. These were the chapters of the christening, when *Joan*, confusing the ceremony with the fate of certain kittens, loudly proclaimed her wish to be "kep'"; and of the abduction. Later however Mr. WELLS got talking . . . and to this extent tended to neglect my roused interest in his protagonists. Still he contrives to give, as it were incidentally, some admirable pictures of English social life from the Diamond Jubilee to the Match Famine. And once, towards the end, the story recovers itself with a love-scene that is as direct and vital as anything Mr. WELLS, or indeed anyone else, has written

in this kind. Certainly *Joan and Peter*, didactic, emotional, sentimental (below the surface) and occasionally inspired by too obvious an avoidance of the trammels of good taste, remains a book that must be read.

The Village Wife's Lament (SECKER), by Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT, is impressive rather for its theme than for any particular power or beauty in the telling. The plan of it is simple, a story of country love and happiness ruined by the world tragedy; the passionate question with which so many thousands of bewildered minds have been tormented: Why should these things be? Mr. HEWLETT seems disturbed by a fear lest he shall be thought to have put ideas into the mouth of his peasant for which she could never actually have found expression. In a rather superfluous note he defends himself from this suggestion. "If I know anything of village people I know that they shape their lives according to Nature, and are outraged to the root of their being by the frustration of Nature's laws." The justification was hardly needed. No one objects to the heroine of a poem thinking and talking poetry—so long as it is good. There are passages of dignity and rhythmic charm in the *Lament*, but there are also not a few that strike me as monstrously unworthy. "Where you see nil," for example, is a line that surely no poet should have given either to a village wife or anyone else. I would have rather found Mr. HEWLETT apologizing for such lapses than for excess of thought in a work whose manner falls here considerably below the demands of the matter and of his own art.

If you want to get at once at the heart of certain reminiscences of the trenches, entitled *Private Peat* (HUTCHINSON), I give you page 156, line 27 and on: "We had seen atrocities on the Belgians the day before. We had seen young girls who were mutilated and horribly maltreated. We had been gassed. We had seen our comrades die in awful horror. We had seen our sergeants crucified and we were outnumbered ten to one. . . . We remained the victors of Ypres. Canadians—Canadians—that's all!" Yes, I suppose that is what they were and are—Canadians, just that and nothing more. But that's good enough. I remember standing at the time referred to in another trench, a mile or two to the right of them, observing at night the curious, even picturesque reflection in the sky, and trusting that this sort of thing gave pleasure to those who were in the midst of it. And, indeed, it appears to have done if Mr. HAROLD R. PEAT is anything to go by. You might suppose, on reading his modest account of it, that it was a rare privilege and a barely deserved pleasure to go through hell and tarry long on the journey for the Old Country. Mr. PEAT pats himself and his fellow-Canadians happily on the back and as much as says, "I think, after all, that we deserved that honour." But mark you, he only thinks; he never seems quite sure. For my part I heartily welcomed the last chapter, written by the lady who afterwards became his wife, which went straight to the point. I like Mr. PEAT's breezy style; I like his opinions, attitude, advice, descriptions, anecdotes; and I very much like Mr. PEAT. I see no need whatever for all that buck-stick business on the outside cover, and I trust that nobody will allow himself to be put off by it.

While *Guy was in France* (STANLEY PAUL) is another of those gentle romances of which Mr. THOMAS COBB has already produced a list that one might call formidable, if the term were not so out of keeping with this writer's well-mannered art. I dare say I need hardly explain that while *Guy* was in France the other characters stayed in or about London, took tea with each other and talked enough to fill every chapter with a sufficiency of easy-to-read dialogue. The chief talkers were *Cynthia* (engaged to *Guy*) and *Oliver*, and their theme was for the most part the infant whom *Cynthia's* dead brother was supposed to have left unprovided for. Whereas really both the child and its unmarried mother were the concerns of *Oliver*; upon hearing which *Cynthia* (not unnaturally) talked more than ever. By this time *Guy* had been so fortunate as to get out of France, with a wound that healed just in time for the happy ending of which I never remember Mr. COBB to have disappointed his many admirers. I'm afraid that I have been guilty of telling you the plot, but if you have, in common with a very large public, what I may call the COBB habit you will certainly wish to know not only the bare facts of what happened while *Guy* was in France, but the comments of the author and everyone concerned. As I indi-

cated above, Mr. COBB's personages find a considerable deal to say, and say it with a convincing and thoroughly human effect; with, in fact, just that pleasant vapidness which in real life is so characteristic of the conversation of other people. And this of course is precisely the reason for their popularity.

What a thing it must be for schoolboys to live in these spacious days and have such books of adventure to read as the happily-named *Plane Tales from the Skies* (CASSELL), by "WING ADJUTANT." Was there ever a knight from ROLAND to BAYARD who had such honour in the lists as several score of youngsters who as like as not were in the sixth a couple or so of years ago? "WING ADJUTANT" puts on no literary airs (so challenges no captious critic); he tells his plain true tales in length appropriate for the articles of which this book is a selection, and diddles the Censor by giving no names or dates. I like the yarn of the bored Squadron Commander who visited a reluctant enemy aerodrome and dropped a bomb which didn't explode; because

in fact it was a pair of infantry boots to which was attached this poignant message: "If you won't come up here and fight herewith one pair of boots for work on the ground. Pilots—for the use of." But the book is filled with sterner stuff than that, and guaranteed to make anyone feel giddy—and very humble and proud.

The Law of the Gun (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is concerned with the not altogether pleasant subject of revenge. But when I tell you that the author is Mr. RIDGWELL CULLUM you will know that among the many hard cases to

which he introduces us are also one or two white men and a girl of beauty and courage beyond reproach. That is Mr. CULLUM's way, and I have not a word to say against it. Here in the first chapter we meet a young cattleman, with just two dollars between him and starvation, who undertakes, at the instigation of a half-breed and one *Ironsides*, "to run a bunch of beeves" (stolen) to the slaughter-yards at Fort Rodney. He is arrested by the Canadian police, tried and sentenced, and, after spending eight years in a penitentiary, manages to escape. His sole idea is to get level with *Ironsides*, and very cleverly he sets to work to square accounts. The picture of the mining town of *Sunrise* is excellently drawn, and once more Mr. CULLUM shows that in his own field he has no rivals to fear.

"Events convinced these tried friends of the Fatherland that the game was up, and that they had pinned their colours to the wrong horse."—*Times*.

"Lover of Animals" writes to ask whether the cruel practice alluded to prevails in English racing circles, and begs Mr. Punch to throw his powerful influence into the scale and so give the quietus to such a method of barbarism. Surely, he says, the colours could equally well be tied to, or indeed painted on, the horse—right or wrong.



ON THE SHORE OF THE HELLESPONT.

Hero. "LEANDER DEAR, I WISH YOU HADN'T BROUGHT FIDO. HE IS SIMPLY RUINING MY NEW FROCK."

CHARIVARIA.

No indication that Bulgaria would surrender unconditionally appeared in the papers the week before. A great scoop this for Bulgaria.

It is unofficially reported that the Berlin-Sofia railway was cut by Serbian cavalry only six hours south of **FERDIE**.

"The whereabouts of King **FERDINAND**," says a morning paper, "is still a great secret." Our information is that he is in a bit of a hole.

A German paper refers to Bulgaria as "a pail of iniquity." The trouble is, of course, that Germany is now outside the pail.

We are informed that Turkey is about to point out that if the Allies persist in capturing any more of her armies it will not be her fault if there is no more war left in the East.

The German Metals Confiscation Department has removed the brass loot-scrappers from the Reichstag building. Government officials will continue to wipe their boots on the Members as heretofore.

"I have many friends in the Entente countries," said the CROWN PRINCE recently. As a matter of fact we seem to be getting them at the rate of about twenty-five thousand a week.

The boy that fell from the gallery of a Scottish theatre to the pit happily sustained only slight injuries, and there is no truth in the report that the manager charged him another shilling.

Red Guards at Moscow have passed a resolution in favour of an armed revolt. They will have only themselves to blame if this continual bickering leads to bloodshed.

Sir **ERNEST SHACKLETON** has been appointed a Major, with special duties. A sinister rumour is abroad to the effect that these include a lecture on "How to sustain life in low temperatures."

The Cork Corporation has changed the name of one of its streets from

"Great George Street" to "Washington Street." On the suggestion that this might arouse international jealousy the Councillors agreed to give the name "Robey Avenue" to an adjoining thoroughfare.

A Newcastle youth was sent to prison last week for stealing alcoholic liquor worth one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. His defence was that he thought the bottle was empty.

Priority certificates for feeding-stuffs for calves have been extended until Nov. 17. Great satisfaction is expressed by those West End restaurateurs who make a speciality of catering for this class of customer.

which dashed into a draper's shop-window the other day it is denied that the shopkeeper remarked, "Thank you, but we have not yet started fires."

Pressure is being brought to bear on the Government to control candles and soap. In some quarters it is urged that once the Irish cheese industry is well established the situation will right itself automatically.

It is rumoured that a Conscientious Objector in Ireland has just been arrested for illegal drilling.

A Chicago man who was supposed to have been executed for murder in 1889 has just turned up at his home.

His friends are sanguine that his return will render the execution null and void.

Evidence was given in a police court last week that a Norwegian told a London policeman to mind his own business. It is only fair to the policeman to say that our visitor was not on strike at the time.

A contemporary reports that a Manchester boy was recently taken seriously ill through eating too much cake. Smith Minor declares that this is ridiculous. The real reason was that there was not enough boy.

All scientists are agreed, says a contemporary, that there is something wrong with a red-headed man. Of course. It is the colour of his hair.

"Should We Hang People?" asks a weekly paper headline. Certainly not unless they have committed murder.

A lady's dress caught fire the other day through a lighted match thrown from a tramcar in Blackfriars Road. It is not known where the man obtained the match.

Commercial Candour.

"FOR SALE, 50 year-old White Leghorns, through moult."—*Lancashire Post*.

"Dr. G. Campbell Morgan has, it is stated, accepted an invitation to occupy the pulpit at Highbury Quadrant Church for at least a year."—*Overseas Daily Mail*.

We fear the strain will be too great. Nothing is said about an evening off.



Puzzled Income-Tax Official. "AND IS THE SEPARATION FROM YOUR HUSBAND AN OFFICIAL ONE?"

Munition Kate. "I DUNNO ABOUT 'OFFICIAL'. ALL I KNOWS IS AS WHEN 'E COMES TO OUR 'OUSE WE CALLS THE POLICE AND THEY CHUCKS 'IM OUT."

The Actors' Association has protested against the designation of chorus-girls as actresses. Technically they should come under the heading of supper-numeraries.

Dublin grave-diggers have gone on strike for more pay. Pending a settlement the remains of the Nationalist Party may have to be embalmed.

Vulcanised footwear is on exhibition at the Holborn Town Hall. A concurrent report alleges that a distinguished Berlin professor has designed a ferro-concrete trouser.

No credit is given to the rumour that the recent firing of a haystack in Surrey was due to the careless use of an automatic pipe-lighter. The theory, of course, is absurd.

With reference to the fire-engine

LOYAL FERDIE.

A further communication from the SULTAN.

[“Full of the greatest loyalty towards our Allies, my Government has no other aim than to discharge our duty to the country and give it and our brave troops an opportunity of attaining an honourable peace.”—*Extract from speech reported (in a telegram from Sofia) to have been read in KING FERDINAND's name at the opening of an extraordinary session of the Sobranje.*]

FERDIE, how fast events have moved of late—
As fast, in fact, as your battalions sprinted!
Almost my last week's lines were out of date
Before the stuff was printed.

And now this farewell poem which I sing—
I've no idea to which of your addresses,
Home or away, I ought to send the thing,
So rash are rumour's guesses.

Sofia sounds unlikely. 'Tis a spot
Where local sentiment is apt to vary;
For autocrats it sounds a shade too hot
And most unsanitary.

Rather I judge that where your money is,
Safe for the time from imminent Gehenna,
There too Your Nosiness has followed—viz.
The purlieus of Vienna.

Unless you've joined, beneath a neutral sky,
And on some eligible Alp located,
That Home for Exiled Kings which our ally,
TRINO, inaugurated.

Well, you have chucked the Holy War, and we,
We must fight on without your kind assistance,
While from your fox's earth right loyally
You cheer us in the distance.

For to that tale no ear of mine I'll lend—
That you, with colours changing like the opal,
For tuppence would attack your poor old friend
And go for Adrianople.

'Tis false. Our FERDIE's heart is true as steel.
Have you not sworn that, though compelled to sever
Your War-engagements (for your country's weal),
Your word's as good as ever.

Myself I can't keep up a faith so fair;
These tyrants of Potsdam—too much they task us;
Clearly the limit must be drawn somewhere;
I draw it at Damascus.

So don't be much surprised if some fine day,
To save my skin and partly too to spite 'em,
I talk of Peace, prepared to give away
One very useful item,

The Dardanelles, with WILLIAM's Orient route,
Waiving my old monopoly of transit,
And risk the wrath of his All-heaviest boot.
FERDIE, I think I'll chance it. O. S.

REPRISALS.

Ellis is a bit of an ass. Chance threw me across his path, and he kicked me as I lay. You shall hear about it.

He would probably never have had the chance but for a certain Competent Authority, who decided that we had formed fours long enough in the chrysalis stage of our respective O.T.C.'s. In the sunshine of that Competent Authority's smile we emerged one day together as the

perfect insect and were attached as Second-Lieutenants to the Officers' Squad at —, never mind where.

The Officers' Squad was two strong, Ellis and I. We had a Sergeant all to ourselves to train us in the mystery which the initiated call “detail.” Sometimes I was the O.C. Squad; sometimes I was just Squad without the O.C.

Ellis didn't play the game. When he was O.C. Squad he didn't give a thought to *my* feelings, but used to make me mark time for hours on end. I said, “Ellis, I will make you pay for this by-and-by.” I didn't say it out loud, of course, because when you are Squad you can't say things like that to O.C. anything. But I knew my time would come.

It did; the day arrived when we were told to give the detail for “forming fours.”

Have *you* ever formed fours? Yes? Then you won't have to be told that the place to make for when falling in is an odd number place, because all the complicated parts of the figure are reserved for the even numbers. To quote from that monument of English literature, “Infantry Training, 1914”: “Odd numbers are called Right Files.” That's because they stand still and can't go wrong.

I was O.C. squad; Ellis wasn't. Ellis fell in with the suspicion of a smile on his ugly face.

I explained in the grand old words of “Infantry Training” what is expected of a British soldier when called upon to form fours. When I had recovered from the pardonable emotion that my words aroused I thundered out, “Squad! For-r-m—four-rs!”

Ellis stood like a statue, except that a smile of triumph lurked at the corners of his cruel mouth.

“‘Alf a mo', Sir,” interrupted the Sergeant. “You 'aven't numbered your squad yet.”

I ground my teeth as I gave the required order: “Squad! Number!”

“One,” said Ellis.

“For-r-m—four-rs!” I shrieked.

Ellis stood still and grinned.

Then the idea struck me.

“Number One,” I said kindly, “change places with Number Two. Squad! Form—fours! Right! Left—turn! Form—fours! Form—two-deep! Form—fours! About—turn!”

You should have seen that ass Ellis' face after a quarter-of-an-hour's forming fours.

Then we proceeded to “Jerks”—Physical Training some people call it. It begins with a selection of tortures known as “Livening-up” exercises. Our P.T. instructor selected one at random, just to show us how to do it.

“Class! 'Tchun! Livening-up exercise! Double over and touch those beeches and fall in here. Go!”

Off we went and touched the beech-trees in question. When we got back the Sergeant said, “Mr. Ellis, Sir. Fall out in front.”

Ellis obeyed. There was murder in his eye. I could see he was devising some devilish trick. Just then I caught sight of something red which bobbed slowly along the road beyond the trees. It was the dear old Brigadier out for a walk.

Then the awful thing happened. A voice which I knew to be Ellis's said, “Livening-up exercise. Double over and touch those breeches and fall in here. Go!”

I am a conscientious man. The British officer must learn to obey before he can command. I was longing for my turn to command. I obeyed.

* * * * *

The Brigadier took it very well considering. Ellis and I are now in a Labour Battalion. I said he was an ass, didn't I?



BRITANNIA'S FLAG-YEAR.



Yank (after much thought, to Jock, whose pals have just given a spirited rendering of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"). "SAY, BUD, JUST PUT ME WISE. WHO IS THIS GUY, 'WHA HAY'?"

BOOBY-TRAPS.

THE line that the Bosch had held for many months was reported as evacuated. Like buds upon the trees at the advent of spring, patrols burst forth from all along our line, propelled by a fusillade of paper from behind. "Touch" must be maintained.

The Hun had gone. Yes, all those vague and shadowy districts known to us merely as targets or map references, the sight of which had only been vouchsafed us by the use of telescopes and air photographs, were ours again to roam at will.

Corps Headquarters despatched a platoon of Staff Officers representing goodness knows how many thousands of pounds a year. Ruthlessly they flung aside the task of sitting in offices and correcting one another's mistakes; this was the time for action. All means of conveyance—Rolls-Royces, side-cars, box-cars, bicycles, French carts and, I was almost going to add, bath-chairs—were impressed to speed them. Everybody was delighted. Only the Sappers groaned. To them would fall the task of searching for Hun booby-traps and reporting "O.K." (to be followed shortly

by a loud explosion and the message, "Cancel O.K.").

"Come on," said Pongo, the strong silent man of the Intelligence who only stops talking when he has a catch in his breath—"come on, G. 3; don't waste your time in the office wiring to Army Headquarters, 'Ref. G. 506, for L/Cpl. J. Topham read L/Cpl. J. Pop-ham.' Come and see the War."

"Joy-riding?"

"Joy-riding? I'm going to find out if those really were Bosch ammunition dumps at G. 36 B. 08 or only flaws on the photograph. Orderly! Order-lee! Go round to my billet and fetch my battle-bowler, and get a move on."

"I can't go," I said, "there's nobody left in the whole Corps Headquarters; I'm Corps Commander at present without pay or allowances."

"Nonsense. Put the Agricultural Officer in charge; the Staff should be interchangeable—it is written so in the Staff Manual."

And what a sight the country was when we arrived! Like poppies blooming in the stricken cornfield, Staffs of all kinds went bobbing hither and thither, stepping high over loose wires in case these should be attached to

things which go up in a puff of blue smoke.

We met the Corps Commander in the square of a famous town, reconquered but a few hours before. "Look at the wreck they've made of my old château," he said.

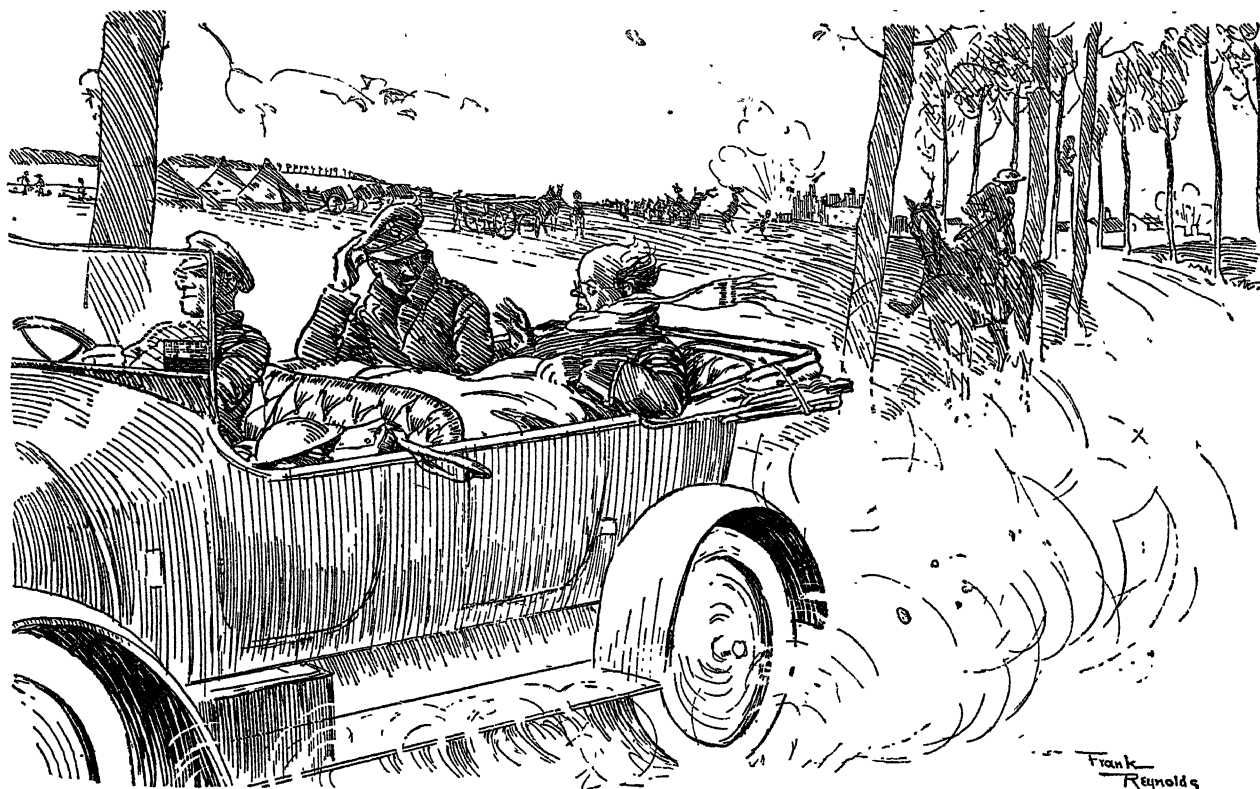
The famous square had been laid in ruins, and everybody from the whole countryside seemed to have collected there to tell one another so. Different branches of the same Staff who had not met for years foregathered and pointed out their old billets amongst the *débris*. A party of Sappers began to dig.

"Ah, and what are you doing, Corporal?" asked the Staff with their never-ending cheeriness.

"Suspected delay-action mine here, Sir; one went up down the road not long ago."

"Quite so, quite so." The Staff moved on busily, and presently found themselves taking a cross-country cut to save time.

"Look!" cried Pongo, "do you see? They *were* ammunition dumps after all," and he planted himself triumphantly at G. 36 B. 08. "And look at those flares—Bosch flares. I wonder



Conducting Officer (to visitor, having come successfully through town which is being shelled). "BY JOVE, I DIDN'T NOTICE YOUR HAT WAS GONE. I'M VERY SORRY. WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME? WE'LL TURN BACK."

Visitor. "NOT AT ALL. I WOULDN'T THINK OF GIVING YOU THE TROUBLE. I'VE GOT PLENTY OF HATS—MORE, IN FACT, THAN I CAN DO WITH."

if they're as good as ours. Better, by Jove," he went on as he lit one; "no smoke at all. Here's another. I wonder what this is? What the devil's the matter with it, it won't light"—bang!—"OO!"

Curiosity was satisfied. Luckily nobody was hurt, but I borrowed his matches and forgot to give them back.

Further on we got another reminder of the Great War. "Quite all right," we heard one machine-gunner say to the officer to whom he was handing over his three-walled billet, "not at all a bad place. Don't touch that old tin bath, by the way, there seems to be a bit of wire attached to the bottom; and, while I think of it, we don't quite like the look of that vase on the mantel-piece."

"Oh, otherwise all right?" asked the tenant, and took possession without another word.

"That's a fine dug-out," said Pongo as we rounded a corner of a sunken road; "I wonder if that's been searched for documents." He tried the door. It was shut fast. He was about to tug at it when I yelled out sharply and pulled him back. There was something about the place which aroused my suspicions. I remembered what had happened to my sergeant when he

had pulled at a door like that during the Bosch retreat on the Somme. Very gingerly we peeped through a small hole in the door—and our blood really did run cold. There was a wire running from the latch into the dug-out below. The wire was taut.

For a long time we looked at it so hard that it's a wonder it didn't go off.

"What are we going to do about it?" said Pongo at last. "We can't leave it like that for some poor unsuspecting blighter. Better chalk up a warning on the door and leave it for the Sappers."

"Chalk?" We surveyed the chalkless waste. It was a silly suggestion.

"I wonder how the thing works," said Pongo, sniffing at it. "By Jove, it opens inwards. I see, as soon as the wire is relaxed up goes the whole caboodle. Better leave it—what?"

Of course we didn't leave it. It fascinated us. We threw small stones at it, then lumps of earth, then larger lumps, bricks, duds. Really we worked like Trojans, but the door remained shut fast.

"Idiots we are!" cried Pongo. "Haven't we got revolvers? Let's shoot the lock off!"

How easy. Why hadn't we thought of it before? Taking up our stand at

about twenty paces distant, Broncho Bill and Cowboy Pete blazed away. We tried shooting with the right hand, with the left hand, both hands, crooked arm, straight arm, standing, kneeling and in the prone position over a sand-bag rest. Oh, it wasn't that we didn't hit it; we hit it often—the door, I mean, but the latch part of it was the difficulty.

As the last round ricocheted off a stone we reluctantly gave it up as a bad job, and after a moment's survey of our handiwork turned away in disgust.

Suddenly an old rugged Scotsman, carrying his kilt over his arm, came out of the dug-out and saluted us smartly.

"I hear-r-d a knocking," said he. "Will ye be wanting somebody, Sir?" We would not. We had just called, in passing, to see if the family was at home. And we passed. L.

Between the Lights.

A dear and conscientious old lady who is strictly obeying the following instructions in the paper: "Blinds must be drawn at 6 p.m. Lighting up time, 6.11 p.m.," writes to ask us to advise her as to the best way of spending this brief interval of darkness.

THE INSTANTANEOUS RANK-ADJUSTER.

THE other day, on my arrival from France, my relatives decided that I must have a new tunic and sell the old one in aid of local charities. Having realised my remaining securities and taken Mr. Cox into my confidence, I approached my tailor and put myself in his hands. My tailor isn't the man he used to be, but only his grandfather; the autocrat who designed my outfit in pre-war days being now a Temporary Second Lieutenant Acting Colonel of the 6/7th Tweedshires. To this fact we owe, as will be seen, one of the greatest military inventions of the age.

The old gentleman, now a little decrepit, shook his head when he saw my clothes, while at the same time a glow of more than usual interest illumined his ancient eyes. He inclines to be talkative, but never foolishly.

"Yes," he said, "you're a little stouter than when we last had the pleasure of fitting you, Sir—doubtless the feeding at the Front. You'll require one or two more wound-stripes and chevrons, no doubt? Medal ribbons? We have some very nice V.C. ribbon in just now, Sir; but most gentlemen prefer this variegated effect in purple and white. What about badges of rank? You're not quite sure what to wear? I expected as much. Now, Sir, you've come to us most opportunely. Do you realise what has done most injury to the garment you very rightly propose to discard? Not mere wear and tear; not enemy action; not even batmen. Where has it suffered most? Not at the elbows; not in the pockets. No, Sir—the sleeves have gone. And why have the sleeves gone, leaving the bust and torso comparatively sound? The trained eye can see; it is because of the constant changes of the insignia of rank. I note here traces of incessant variation—a history of promotions and reversions as distressing to the sartorial eye as it is, I doubt not, distressing to the straight-forward military mind.

"Now, Sir, Mr. George, my grandson, who, when he wrote on Monday, was commanding his Battalion and wearing the badges of a Lieutenant-Colonel, has for long wrestled with the same problems as yourself, spoiling tunic after tunic in his efforts always to carry the correct badges of rank. He has now, however, during a brief rest, evolved the Instantaneous Rank-Adjuster. It necessitates, I must explain, the wearing of badges on the shoulders and not the sleeves. Here is a specimen. Very simple, as you see, consisting of an endless strap for both shoulders, each strap bearing, in correct succession, badges of all com-

missioned ranks from Second-Lieutenant to Field-Marshal. The strap runs round this inconspicuous aluminium roller which is inserted in the deltoid hem—where the top of the sleeve joins the shoulder—and round a similar roller beneath the superior lapel. From there it is led by a clever arrangement behind the clavicular panel—or, speaking as a layman, the back of the coat—and round a third roller secured diagonally to the dorsal gusset, which you probably know as the seam running down the spine, Sir.

"Let us presume that you are once again a happy innocent lad, a Second Lieutenant, proud of the King's commission and of the gentlemanly yet serviceable outfit provided by us at moderate terms. One morning your Battalion unfortunately suffers casualties and you find yourself an Acting Captain. No unpicking; no sewing; no boring holes in your shoulder-strap with a bayonet. You apply this tiny key (supplied in duplicate with every Adjuster) to the dorsal roller and revolve it until the necessary arrangement of constellations appears on the exposed portion of the shoulder-strap. Next day you are wounded and sent home; you recover and return to France. Again no unpicking; no sewing. A few turns of the key make you once more a Second Lieutenant, your tunic none the worse for these vicissitudes.

"Again, let us say you are going on leave—such things do happen—and for personal reasons do not desire to be detailed as O.C. Storm Pans, or for any other duty. You adjust the key, revolve the roller until the shoulder-strap displays whatever badge observation has taught you ensures immunity from R.F.O.'s, and go aboard unjostled and unmolested.

"Many other occasions will arise in military life on which the Instantaneous Adjuster will be invaluable. My grandson the Colonel goes so far as to suggest that busy officers in doubt as to their standing may avail themselves of its adjustability to wear the badge of a different rank on each shoulder.

"If the War Office decide to authorise badges showing whether rank is substantive, temporary, acting, honorary, presumptive, executive or passive, and, if coming under several of these headings, which, and in each case whether with or without pay, allowances, overtime, bonuses and free insurance, we shall put on the market an elaborator attachment to the Adjuster. In the meantime may I fit your new tunic with one of the simpler type?"

Wouldn't you have said "Yes"?
I did.

RUMINATIONS.

[Reflections of a soldier on hearing that certain of our more fanatical politicians advocate the abolition of the Army rum ration.]

THE Power that, bringing man to birth,
Ordained for each his proper place,
Fixed for each one his weight and girth,
His wealth, his rank, his club, his race,
Religion, way of thinking,
Confirmed in all men from the first
A frequently recurrent thirst,
With means and will for drinking.

Barley was made for those who brew
The beer that slakes the Briton's meal;
The apple's rose and russet hue
Was fashioned mainly to conceal
The cider juice within it;
Beer, cider—both will cool the throat,
But if we had to take a vote
We think the beer would win it.

Here's to the luscious wines that foam
Around the feet of laughing girls,
Falerian loved of ancient Rome,
The crusted ports of belted earls,
Sweet wines of Samarcand,
The sherry steeped in Spanish sun,
The hock that swells the swollen Hun,
Tokay and Emu brand.

There are strange drinks for those who choose
To suck their liquor through a straw,
Such potions as the Sammies use
And lesser breeds without the law—
Peers, Publicans and Sheenies—
Dopes that the Colonels at the Ritz
Seek when on leave from strafing
Fritz,
Manhattan and Martinis.

And we who, keeping nightly watch
In Flanders' living grave abide,
Toast him who deals us out the Scotch,
And, at the fall of eventide,
Look shrewdly for the beaker;
But most of all we gladly come
To thank the man who makes the rum,
And never makes it weaker.

And when at last the bugle blows
In Potsdam for that great parade
When WILHELM sees our ranks reclose
And all his hopes of empire fade,
Himself without a billet,
VON KLUCK will see the water hot,
RUPPRECHT will issue out a tot,
And HINDENBURG refill it.

"There is a lull in the war news to-day, which gives an Inranny feeling to the speculative interest with which the next move in the great drama on the Western Front is being anticipated."—*Irish Paper*.

A lull always gives us just that Inranny feeling.

THE DEMONSTRATION PLATOON.

I AM in disgrace. Bronker, who commands No. 11 Platoon, is in disgrace. I am in despair. Bronker is not. He is always in trouble of some sort, while I had been made Assistant Adjutant and was very much in favour with the C.O. until yesterday, when the awful thing happened.

I was sitting in the orderly-room when the C.O. came in with a letter in his hand.

"Brown," he said, after a smiling acknowledgment of my salute, "do you know anything about Demonstration Platoons?"

"Not very much, I'm afraid, Sir," I replied. (Our C.O. appreciates a judicious display of ignorance on the part of his junior officers.)

"Well, you'll have an opportunity of adding to your knowledge this afternoon. I have a note here from the Commandant of the Corps School" (we are out at rest a good way back from the line), "inviting me to a demonstration to be given this afternoon by his Demonstration Platoon, which is supposed to be a very good one."

"Yes, Sir," I said, as he paused there.

"They are going to give a demonstration of march discipline."

"Yes, Sir," I said.

"And they are going to start by giving examples of *bad* march discipline."

"Yes, Sir," I said.

"I am going to take you with me."

"Yes, Sir, thank you," I said.

Yesterday afternoon, shortly before the appointed hour of 3 P.M., I was standing with the C.O. on a bank at the cross roads at P. 24 B. 35-67 (Sheet 159D) in accordance with the directions given. Almost as we looked round for the first time we saw a body of men, in numbers apparently about the strength of a platoon, in appearance somewhat resembling a party of bean-feasters walking home after upsetting their char-à-banc in a ditch. They were already near enough for the eye to ascertain that the leading figure wore the dress of an Officer in His Majesty's Army.

"Look at those men," said the C.O. I looked. "Look at them straggling all over the road and the Platoon Commander stalking on without showing the slightest interest. Look at the officer's servant walking in the ditch with a chicken in one hand and a teapot in the other. Look at that man with a blanket bundle slung over his shoulder; I suppose his equipment's in that; he's certainly not wearing any. And the step—I've never seen so many steps among so few men. I tell



Lieut. Brummell (after his first night "Somewhere in France"). "SHEETS NOT OVER-CLEAN IN MY BED, ORDERLY."

Orderly. "CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, SIR. 'THE LAST MAN THAT SLEPT IN THEM WAS A MAJOR.'"

you what, Brown, I've always admired the British soldier, but I've never realised before that he has the makings of a first-class actor in him. I congratulate you, Colonel," he said, turning to the Commandant of the School, who had just come up, "on the best show I've ever seen. Your platoon is wonderful, and the man who trained it must be a genius."

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow you," said the Commandant; "I was just going to apologise for keeping you waiting because there was some mistake in sending out the orders, and my Demonstration Platoon won't be here before 3.30."

By this time the men we had been watching were coming very near, and just as I thought I recognised the officer I suddenly remembered that No. 11 Platoon had been ordered to change their billet that day, and that their route lay along the road we were watching.

"But what on earth——" the C.O. started, but, before he could finish, a

veritable, an indubitable, Bronker turned his head and eyes towards the C.O. and executed his best and most ponderous salute.

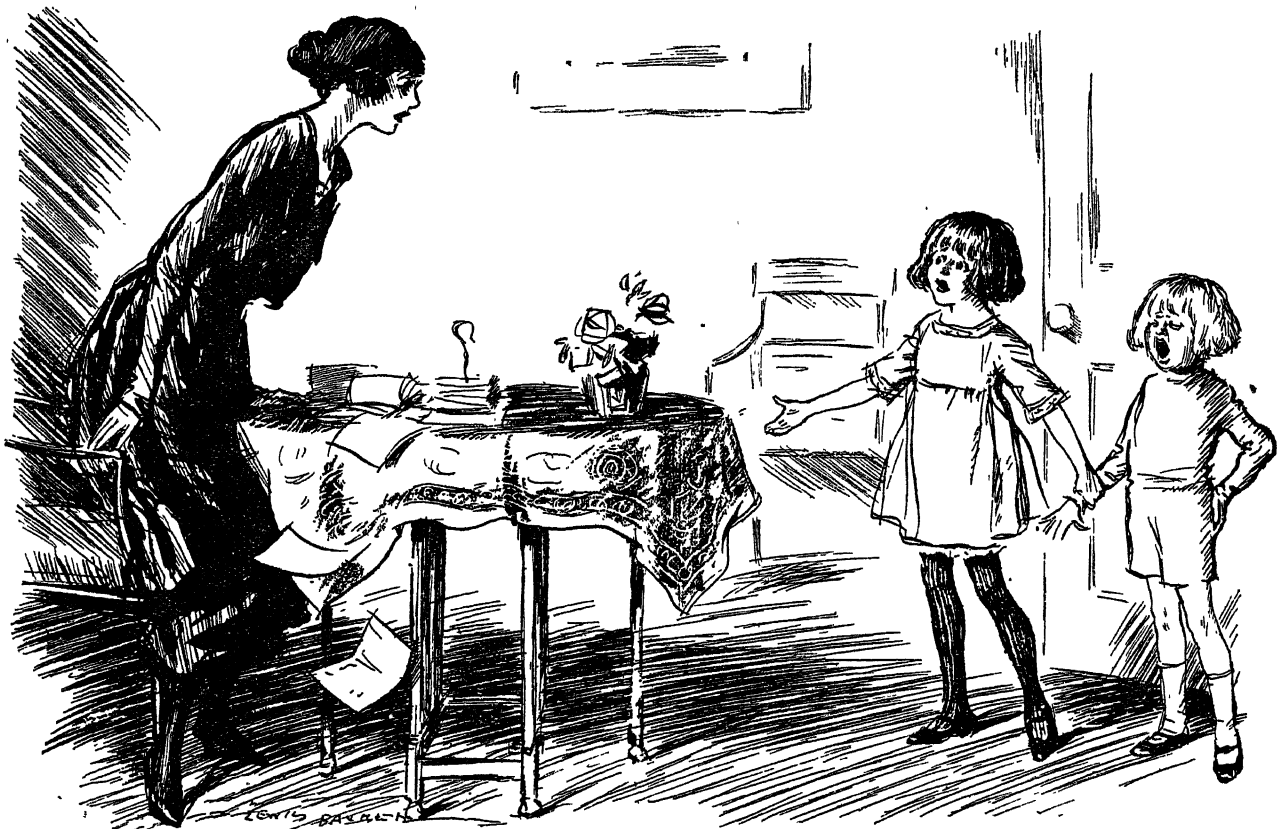
I did try to keep back that laugh—my lips are still sore where I bit them—but laugh I did right under the eyes of the C.O. He is a fine soldier, our C.O., but a little lacking in the sense of humour. And now, though my haversack may be lighter without the Field-Marshal's baton which, I fear, will never repose in it again, my heart is heavy.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Mr. G. H. Roberts, M.P., Minister for Labour, said the happenings of the last six weeks justified them in the belief that peace was much nearer than it was during the earlier part of the year."—*Evening Paper*.

"Brassworkers and Metal Mechanics, Coventry Branch, held their annual floral night on Saturday. Estimating the weight of a large bumpkin caused much amusement and profit."—*Midland Paper*.

It was sporting of the stout bucolic to lend himself to the general enjoyment.



"GOODNESS GRACIOUS! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"BILLY'S BEEN AND STUNG HIMSELF ON A WAST."

THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

XV.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XC.

George. Pray tell me, Mamma, how it came about that there was a paper famine at the same time that the country was so rich in paper-money?

Mrs. M. You have set me a difficult conundrum, but I imagine the true answer to be that the paper famine was only relative, and that all the paper used for banknotes was as nothing to that required for unnecessary books and newspapers.

Mary. George always asks such tiresome questions. Please tell us something more interesting. What was the Spanish influenza? I suppose it was a sort of dance.

Mrs. M. You would have done better to stop short at your question instead of betraying your ignorance by suggesting the answer. Influenza, as I think I have told you in our earlier conversations, first visited these shores in the year 1836, in the form of a catarrh accompanied by a tendency to fever. Towards the end of the century the Russian variety, with constantly changing symptoms, became prevalent. Your grandfather has told me that when he had it, everything he ate tasted, in his

rude but picturesque phrase, of "gun-powder and rotten eggs." Owing to the passion for abbreviation, to which I have never succumbed, the complaint was vulgarly known as "flu," and seemed to have died out when it was re-imported from Spain twenty years later, though some people attributed it to the "hidden hand." Mexican, Mesopotamian and Patagonian varieties followed, but the disease was finally stamped out by the efforts of a special Ministry of Influenza whose headquarters were at the British Museum, and which employed a staff of five thousand officials with a minimum salary of ten pounds a week. Your grandfather, who held a high position in the Ministry on the strength of his knowledge of Oriental languages, used to speak of his appointment as the best remunerated sinecure—or, as Richard would say, the "softest job"—he had ever enjoyed.

Mary. Please, Mamma, are Pancelts good to eat?

Mrs. M. Not being a cannibal, my dear child, I cannot say. The Pancelts were a group of people who wished to give a wider scope to the Celtic Revival of which I told you, and the word Celt is by some derived from "kilt," the ancient and scanty dress of the abori-

ginal inhabitants of Scotland and Ireland. Owing to the shortage of cloth the proposal to make the kilt compulsory was favourably supported for a while, but ultimately the integuments of nether man resumed their dual form.

Mary. May I have a kilt for a Christmas present, Mamma?

Mrs. M. The purpose of these conversations, my dear Mary, is not to discuss revolutionary changes in your wardrobe, but to increase your knowledge of history. To resume, the leaders of the Celtic Revival were famous for their literary achievements.

Richard. What did they do in the Great War?

Mrs. M. They wrote beautiful poetry, and went out of doors only in the twilight. One of them, who succeeded in taming a *leprechaun* or fairy, was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for the conspicuous services he had rendered to the cause of humanity.

X-Rays.

"Photographs of the Church and the Vicar (interior and exterior) may be had of the Verger."—*Notice in a Berkshire Church.*

"CLEAN SWEEP IN GERMANY."

Headline in "Daily Express."

A serious coal shortage, evidently.



Die Nacht am Rhein.

THE "GOOD INTENT."

[The ketch *Good Intent*, built at Plymouth of British oak one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, is probably the oldest British merchant vessel afloat.]

THEY built her in the olden days,
They built her strong, they built her stout;

In Farmer GEORGE'S golden days
It must have been or thereabout.

They knew no rush or hustle then,
They drove no rivets racing time;
A sort of pleasant bustle then
Filled up the hours from chime to chime.

With care and pains they'd linger on
Each chisel touch and mallet stroke,
And lay a loving finger on
Her curving sides of Devon oak.

And so they worked, and so she grew
From garboard unto gunwale strake.
And if uncommon slow she grew
They built to last and no mistake.

Well, finish her they did at last;
Sparred, rigged and fitted forth she went,
And out to sea she slid at last—
The ketch of Plymouth, *Good Intent*.

She went—and Lord! she's going still;
The same old sea's beneath her bow;
The same old winds are blowing still;
The same old skies behold her now.

The Channel lights they wink at her
(They've done it at her cargoes too!);
The friendly stars they blink at her
The way they always used to do.

The coast from North to South she knows,
Its tiny ports and sleepy piers;
From Hull to Avonmouth she knows—
She's used 'em for a hundred years.

Old *Téméraire* she might have seen,
And curtsied to the *Victory*;
And many a ding-dong fight have seen,
For those were lively times at sea.

The packets in their day were new,
And many a bluff East Indiaman—
She saw 'em all when they were new,
Since first her sailing days began.

She saw, she waved them on their way,
Trim brig and plunging seventy-four,
And one and all they've gone their way
Like clouds that pass and are no more.

Frigate and sloop and battleship,
She's seen 'em come, she's seen 'em go,
Red tramp and reeking cattle-ship
And China clipper winged like snow.

But still her old luck nods to her,
And be it peace or be it war



C. L. STAMP. J. B.

A.P.M. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY APPEARING IN PUBLIC IMPROPERLY DRESSED, WITH NO BELT ON?" Sub. "I'M UNDER OPEN ARREST, SIR."

A.P.M. "WHAT ARE YOU UNDER OPEN ARREST FOR?"

Sub. "APPEARING IN PUBLIC IMPROPERLY DRESSED, WITH NO BELT ON, SIR."

It doesn't make much odds to her—
She's lived in rousing times before.

They might not count as skilled to-day
In her old hull whose lesson's hid:
"God send our shipwrights build to-day
As honest as their grandads did!"
C. F. S.

"All previous records in ship finishing have been beaten by a marvellous performance on the part of men of Messrs. Workman, Clark and Co., Ltd., Belfast, who have completed a standard ship of 8,000 tons in three and three quarter days. And we also have victory now well on the stocks."

Liverpool Evening Express.

At this rate of progress we shall have victory before Sunday next.

Bon Ton.

["Lady wishes to ACQUIRE from a society lady a more CULTIVATED ACCENT; Oxford tone particularly desired; weekly lessons."
Morning Paper.]

A lady perceived that her speech
Was not quite what the Varsity teach;
So she called on a duchess
And asked, "May I puchess
Your Oxford tones—tuppence for each?"

"Of 2,918 rates examined bacteriologically,
two were found to be infected with plague."
Daily Paper.

We only examine ours economically,
but we find them a plaguy nuisance
all the same.

THOSE THIRTY MINUTES.

THERE are many things to teach children which are not now included in any curriculum; and one of the first is not to hang about seeing people off by train.

Then such episodes as this, thousands of which are being enacted on railway platforms every day, would no longer be possible.

Scene: VICTORIA.

The train for Brighton is in and already full, although half-an-hour has yet to go. In a first-class compartment intended for six are ten persons, among them a meek girl squeezed between Lieutenants who have lifted the padded arms dividing the seats. Outside at the window is the meek girl's friend, an elderly woman, who has come to see her off. They have nothing to say to each other; but the friend cannot tear herself away. The other passengers hate the sight of her.

Elderly Woman. Well, take care of yourself.

Meek Girl. Yes.

[A minute passes, during which, as in all the subsequent minutes, the friend beams through the window.]

E. W. Are you cramped in there?

M. G. (who can hardly breathe for Lieutenants). Oh, no, not at all.

E. W. You look as if you were.

[The Lieutenants make insincere efforts to release her a little.]

M. G. Oh, no, not at all really.

[A minute passes.]

E. W. It's lucky we were here early.

M. G. Yes, isn't it? [Time passes.]

E. W. I wonder if you'll stop at Croydon.

M. G. I wonder.

E. W. Probably not. I expect this is an express. [More time passes.]

E. W. Shall I get you a paper?

M. G. No, thank you.

[Another interval.]

E. W. (after consulting her watch). The time's going on. You'll start soon.

M. G. How soon?

E. W. In about twenty minutes. No, nineteen and a-half.

M. G. That's good. I sha'n't be sorry when we're there.

E. W. Be sure to take care of yourself.

M. G. Oh, yes, yes.

E. W. Here comes a paper boy. You're sure you won't have anything?

M. G. Quite, thank you.

[Another interval.]

E. W. I wonder if you'll see the Wilkinsons.

M. G. I wonder.

E. W. I shouldn't be surprised.

M. G. Nor should I.

E. W. Be sure to remember me to them if you do.

M. G. Oh, yes.

moment, to the intense relief of the other passengers. Then she comes back). The train's frightfully full. Strange how much travelling there still is!

M. G. Yes.

[The train begins to move.]

E. W. Now you're off. Be sure to give them my love.

[She walks beside the train.]

M. G. Yes.

E. W. Take care of yourself.

M. G. Yes, oh yes.

[After a yard or so the train stops.]

E. W. You weren't going, after all.

M. G. No.

E. W. A false alarm. (Looks at her watch.) Why, it wants another five minutes yet.

M. G. Not really?

E. W. Yes. I'll tell them all what a full train it was.

M. G. Yes, do.

[More time passes.]

E. W. There are lots of people who can't get seats.

M. G. No.

E. W. Lucky we were here early.

M. G. Yes, wasn't it?

[Another minute passes.]

E. W. I wonder what all these people will do who can't find room.

M. G. (with an inspiration). Wait for the next perhaps.

E. W. Yes, very likely. Yes, that's what they'll do—wait for the next.

M. G. Yes.

[Two more minutes pass.]

E. W. (looking at her watch). Now you really will be off directly. Be sure to give them my love.

M. G. Yes.

E. W. And take care of yourself.

M. G. Oh, yes.

E. W. Don't catch a cold, will you?

M. G. Not if I can help it.

E. W. That's right. Yes, now you're really going.

[She begins to keep pace with the moving train, waving her hand and nodding brightly.]

E. W. Be sure to give them my love.

M. G. Yes, good-bye.

E. W. Good-bye. Sure you've got no messages for me?

M. G. No, but thank you for coming.

E. W. (breathlessly, almost running). Oh, that's all right. I love to. Good-bye.

M. G. Good-bye.

[She would wave too, but her arms are pinioned by Lieutenants.]



Head of the Firm. "SEND THE COMMISSIONAIRE UP TO ME."
Jealous Junior. "HE'S OUT FOR MISS SMITH—THE NEW INVOICE CLERK, SIR—CHEESE-HUNTING."

E. W. But I dare say you won't see them.

M. G. No.

[Another Lieutenant with a suitcase looks in and decides to make a perch there. He does so at the far end.]

E. W. (humorously). Like sardines in a tin.

M. G. (with a laugh). Yes.

[More time passes.]

E. W. You'll be glad to be there, won't you?

M. G. Yes..

E. W. (brightly). You'll find the sea at Brighton.

M. G. Yes, I shall.

E. W. Sure you have no message for me to take back?

M. G. No. But thank you for seeing me off.

E. W. That's all right. I like seeing people off. (She goes away for a



IN THE DAYS OF WRITING ON STONE.

Besieged Citizen (to friend who has got hurt). "I HOPE IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS?"

Hurt Friend. "NO, THANKS. I SHALL SOON BE ALL RIGHT. IT WAS ONLY A LUMP OF THE PROPAGANDIST LITERATURE THAT THE ENEMY HAS BEEN PEPPERING US WITH THIS LAST DAY OR TWO."

OUR OFFICIAL NOVELIST.

As might naturally be expected, the news of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT's appointment as Director of Propaganda has excited the liveliest interest. Locally perhaps the greatest enthusiasm has been shown in Staffordshire, where the Mayor of HANLEY is, we understand, promoting a movement to confer the Freedom of the Five Towns on their most famous inhabitant. On the other hand, gloom reigns in Paternoster Row. A leading publisher, interviewed by our representative, took a decidedly pessimistic view of the situation. "Where," he asked, "will it end, if the State is going to sterilize our imaginative writers by harnessing them to politics? And how are we going to live if our 'best sellers' are all to be mopped up? JOHN BUCHAN, ARNOLD BENNETT—why, they'll be commandeering ETHEL M. DELL, CHARLES GARVICE and the Baroness ORCZY next. England without novels, as my principal reader wittily put it to me, is like

a slum without hovels." Here his emotion overcame him, and he rushed off to a vegetarian restaurant.

Sir HALL CAINE said he was prepared to watch the experiment in a spirit of benevolent neutrality. It was not true that he had been asked to join the literary side of the Department. England and the Isle of Man had other claims upon him which he might find it difficult, nay impossible, to forgo.

Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY confessed to being rather disconcerted by the appointment. He had already completed a study of Mr. BENNETT for his forthcoming volume on eminent Post-Victorians, and this new development, coupled with Mr. BENNETT's recent appearance as an illustrator, would involve a drastic revision of his manuscript.

Mr. WELLS said that it was a "great adventure," and that he had no doubt Mr. BENNETT would give the public "what the public wants;" for the rest he had himself been doing the work unofficially and exhaustively for the last ten years.

Lastly, Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE, while cordially admitting Mr. BENNETT's ability, expressed doubts whether he was sufficiently rich in uplift and unction. As a phrenologist he found Mr. BENNETT weak in those cranial developments which indicated the possession of the highest humanitarian qualities.

According to the latest advices, Mr. BENNETT and his staff will take up their quarters at the Grand Babylon Hotel.

An advertisement:—

"SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES
—'S ARTIFICIAL TEETH."

A tribute to their perfect articulation.

"Tax bachelors of either sex fifty per cent. of their incomes, with rebates for wife and each child up to four."

Times Educational Supplement.

Imagine the emotion with which a poor bachelor of either sex, saddled with the incubus of a wife and four children and crippled with the loss of half his (or her) income, would apply for the kindly rebate.

THE LIFE CERTIFICATE.

THE joke, I believe, was originated by a private of the R.A.M.C. just over a year ago. He approached me in the darkness, bent over me, then remarked briefly to his fellow stretcher-bearer, "This bloke's dead."

I opened my eyes and assured him huskily but forcibly that he was in error, and he at once accepted my assurances. He did not ask me to fill up a form and have it signed by an officer or a magistrate; the mere fact that I could speak was sufficient evidence for his quick brain that I was alive, although he did seem rather hurt because I had contradicted him.

Possibly he passed on the news that I had no right to be alive, or it may be that all the members of the R.A.M.C. had arranged the grim joke beforehand. I only know that in hospital, a few nights later, an R.A.M.C. orderly reported that I was dead, and some of the staff seemed unflatteringly disappointed at finding me still alive next morning.

I heard nothing further of the joke until the Army authorities decided they could win the War without any further assistance from me, and I became a civilian again. Then I discovered that the grim jest had been elaborated into an Army Form during my convalescence.

I was invited to call at the Pensions Office, where I filled up several forms, in one of which, if I remember rightly, I had to give particulars as to the age, sex and occupation of my grandfather, details as to the birthplace and maiden name of my wife, and information concerning the colour of the eyes and hair of my daughter, together with an intimate and almost indelicate description of myself, and my "distinguishing marks."

I trembled lest the charming and business-like young lady who appeared to be deputising for the Minister of Pensions should insist upon verifying the last-mentioned particulars, and breathed more freely when she merely demanded to see my discharge papers.

"Now you must go to the nearest police-station," she announced calmly but firmly, and I gasped.

"But why?" I stammered. "I have not transgressed the law."

"Your Life Certificate," she explained.

"Until you get it signed by a police

inspector you cannot collect the first instalment of your pension."

She indicated a section of the last form I had signed, and then it was I discovered that the authorities had adopted and elaborated the R.A.M.C. man's grim joke. I found that they still harboured grave doubts, apparently, about my being really alive, and required a declaration and certificate to that effect before they were prepared to pay me any money.

"This is to certify that I have seen the man described above alive on the date stated against my name, that he subscribed the declaration in my presence, and that his age, height, &c., appear to correspond with the particulars shown on his Identity Certificate," I read, together with the

declined to accept my unsupported statement and insisted that the Life Certificate must be signed in accordance with regulations.

Whereupon I betook myself to a police-station and explained to an inspector—who, I fear, mistook me at first for a wandering lunatic—that the Government were conspiring to presume me dead, and that I wished him to certify that I was still alive. He seemed relieved when I produced the official form, and he signed the Life Certificate with the air of a man who disapproves of levity in connection with serious subjects.

Feeling that I truly lived again, I returned to the Pensions Office, and suggested to an official that the R.A.M.C. were carrying the joke too

far; but he defended the Department warmly, assuring me that some of the forms had been designed by an Insurance official.

Then it flashed upon me that perchance I was doing the R.A.M.C. an injustice. Insurance Companies, you know, never believe anybody is dead, and refuse to pay out any money until they get a proper death certificate, and it occurred to me at once that the gentleman from the Insurance Company must have hit upon the happy idea of refusing to believe any man was alive, or to

pay him his pension, until he produced a proper Life Certificate.

However, whether the idea originated in the R.A.M.C. or in the brain of an Insurance official, the joke, as far as I am concerned, is now becoming somewhat frayed at the edges, for the Pensions Office persists in working it off on me once every three months. I now no longer delight in watching the alarmed expression on the face of a country police sergeant when I ask him solemnly to declare and certify that I am not dead; even the joy of asking a pompous old permanent official if his salary is over two hundred pounds a year (and adding the polite explanation that if he receives less than two hundred he is not a fit person to judge whether or not I am alive), and the excitement of inquiring of dug-out Colonels if they are commissioned officers, begin to pall.

But I am haunted by the fear that the Great Mind which evolved the idea of the Life Certificate may persuade the War Office to apply the scheme to men



War Critic. "THEN THERE'S THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS."
Voice from background. "WELL, WHAT ABOUT IT?"

instructions that the Life Certificate must be signed by "a Minister of Religion, acting and resident within the town or district where he attests, or a Magistrate, or the Pensioners' Regular Medical Attendant, or an Officer on the Active or Retired List of His Majesty's Civil, Military (including Special Reserve, Territorial Force, &c.) or Naval Service, or by the man's employer, or by a member of the Police Force of, or above, the rank of Sergeant." In a footnote the authorities added that "The Officer of His Majesty's Civil Service must be, or (if retired) must at the date of his retirement have been, a permanent Civil Servant of the Crown on a salary of not less than £200 a year, and on a scale rising to not less than £300 a year. The Officer of the Military or Naval Service must be a Commissioned Officer."

When I recovered from the shock, I feebly endeavoured to convince the lady that I was not a camouflaged corpse; but she, unlike the stretcher-bearer,



"AND WHAT IS YOUR LITTLE GRANDSON TO BE IN THE CANTATA, EPHRAIM?"

"'FAIRY PRINCE,' THEY DO SAY, MISS! AN' 'E'VE GOT TO 'AVE DIFFERENT CLOTHES FOR IT!'"

still serving. In which case every soldier will perforce, in order to protect himself, have to carry the official form with him and insist upon being supplied with a member of the Police Force (of or above the rank of Sergeant), or an Officer (who is a Commissioned Officer), or a Civil Servant (whose salary is not less than two hundred pounds a year) to sign the certificate in case of emergency.

Commercial Candour.

From a match-box:—

WARRANTED
BEST
ENGLISH MATCHES.

WON'T
STRIKE ANYWHERE.

"Gentleman, Theological College (ineligible), desires Lay Readership."—*Record*.

A risky appointment.

"COOK WANTED.—One competent to do plain cooking; easy position, good home; wages \$5000 per month, including board, lodgings, washing, etc."—*American Paper*.

This just shows how the cost of living has risen in the States.

MORE "HOME CODE."

I HAPPENED to travel up to town the other day with an elderly lady who was American to the very depths of her soul, which was of the kind and motherly sort. Enter an American officer, who was the youngest thing on earth. He wore a cheerfully cherubic small-boy expression and an empty sleeve. How he got into the United States Army I can't think, but in it he was, and the condition of his sleeve showed that he had kept going with the best. The two were strangers, but no doubt you can believe that they did not long remain so. In about ten minutes they had raked up some mutual acquaintances across the pond, and by the time we got to the terminus they were old friends.

He was very shy about his battle experiences, and the lady showed the wisdom of the grandmother that she might have been (for all I know) by refraining from asking him questions that she obviously would have liked to ask.

When the train stopped he tumbled out and got her a taxi, and while I was waiting for my own luggage I saw her drive off.

"Good-bye," she said, and, leaning out to see the last of him, she added, "and C.Y.K."

Glancing at the young man I found him blushing so furiously that all Paddington seemed suffused with a rosy tint. Dearly would I have liked to ask him the meaning of those mystic initials that could produce such a result.

However, the next day I found another American and asked him.

"C.Y.K.?" said he. "That stands for 'Consider Yourself Kissed.' What else could it be?"

What indeed?

The "Duration"—Another Forecast.

"A splendid opportunity for Churchmen to do their bit in connection with Church Army Hut Work. Superintendents and helpers wanted immediately: whole time work; not over 56 years."—*Morning Post*.

A New Source of Revenue.

"I am afraid that, for the same reason, I shall tax your patience."

Mr. BONAR LAW at the Guildhall.

"Thieves broke into a dwelling house at Hutton, Essex, but all that was stolen was a put of jam."—*Evening News*.

To miss a put is always mortifying; but to miss a put of jam in these days is a tragedy.

THE SWABIAN SUMMER SCHOOL.

(Suggested by the kindred and multifarious activities of the Fabians at their recent annual holiday at the seaside.)

O YE Muses, gently heeding
Your disciple's urgent pleading,
To my aid serenely speeding from the blest Pierian pool,
Grant me skill that *con amore*
I may chant the wondrous story
Of the glamour and the glory of the Swabian Summer School.

Far from war's insensate striving,
Plotting, planning and contriving,
From the tyrannous slave-driving of the Ministerial Ghoul;
Far from London's futile clatter
And its enervating chatter,
We discussed the Things that Matter, at the Swabian Summer School.

Viz. the psychics of STRAVINSKY,
Or the uplift of KANDINSKY,
Or the plays of Bobolinsky, or the "curves" of Mrs. BOOLE,
Or Peruvian folk-jingles,
BORROW's theory of dingles,
Or the turnip-cure for shingles, at the Swabian Summer School.

There were present Yugo-Fabians,
Theosophic Astrolabians,
Several blameless Bessarabians and Koreans from Seoul;
With a brace of Finn historians,
Some Rabindranath-Tagorians,
And a group of Montessorians, at the Swabian Summer School.

We had talks on breeding pigeons,
On polygamous religions,
On the music of the Phrygians and the manners of the mule;
On the esoteric meaning
Of the Celtic art of "keening,"
And on vacuum spring-cleaning, at the Swabian Summer School.

Wormwood Pshaw descanted gaily
On "Mock-Justice at Old Bailey,"
On "The Blasphemy of PALEY," and on "SHAKESPEARE:
Super-Fool;"

And produced a huge sensation
By a daily demonstration
Of his prowess in natation, at the Swabian Summer School.

To the smart and modish Vandal
Our attire caused quite a scandal,
For the votaries of the sandal never bow to Fashion's rule;
But our garb was hygienic,
And our chevelures Hellenic,
Lending lustre that was scenic to the Swabian Summer School.

We had dances, too, fantastic,
Yet by no means orgiastic,
But Delsartean and plastic, when the nights were calm
and cool,

With refreshing drinks, symbolic
Of a spiritual frolic,
And of course non-alcoholic, at the Swabian Summer School.

All delights must have an ending,
And the student, slowly wending
From the scenes of his unbending, sought his home and
office-stool,

But illumined and enlightened,
With his mental stature heightened
And his astral *aura* brightened, by the Swabian Summer School.

THE SURVEYOR.

I HAVE recently been engaged in a controversy with an official who apparently spends a great part of his time in seeing that the taxable sheep are properly shorn for the benefit of Mr. BONAR LAW and his minions in the Exchequer. My official was a very zealous person, and apparently had the right to call himself a Surveyor of Taxes. Seeing what taxes are in these days, he must be having a busy time of it.

Have you ever seen a Surveyor of Taxes? No? Nor had I until about ten days ago; and when I say that I saw a Surveyor of Taxes ten days ago I do not mean that I really saw him and got so near to him that I might have called him "old fellow," or slapped him on the back, or employed any other familiarity with him—no, I mean that ten days ago I became acutely aware of his official existence by receiving from him an oblong envelope On His Majesty's Service and containing a letter in which Mr. Benjamin Hallowfield drew my attention to the fact that I had committed some error or other in my return of Income Tax, and would I please send in a cheque for same at the earliest possible moment? If, however, I decided to appeal, I must give notice on or before a certain date.

Now I may be a fool, but I deny that I am such a fool as to put myself in the hands of the Income Tax Commissioners by appealing. What chance do you think a non-official has if he once gets tied up in officials? So I decided to admit the error and pay up. Still, I didn't see why I shouldn't have a little joy out of the incident, and I decided to worry the Surveyor by writing him a rhymed letter and seeing how he would take it. Here is my letter:

"Dear Sir, I have your very painful letter, and note that to the State you hold me debtor in thirteen pounds, a pretty tidy sum, which strikes me blind and deaf and almost dumb. A word of warning, Sir: in your assessing you go too much—yes, far too much—by guessing. Still, there you are, and with extensive view "survey" mankind from China to Peru. And, lest I get it fairly in the neck, I mean to take my pen and write a cheque. Therefore rejoice, for as you go your rounds you're so much richer by my gift of pounds."

I posted this letter and waited for Mr. Hallowfield's reply. None came, so I went at him again with two lines of verse as follows:—

"Dear Sir, my last letter was not all my eye; you have read it by now and should send a reply."

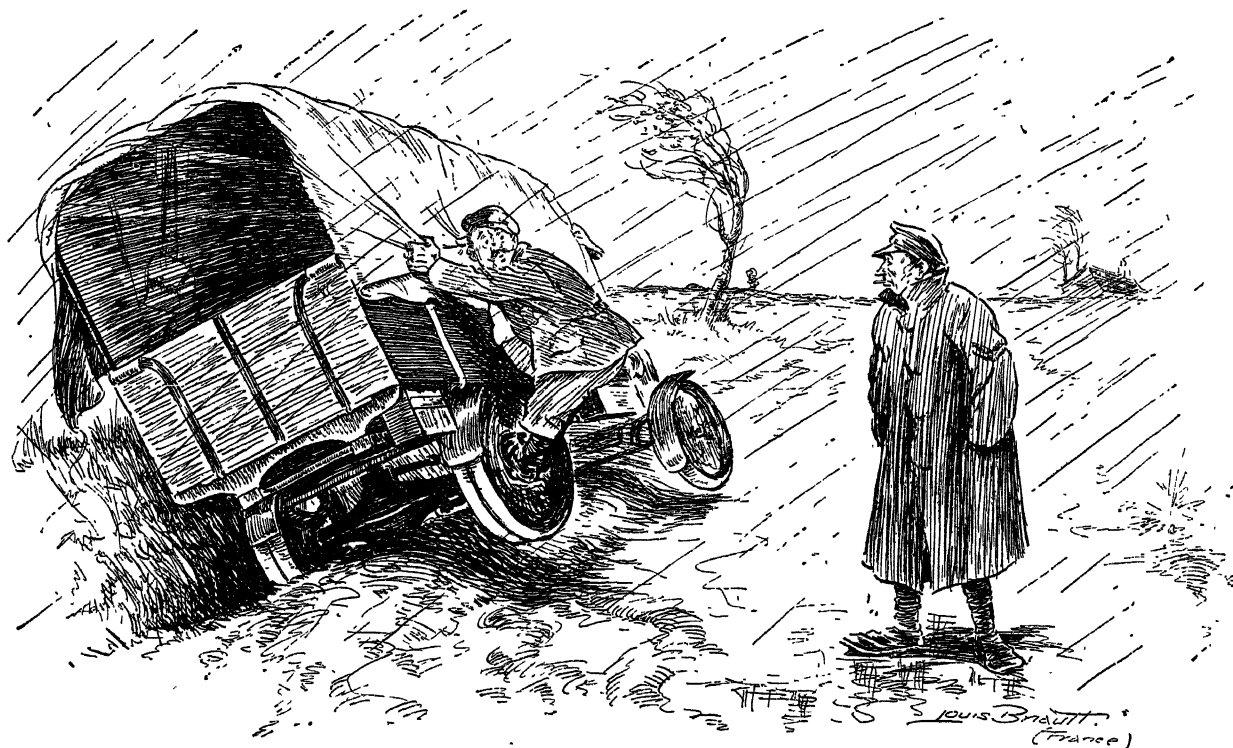
Again I waited, but no answer came. So I provoked Mr. Hallowfield once more as thus:—

"Dear Sir, you are really too slack and too slow; you ought to have answered me ages ago."

Two more days passed, and then I received the following letter from the Surveyor of Taxes:—

"Dear Sir, your three letters are duly to hand, and permit me to tell you they've beaten the band. Did you think that a mixture of taxes and money with a man who surveyed was essentially funny? There's nothing that keeps a surveyor from rhyme; he could do it like you if he only had time. Here's a tit for your tat which you little expected, and a rhyme for your rhyme, well-revised and corrected. And learn for your good what the manner-books teach: there are plenty of pebbles still left on the beach."

That settled it. I troubled the Surveyor no more. But when your Surveyor descends from his official pinnacle and pays you back in your own coin, what is a man to do? It must be very exhilarating to live in an atmosphere compounded of Income Tax returns and light verse.



The Corporal. "DON'T YOU MOVE, OR OVER SHE'LL GO. I'LL WALK BACK TO THE VILLAGE AND 'PHONE FOR THE 'FIRST AID.' SHE OUGHT TO BE HERE IN A COUPLE OF HOURS OR SO."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ITS publishers are certainly justified in claiming a special interest for *The Burgomaster of Stilemonde* (METHUEN) as "a drama of to-day by one whose plays are normally without definite time or place." This vivid and terrible little episode of the invasion of Belgium shows M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK in a new aspect, a realist so severe that his facts are left to work their own emotional appeal, without apparently the least manipulation. When the Germans occupy Stilemonde and hold its Burgomaster hostage, one of their officers is shot by an unknown assailant. Therefore the Burgomaster must pay the penalty unless he will permit the sacrifice of an obviously innocent old servant whom the invaders profess to suspect. That is the whole matter. It is never known who did in fact fire the shot. There are only three characters of any importance: the Burgomaster, his married daughter, and his German son-in-law, a very cleverly-drawn character who is made the mouthpiece of that Teutonic philosophy which was precisely then revealing itself to a bewildered world. These two figures, indeed, the old man and the young, stand in their antagonism for the contrast between two creeds, honour and expediency. The conflict between them is profoundly sincere and moving. One very minor point however I must mention. It is surely strange that in the last Act the clock should strike six on page 98, and after scarcely ten minutes' worth of dialogue be already sounding seven (the hour of execution). This is so obvious, I hesitate to say so striking, a point that I am uncertain whether it may not be intentional as conveying a subjective sense of time in presence of emotion. In any case however it would be well for Mr. MARTIN HARVEY, who has acquired the acting rights, to eliminate what might prove too fine a subtlety for the average British audience.

Under the intentionally misquoted title, *Old Saws and Modern Instances* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), Mr. W. L. COURTNEY has collected certain critical studies, most of them relative to the drama. As he himself explains in a brief preface, his "main desire has been to illustrate modern questions by ancient examples." One fancies therefore that "New Saws and Ancient Instances" might have been a more fitting label; but that by the way. In the pursuit of this plan of comparisons the writer has given us two dramatic analogies, HARDY and ÆSCHYLUS (with special reference to *The Dynasts*) and BRIEUX and EURIPIDES. Interesting as both these studies are, I fancy the casual reader—or semi-casual; the really casual would probably put the whole volume down unread beyond page 2—will find most pleasure in a lengthy paper on Realistic Drama, which involves a survey of the London stage during the last half-century, and in Mr. COURTNEY's very agreeable and appreciative open letter to an American friend on the art and personality of Sir HERBERT TREE. Now and again the value of the conclusions has been something impaired by time; our views, for example, upon the young Russians are probably a little modified since the date upon which Mr. COURTNEY wrote about them. On the whole, however, these papers (I should not presume to call them fugitive) were well worth collection; though the circle to which they will appeal is naturally a limited one. One word of criticism: I was astonished to find that Mr. COURTNEY, in his very just tribute to the influence of Sir A. W. PINERO (to whom we are in danger of becoming ungrateful), should make no mention of *Mid-Channel*, surely one of the best plays of its period and worthy to be bracketed with *Iris* at the head of the ARTHURIAN drama.

Mr. OLIVER ONIONS calls his latest book, *The New Moon* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), a "Romance of Reconstruction," which means that it deals with England in the days when

the great question, "How Long?" shall have been finally answered. It is thus only in part, a small part, Romance, and much more an essay on social change, as Mr. ONIONS thinks it will or could be. The great defect of this method is that any effort to believe it all true becomes manifestly impossible; also that the serious purpose is apt to over-balance the story. I was the more sorry for this because Mr. ONIONS' people were continually showing signs that, if the author had not restricted them to the function of examples, they could have been quite entertainingly human. *Helme*, the hero, who "had the look of having been very much older, and yet of having somehow come young again," remains, despite this pleasant touch, rather wooden; but *Betty* and her mother are both delightful, and *Kimber*, the type of amateur official, "pompous about multiplied nothings," is so shrewdly sketched that I should have welcomed more of him. As for the author's "reconstruction," this is always at the least interesting; transportation, one gathers, is the crux of it. Also a generally accelerated pace that constrains the hero to propose marriage before asking the heroine's name. Otherwise human behaviour (you will be relieved to hear) is to remain much as before that period in the world's history, which, according to Mr. ONIONS, "men spoke of as *The Bloodletting*." If our fighting men are really engaged in nothing better than this, I fear the change in them will be more radical than Mr. ONIONS seems to suspect.

Though *The New Teaching*, a collection of solemn, which is by no means to say dull, papers by distinguished teachers of many subjects under the editorship of Professor ADAMS and published by Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON, is a book mainly for experts, serious-minded laymen will profit by the reading of it. It will for one thing help to scotch the ready sneer against the pedagogue as the entrenched conservative. Here among the teachers is the ferment of revolution and a consuming zeal for human values. Perhaps it is rather a mournful thing for us to have to reflect how much more intelligently certain things are being done now than in our young days, pre-eminently in the teaching of history, of geography, of music, of handicraft, of mathematics—to mention no more—but this is no bad thing for those of us who are so soon to graduate as professed praisers of a departed age. I almost, yet not quite, wish I could go back and begin again under such guidance as these writers could unquestionably give. But the book makes one realise how much better moulded our nephews are likely to be than we were in our time, and perhaps it may save some of us from that easy avuncular patronage which must be even more offensive to them than it was to us.

It cannot be truthfully said that the promise of *The Pointing Man* has been fulfilled in *The Man from Trinidad* (HUTCHINSON). Not that the latter is a bad yarn in its way, but I confess that I expected the author's next story (she is anonymous, but I know her name) to command more serious

attention, to hold us as much by its keen character analysis as by its descriptive power and the ramifications of its sensational plot. In this I was disappointed. The people who weave their toils and counter-toils about the unfortunate young man from Trinidad are unreal. Perhaps this doesn't matter much if we are expecting no more than a mystery for our money. The author is adept at surrounding her subjects with a nimbus of repulsion and gloom and at keeping us guessing to the end. She paints her scenery with a fidelity and charm which seem to appeal in vain for real men and women, instead of the puppets of adventure, to come and people her stage. With these we feel no sense of intimacy; they are simply German villain, Japanese villain, amateur sleuth, etc., conventional types with no individuality of their own. By way of compensation the author can conjure up all the sights and sounds and smells that have connected themselves unfadingly in our minds with familiar places. For light entertainment *The Man from Trinidad* can be recommended unreservedly, but I shall not abandon the hope of better things to come.



Our Village Champion War-Saver. "I'LL TAKE ANOTHER WAR SAVING CERTIFICATE, MR. TICKLER, AND YOU MIGHT PUT A FEW 'OBNAILS IN THEM SPRING-SIDES. THEY SAY THE LAST QUARTER-OF-AN-HOUR'S A-GOIN' TO WIN THIS 'ERE WAR."

Mr. PETT RIDGE divides *Special Performances* (METHUEN) into a First and Second House, an innocuous conceit. His "Programme" consists of eighteen turns, as I suppose they ought to be called, and all of them are worth hearing. I say "hearing," because Mr. PETT RIDGE is one of the few modern authors whose work benefits by being read aloud. Nobody can make better bricks from less straw. He can be funny, too, without being facetious; his ridicule of the foibles of his characters is always genial and touched with sympathy. In a word he is human, and as an antidote to the "superior" brand of novelist I know nobody to equal him. One of these sketches is specially to be praised. It is called "In the Service," and tells the story of *Captain Hards*, of the *Jane Maria*, who suddenly found that his steam-trawler was "part and

parcel of the Fleet." The way in which the Captain tried to live up to his exalted position is told with delightful skill and humour.

"THE WAR OUTLOOK. REVIEWED BY MR. BONAR LAW.

The enemy wanted to use up our reserves before the Americans arrived, but had already failed, because the Americans were not coming—they had come."—*New Zealand Paper*.

We cannot believe that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER really said this. He has never shown any tendency to flout the senior branch of his family—the Laws of Grammar.

"'Summer-time' ended officially at three o'clock this morning. Failure to observe the putting back of the clock will mean the loss of trains, posts and temper."—*Daily Mirror*.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I personally found that the result of forgetting to put back my clock last night was that I had an hour to spare this morning, which enabled me to write my letters in good time for the post and to catch my train without the usual rush. This kept me in a good temper till luncheon-time.

Yours truly, SUBURBAN.

September 30th, 1918.

CHARIVARIA.

THE latest recruit to join up in the United States army is a Baltimore bar-keeper who weighs eighteen stone. To save the trouble of measuring him for a trench he is to be used in open warfare only.

KING FERDINAND, says a Sofia despatch, will devote himself to scientific pursuits. His only regret is that the Allies thought of it first.

The man who was badly bitten by a 4-7 gun in Trafalgar Square on Friday last now admits that he tried to feed it with a copy of one of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S speeches.

The Chairman of the Guildhall Tribunal is of the opinion that shaving is a luxury trade. On the other hand, our own war-barber regards it as a superior kind of fret-work.

The National Union of Clerks has demanded the abolition of the O.B.E. There may be good clerks, they say, but they don't want the thing advertised.

"Soak your logs in brine over-night and then dry them. They will burn twice as well," says a contemporary. A better way is to soak yourself in the brine until your skin becomes impervious to atmospheric conditions. Then you won't need logs.

"Should married men fly? It is purely a matter of temperament," says "Avis" in *The Daily Mail*. Of compatibility of temperament, we presume.

The public, the Press Association learns, will be able to buy plenty of candles this winter at 1s. 4d. a pound. Little as we can afford it we shall stick to the jolly old margarine at 1s. 8d.

Mr. BONAR LAW made his recent trip to France by aeroplane. The report that a number of members of the Opposition have been invited by the Admiralty to make a descent in a depth-charge turns out to be unfounded.

It is becoming a matter of urgent necessity, Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON recently told an interviewer, that the

Allies should define their peace conditions. We had rather gathered that the urgent necessity was that they should adopt Mr. HENDERSON'S.

Major-General Sir FREDERICK MAURICE is said to have become the military expert of *The Daily News*. This must not be taken as an indication that our contemporary ever really approved of the War.

"American Society women," says a New York correspondent, "have started a movement to wear shabby clothes for the duration of the War." The fashionable milliners are already introducing expensive lines of imitation remnants.

It appears that a certain Greenlander, whose name we are not permitted to

An American visitor, writing in a contemporary, states that Tube attendants are continually yawning. Only the other day, it seems, a shortsighted gentleman mistook a liftman's mouth for the exit.

A well-known vegetarian asserts that he never feels that he wants more than one meal a day. We can well believe this.

"After the War," says Mr. HENRY FORD, "every man should be given the chance of getting what he quite rightly deserves." The KAISER is said to be of the opinion that this is not quite the right spirit with which to foster the League of Nations' proposal.

We understand that M. LENIN will shortly approach Germany with a view to an armistice to bring about the cessation of peace.

Suicide is alleged to be so frequent in the Ukraine that measures are about to be taken to make it a punishable offence.

A Scottish contemporary, discussing Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S visit to the Clyde, says that "Mr. Churchill is the Minister who has made such a success at the Ministry of Munitions." We had often heard mention of his

name and wondered who he was.

Six boys have been reprimanded by the Windsor magistrates for burning down two hayricks. The treatment might appear a trifle rough, but such offences are an abomination in these days when matches are so scarce.

Much amusement was caused in the City last week when the news went round that a certain Government Department in search of new premises actually took over Government property in mistake.

Prince Max's Move.

C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la paix.

"I suppose almost 90 per cent. of our men have been wounded by the machine-gun during the last few weeks."—A correspondent in a *Manchester paper*.

We seem to be doing pretty good work with the remaining 10 per cent.



One of the "older men" (reminiscently). "STRANGE! STRANGE! MY FORMER OFFICE BOY IS NOW A CAPTAIN; MY HEAD CLERK A FULL-BLOWN MAJOR; AND MY UNDER-GARDENER HAS JUST WON HIS COMMISSION ON THE FIELD."

His Companion. "BLIMEY! AN' WIV ALL THAT INFLUENCE AT THE BACK OF YER, YER COULDN'T WANGLE A CUSHIER JOB THAN THIS."

mention, did not hear of the War until late in 1915. There seems to be no excuse for this. If we remember rightly *The Daily Mail* had called attention to it long before this time.

The democratisation of Germany proceeds apace. As a result of the recent turn of events Government stocks have fallen so low as to place them within reach of all.

The visit of Sir ERIC GEDDES to the United States seems to have been a very quiet affair. The journalists present on his arrival in Washington numbered only fifty. We must suppose that this apparent indifference was due to America's preoccupation.

Following closely upon the presentation of Stonehenge to the State comes the news that Ireland is about to be purchased as a gift to the English nation.

A BREACH IN THE HOHENZOLLERN LINE.

WHEN CONSTANTINO abdicated

All for his country's greater good,
The throne that he evacuated
Remained *in situ* (where it stood);
Though Father's rule had been erratic,
The very moment he had gone
Son ALEXANDER (democratic)
Stepped in and carried on.

When FERGIE dropped the regal status,
Chuckling his crown to salve his head,
He left behind no rude hiatus,

But BORIS plugged the gap instead;
Nor did his absence, now conclusive,
Cause much upheaval in the air,
For FERGIE's life was unobtrusive
And mostly spent elsewhere.

But you, my WILLIE, make a vital
Error if you embrace the view
That these examples which I cite 'll
Serve as a precedent for you;
That, should the People relegate your
Father to some inferior hole,
You, as his heir, by force of nature
Will fill the vacant rôle.

"I 'll have no truck," says Mr. WILSON
(And so say all of us Allies),
"With Kaiser BILL or Kaiser BILL's son,
Or any Hohenzollern guys;"
We grant the Hun his right of choosing
The Government that fits him best,
But do you fancy him refusing
The sort that we suggest?

I see him, starved at famine prices
And sick of this pro-Junker strife,
Faced with a choice of sacrifices—
"Your LITTLE WILLIE or your life!"
Not much embarrassed by the option
Of these two courses, he 'll decide
Easily on the swift adoption
Of what will save his hide. O. S.

THE MUD LARKS.

Albert Edward and I were seated
on a log outside the hen-house which
kennelled our pack when we perceived
Algy, the A.D.C., tripping daintily to-
wards us. Albert Edward blew a kiss.
"Afternoon, Algy. How *chic* he looks
in his pink and all! Tell me, do people
ever mistake you for a cinema atten-
dant and give you pennies?"

"Afternoon, Algy," said I. "Been
spending a strenuous morn carrying
the old man's respirator—with his
lunch inside?"

For answer Algy tipped me back-
wards off the log and, sitting down in
my place, contemplated our hounds for
some seconds.

"And are these the notorious Hare-
'em Scare-'ems?" he inquired.

I nodded. "Yessir; absolutely the
one and only pack of harriers opera-
ting in the war zone. Guaranteed gun-

broke, shell-shocked, shrapnel-pitted
and bullet-bitten."

Algy sniffed. "What's that big brute
over in the corner, he of the crumpled
face and barbéd smile? Looks like a
bloodhound."

"Is a bloodhound," said Albert
Edward. "If you don't believe me
step inside and behave like raw rump
steak for a moment."

Algy pointed with his cane. "And
that creature industriously delousing
itself? That's a wolf, of course?"

"Its wolfery is only skin-deep," said
I. "A grey gander all but annihilated
it yesterday. In my opinion it's a sheep
in wolf's clothing."

Algy wagged his cane, indicating the
remaining two couples.

"And these? What breed would you
call them?"

Albert Edward grunted. "You could
call them any breed you like and be
partly right. We've named them 'The
Maconochies,' which, being inter-
preted, meaneth a little of everything."

"And how many hares have you
killed?" Algy inquired.

"We haven't exactly killed any as
yet," said I, "but we've put the breeze
up 'em; their *moral* is very low."

"Well, my bold Nimrods," said Algy,
"I'm sorry to say the game is up."

"What do you mean by 'game'?"
objected Albert Edward. "I've told
you before that this is a serious attempt
to avert a plague of rodents. Why, in
Australia I've seen——"

Algy held up his hand.

"I know, I know. But some people
who have not enjoyed your harrowing
Colonial experience are a trifle sceptical.
Listen. Last evening, as I was driving
home with the old man through Vaux-
le-Tour, whom should I see but you
two sportsmen out on the hillside
riding down a hare, followed at some
distance by three mounted bargees——"

"The Padre, the Field Cashier and
O.C. Bugs," Albert Edward explained.
"We're making men of 'em. Go on."

—"followed at a still greater dis-
tance," continued Algy, "by a raging
band of mongrels. By the way don't you
get your hunt the wrong way round,
the cart before the horse, so to speak?
I always thought it customary for the
hounds to go first."

"In some cases the hare wouldn't
know it was being hunted if they did,"
said I. "This is one of them. Forge
ahead."

"Well, so far so good; the old gent
was drowning in his corner and there
was no harm done."

"So you gave him a dig in the ribs,
I suppose, and bleated, 'Oh, look at
naughty boys chasing ickle bunny
wabbit!'" sneered Albert Edward.

Algy wagged his head. "Not me.
You woke him up yourself, my son, by
tootling on your little tin trumpet. He
heard it through his dreams, shot up
with a 'Good Lord, what's that?'
popped his head out of the window
and saw the brave cavalcade reeling
out along the sky-line like a comic
movie. He drank in the busy scene,
then turned to me and said——"

Albert Edward interrupted. "I know
exactly what he said. He said, 'Algy,
me boy, that's the spirit. *Vive le sport!*
How it reminds us of our young days
in the Peninsular! Oft-times has our
cousin of Wellington remarked to us how
Waterloo was won on the playing——'"

Algy cut off the flow and continued
with his piece. "He said to me, 'God
bless my soul, if those young devils
aren't galloping a hare!' I said, 'Sir,
they maintain that they are doing good
work by averting a threatened plague
of rodents, a state of affairs which has
proved very detrimental to the Anti-
podes.'"

"'Threatened plague of grand-
mothers!' replied the old warrior.
'They're enjoying themselves, that's
what they're doing—having a splendid
time. Mind you, I've no objection to
you young chaps amusing yourselves
in secret, but this is too damn flagrant
altogether. Just imagine the hullaba-
loo in the House if word of these goings-
on got home. "B.E.F. enjoying them-
selves! Don't they know there's a war
on? *Cherchez le général* and off with
his head!" Trot round and see your
dog-fancying friends and tell 'em that
if they're fond of good works I recom-
mend crochet.' Thus the General. I
must be off now, got to take the old
bird up to have a peep at the War.
Good-byee."

Algy tripped daintily off home again,
twirling his cane and whistling cheer-
fully. Sourly we watched him depart.

"I believe that youth positively revels
in spreading gloom," Albert Edward
growled. "Oh, well, I suppose we'll
have to get rid of the dogs now.
Orders is orders."

"But do you think they'll go?" I
asked. "We've been feeding 'em oc-
casionally of late."

"We'll herd 'em down to where they
can get wind of the infantry cooks,"
said Albert Edward; "once they sniff
the rare old stew they'll forget all
about us."

Accordingly an hour later we re-
leased our pack from the hen-house for
the last time. They immediately gave
chase to an errant tabby kitten, which
threw off a noise like many siphons
and shot up a tree, baffling them com-
pletely. We speedily herded them out
of the château grounds, Albert Edward



THE LEAGUE OF ABDICATIONS.

EX-KING OF GREECE. "HULLO, FERDIE! SEEN ANYTHING OF WILLIAM?"

EX-KING OF BULGARIA. "HE'S SOMEWHERE BEHIND. HE'LL JOIN US A BIT LATER."



Sergeant (who has been "bumped"). "WHERE THE HELL YER COMIN' TO? ANY FOOL CAN RIDE THAT HORSE!"
Driver (doing his best). "YER BETTER GET ON 'IM YERSELF THEN. 'E KNOWS I AIN'T A SERGEANT."

ambling in front, wringing mournful music out of his horn, and I bringing up the rear, snapping my whip-cracker under the sterns of the laggards. We had no sooner left the park for the open grass country beyond when up jumped a buck hare, right from under our feet, and away went the pack rejoicing, huss and falsetto.

Albert Edward tugged his excited mare to a standstill. "Look at those blighters!" he shouted. "Hunting noses down in pukka style for the first time, just because they know we can't follow them. Oh, this is too much!"

"I don't see why we shouldn't follow them at a distance," said I. "We can pretend there's no connection—there is no connection really, we didn't lay 'em on. They're hunting on their own. We're just out for a ride."

Albert Edward winked an eye at me and gave his mare her head. The pack by this time was well across the plain, the wolf leading, noisily supported by the Maconochies and the bloodhound. Thrice the hare turned clear and squatted, but, thanks to the blood dog's infallible nose, he was ousted each time and pushed on, failing visibly. He made a sharp curve towards the windmill, and Albert Edward and I topped

the miller's fence in time to see the Maconochies roll him over among the weeds. We also saw something on the highway behind the mill which we had not previously noticed, namely a grey Limousine. On a fallen tree by the wayside sat the General, his face as highly-coloured as his hat. Towards us down the garden-path tripped Algy, twirling his cane and whistling cheerily. Albert Edward groaned.

"Something in the demeanour of yon youth tells me he beareth our death-warrants. Here, you hold the horses while I feed the guillotine. This is by far, far the best thing that I have ever done."

He slung me his reins and tottered to his doom. I watched him approach within five yards of the old man when a strange thing happened. The General suddenly uttered a loud cry and, leaping to his feet, commenced to dance up and down the road, tearing and belabouring himself and swearing so outrageously that I had difficulty in holding the horses. His chauffeur and Algy rushed to his side, and they and Albert Edward grouped in a sympathetic circle while he danced and raved and beat himself in their midst. Presently the air seemed to be full of flying

tunics, shirts, camisoles, etc., and a second later I beheld the extraordinary spectacle of a Lieutenant-General dancing practically nude (excepting for his cap and boots) in the middle of a French highway, while two subalterns and a private smacked him all over, and most heartily. For nearly a minute it continued, and then he seemed to get himself under control and was led away by Algy to his car, the chauffeur following, retrieving apparel off trees and bushes. Albert Edward, one quivering smirk, wobbled up and took his reins. "By Jove! saved again. He can't very well bite the hand that spanked him, can he?"

"But what on earth was the matter?" I asked. "A fit, religious mania, a penance—what?"

Albert Edward chuckled. "He sat on a wasp's nest. They worked through his clothes and got busy." PATLANDER.

"FALL OF CAMBRIA."

News-vendor's improvised placard.

Where's your DAVIE LLOYD GEORGE now?

"QUEUES FOR DINNER IN THE WEST END."

"Evening News" Headline.

Ox tail, we presume.



First War Expert. "IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IF THE WAR WASN'T OVER AFORE LONG."

Second ditto. "'ARK AT OLD MOORE PROPHESYIN'. I SAID THAT FOUR YEAR AGO AN' 'E WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME!"

THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

XVI.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XCI.

George. Is it true that in this reign there were still spoken plays, with live actors on the stage?

Mrs. M. Yes. Although the cinema or film play had already come into vogue, a large number of theatres were still employed in the representation of plays in which real men and women appeared and conversed on the stage, sometimes indulging in long speeches or even sermons, as in the plays of SHAW.

Richard. How fatiguing it must have been to listen and look at the same time!

Mrs. M. Yes; and think of the strain on these poor actors and actresses, who had to learn all these long speeches by heart. Sometimes they forgot their words and had to invent others, or were prompted by a man who stood at the side of the stage.

George. I wonder the audience could put up with such absurdities.

Mrs. M. Strange to say there never was a time in which actors and actresses were held in higher honour.

Things indeed went so far that a Bill was introduced into Parliament proposing that all actors over forty-five should be knighted and eventually buried in Westminster Abbey. It was rejected by a small majority; but even after that a famous comic actor was raised to the peerage. On the other hand I believe that only two or three hundred writers of spoken plays were made Knights of the British Empire.

Mary. Was not grandfather one of those knights?

Mrs. M. No, my dear; but he had a terribly narrow escape when he was employed at the Ministry of Influenza, and had to be very careful for a long time afterwards.

Richard. Tell us something more about the abolition of Latin in schools.

Mrs. M. It was the immediate result of a general strike, but the primary cause was the chaos produced by the attempt to introduce the new pronunciation. Towards the end of the nineteenth century a band of scholars put forward a plan for pronouncing Latin, not like English, but partly like Italian, partly on principles of their own. It was taken up with enthusiasm by some

headmasters and nominally enforced at all the public schools. But when, after forty years, no uniformity was arrived at, while the universities were half-hearted and the public indifferent, the apostles of efficiency, science and modern languages turned this confusion to the best account in their campaign against the Classics; and, as you know, it is now a punishable offence to indulge in a Latin quotation in public.

Richard. All the same I'd rather learn Latin than German any day. Didn't you tell us that the great QUEEN ELIZABETH used to speak and write Latin fluently?

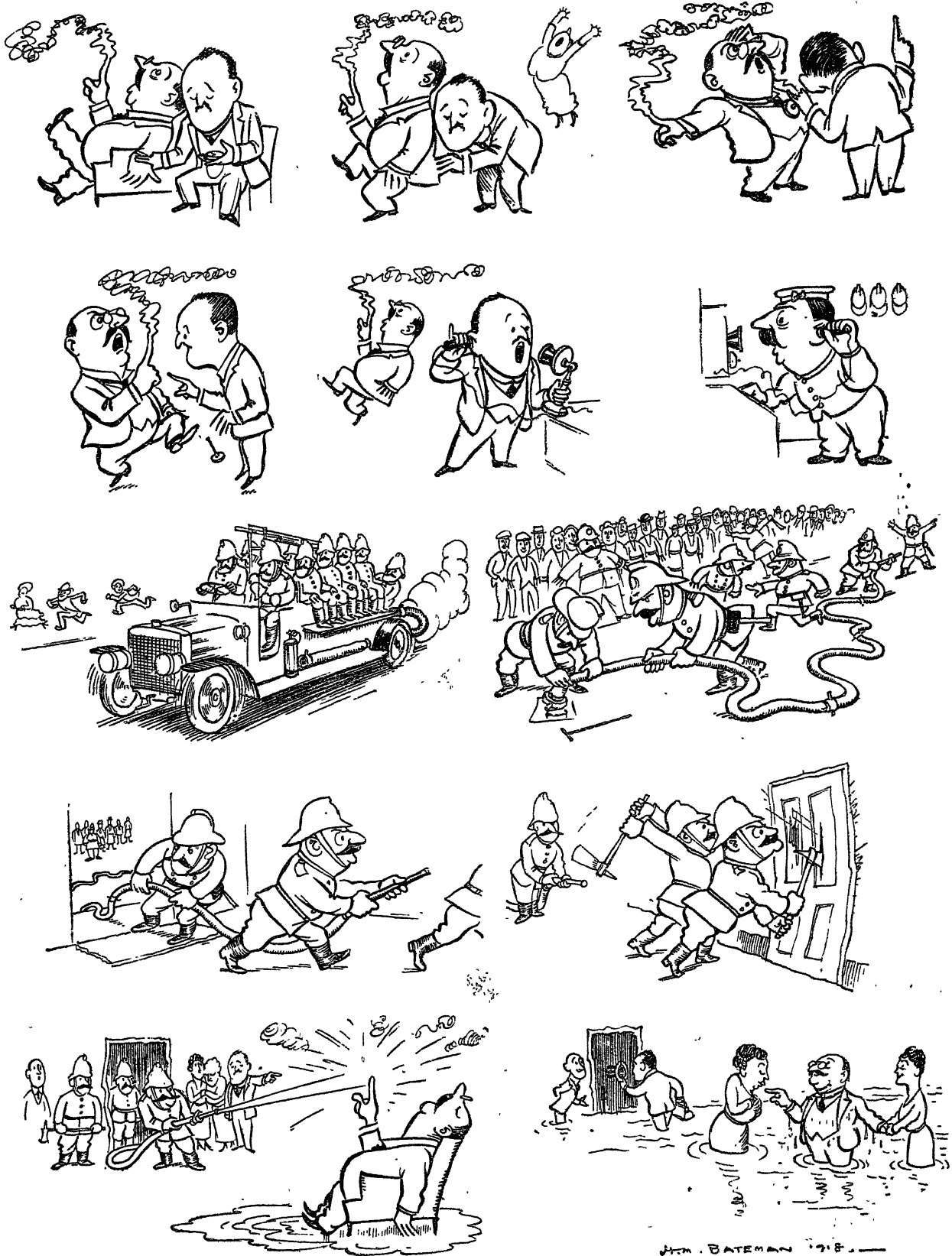
Mrs. M. That is true; but QUEEN ELIZABETH, though a remarkable woman, was not a model to follow in every way. For example, as I think I told you, at her death more than three thousand different dresses were found in her wardrobes.

Mary. Oh, Mamma, how splendid! Why, I don't suppose Papa has more than thirty pairs of trousers.

Mrs. M. Your supposition is probably correct, but as he will be soon home to tea you will be able to verify it by inquiry and possibly inspection.



THE WAR-TIME MATCH.



THE WAR-TIME MATCH.



V.A.D. (threatened by tramp). "YOU NEEDN'T TRY TO FRIGHTEN ME. WHY, I'VE WASHED BIGGER MEN THAN YOU."

FROM A Q.M.A.A.C. FILE.

I.

To Area Controller, Q.M.A.A.C.
From Assistant Administrator B. Muffit,
Camp 9., B.E.F.

I thought I would like to write and ask if I could have promotion, please.

I have been in the Q.M.A.A.C. for four months now, and my sister, who joined up after me, is nearly at the top of the "Wrens."

II.

To Chief Controller Q.M.A.A.C., G.H.Q.
From Area Controller.

Attached application passed to you, please, for favour of kind consideration and any action that may be necessary.

Miss Muffit is much liked by her workers and almost invariably remembers her ration indents.

III.

To Area Controller, Q.M.A.A.C.
From Chief Controller, G.H.Q.

It is pointed out for information that applications for promotion from Assistant Administrators cannot be considered unless very strongly endorsed by their Area Controllers.

Controllers, when submitting a con-

fidential report on an Administrator, will bear in mind that an arresting style of diction may secure a favourable answer where stereotyped phraseology might be overlooked.

IV.

To Chief Controller Q.M.A.A.C., G.H.Q.
From Area Controller.

I beg to report as follows on Miss Muffit, A.A.:—This official has a most winsome personality. Her beauty of character is equalled though not excelled by the rigour of her military discipline. Whether darning her Controller's stockings or awarding one week's C.P. to a worker who has thoughtlessly worn a forewoman's collar, she is in her element. She is alike the idol of officers and workers.

Inoculation and vaccination, 30/5/18

Arrival in France 5/6/18

Chest measurement 30 ins.

Complexion fair, mole on left ear.

Temperament grave to gay.

I can cordially recommend this official for promotion to the rank of Unit Administrator. No Controller requiring a capable Administrator to run a camp or advise her in the management of her area should fail to secure Miss Muffit.

No responsibility too large and no detail too small for this remarkable girl.

As a brilliant conversationalist in a motor-car or a charming companion at the tea-table she is unrivalled. Will entertain Staff Officers and save gramophone records.

A superb watch-dog and keen mouser.

P.S.—Was this the kind of thing you meant, please, Ma'am?

THE DYER AND HIS LOVE.

My darling girl is kind and true—
I simply love her eyes of Alizarine Delphinol;

By kisses sweet our love is fed
From lips so luscious and so Acid Magenta;

She offers to no other fellow
A lock of hair so brightly Citronine R;
Her dress, the daintiest ever seen,
Is of the palest shade of Gallocyanine BD Paste;

Her little hat (velours, I think)
For garniture has ribbons Chrysoidine YRP.

And so her charms I've thought it right
Here to set down in Nigrosine G and
—White!



THE GERMAN ANGEL OF PEACE.

THE BASE HOSPITAL.

I.—NIGHT SISTER.

"NIGHT Sister's sweet face? By this and by that, 'tis meself that knows ut. Me, 'Mick,' as she calls me whin she's the time; otherwise 'tis 'Fohrty-siven! Ye are the most obstinate case I have in the ward. Here am I spindin' me temper and intelleck on ye and ye 'll not hale; 'shtamping her fut. 'And why not, I pray ye?' The darlin', and me here only four months!

"Ouch! Mind me laig! Yis, Sorr! Didn't she bring me the purtiest posy only yisternight. 'Mick,' says she; 'twas 'Mick' then, 'twas 'No. 47' this marnin'; she was tired, the darlin'—'Mick, ye 'll hev a posy?' And she'd spint ut herself, spint ut, mind yez, and her gettin' five pound the month forbye and keepin' herself clane and shmellin' of the sweetest.

"And why not to Tim or wan of the others?

"Night-time's the best, whin me laig's aisy. Move ye some. The clothes is pressin' in on ut. Night-time she shneaks to ye wid a drop of sody-wather or milk or somethin' she's shtole off the Nurse, God bless her. Lifts me laig round, puts her finger to her lip and shteals away.

"Ye turn and ye toss, she's back. 'Oh, Mick, shleep for me, won't yez? I've such a bad case down beyont.' And ye do, why wouldn't ye? The darlin'!

"And ye shleep and ye drame, and guns is bhlastin' and ye wake cowld and sweatin' and it's 'Shteady, Mick dear, 'tis a drame only; I'm here.' God bless the woman!"

II.—MATRON.

"She did not shmile at yez? And who'd be ye that she'd shmile at? The likes of ye. Tell me that now. Here ye are, whanderin' round in ye 'blues.' Save ahll here, and she—she wid brass-bound officer min waitin' on her and keepin' her behind wid her wurk to answer questions by rules and by ohrders, K.R. & O.!

"I tell ye now the S.M.O. himself waits her laisure for a wurrd and a shmile. It's 'Matron dear, d'ye think?' And ye, ye wan-finned, go out a walk in the Park an' want her to shmile at ye? 'Tis meself, Number 47, that will be collectin' that shmile when she's at laisure.

"'Twill be 'Mike' (she comes from God's green land)—'Mike, will I write a letther for ye agin?' Bless the dear lamb! 'Ye've not written one lately and yer mother will bewantin' one; and sits there so purty and does it herself.

"D'ye not know she never shleeps?

D'ye not know she runs this hospital? D'ye not know she collicts the fares to the te-atre? D'ye not know afther midnight she's shlidin' round wid a light lookin' ye over whin ye are shleepin'?

"Dear little shtill matron, that I could put undher me arm wan time, is the friend of yez ahll. She's the Saints' own mercy to yez.

"She tells the M.O., 'Cahn't be shifted.' She wheedles him: 'Oh, docthor dear, let him shtop another week.' She gits ye concerts and lave; she gives ye aigs an'— Git off av the bed, blasht ye! 'Tis herself, man."

THE SAND OF PALESTINE.

THE sand one meets in Palestine's an all-pervading sediment,

To really cleanly feeding it is always an impediment,
For stew and tea and bacon have habitu-ally a grittiness

That tends to turn one's language from its customary prettiness.

The sand one meets in Palestine at first will make you wonder where The cause is of the raspiness apparent in your underwear;

We've seen a suffering novice after hasting to inspect his hide Erroneously indent for half a hogshhead of insecticide.

The sand one meets in Palestine—'twere folly to be lenient—

Deserves no weaker censure than extremely inconvenient,

But though about its qualities each single soldier carries on

It has its little merits—one unearths them by comparison.

The sand one meets in Palestine's an unadhesive article,

It's not so hard to brush away each desiccated particle,

But the sticky mud of Flanders can have nothing to rebel at if

I say it clings as closely as an impecunious relative.

The sand one meets in Palestine (where Jael did for Sisera)

Does not create a mudbank in the region of your viscera,

But Flanders has the sort of soil that leaves on each comestible

Alluvial deposits that are vilely indigestible.

Having tried them both I've formed—and I submit it with all deference—

The view that I am right in giving Palestine the preference,

For I hold its arid vistas a comparatively gladdening

Alternative to landscapes that are soddening and saddening.

THE HAUTE ÉCOLE OF MILITARY COURTESY.

Private (turning back). Sir, I beg your pardon. The insignia of your rank escaped me until you were nearly past. Permit me to repair the omission (*salutes*).

Officer (saluting). Thank you. But there is no occasion to apologise. I was equally, or even more, at fault. I did not notice anyone passing and therefore would not have returned your salute had you given it.

Private. Sir, it is good of you to say that. But it does not excuse me. It is a private's duty to salute—under every circumstance.

Officer. Certainly. But also an officer's duty to return the salute. What I meant was that, neither being guilty in intention, our cases were equal, except that—please excuse my referring to it—my higher rank—doubtless in this case a quite fortuitous distinction—imposes on me a greater responsibility.

Private. I cannot admit your conclusion, Sir. The private's responsibilities being less, he should be the more rigorous in the execution of what duties he has.

Officer. But that surely robs rank of its real meaning? If those who have rank cannot carry out the responsibilities which their rank entails, they should surrender it. The higher obligations imposed upon them should make them more efficient in *everything* they undertake.

Private. Sir, I have never heard the responsibility of rank more nobly described. But I still maintain that in this case, where the private takes the initiative—a rare privilege of which he should make the fullest use—it is his duty to be peculiarly vigilant and so give his superior a reminder, as it were, of his part.

Officer. A liberal and admirable interpretation of your position. But is it not the officer's duty to be ready to check or admonish those who fail in their duty?

Private (smiling). Sir, you have the last word, and I confess myself convinced. I sincerely beg your pardon for my initial mistake in begging your pardon.

Officer. No; it was your altruistic action which provoked this so interesting discussion, in which I for one have learned much.

Private. Sir, and I too. Your talk has been not only instructive, but stimulating in the best sense.

Officer. We part with mutual esteem.

Private. I am honoured to agree, Sir.
[*They salute again and take their separate ways.*]



ANOTHER CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

"AND WHAT WAS YOUR REASON FOR DESERTING YOUR WIFE?"

"RELIGIOUS MOTIVES, SIR. SHE WAS MAKING AN IDOL OF ME."

THE RETROGRESSION OF THE C.Q.M.S.

THE Q.M.S. of our company has had a narrow escape of becoming that unfortunate anomaly, a Quartermaster-Sergeant with a conscience, which is not the same thing as a conscientious Quartermaster-Sergeant. In fact the two are incompatible.

In civil life our C.Q.M.S. occupied a responsible position in a firm whose name was a synonym for unimpeachable integrity. To this he added the hallmark of Scottish respectability by mounting on Sundays an austere guard over the collection plate. To such a man the slightest deviation from the most rigid paths of honesty was as black a crime as murder. Even his income-tax returns were correct. But when in the course of his military career he put a crown over his three stripes he turned over a new leaf and doped his conscience for the duration of his Quartermaster-Sergeantship, with the result that the Company lacked for nothing, which is the finest testimonial any C.Q.M.S. can receive.

But he had one weakness. Being a Scotsman, he had all the taste for theological discussion characteristic of the race. The other day he met a fellow Scot, a Padre. (Mark the advance of Nemesis.) He indulged his craving with disastrous consequences, for the Padre asked what I consider, in view of the said crown and three stripes,

to be a very tactless question: "Have you become a better man since you joined the Army?"

And away in the depths of him the C.Q.M.S. heard a sigh as of a heavy sleeper that awakes. His conscience had stirred at last. Thereafter his life became a burden to him. The old scruples about *meum* and *tuum* had reasserted their dominion. No longer did he march virtuously from the ration dump with a bag of raisins under his tin hat and a "buckshee" cheese in his greatcoat pocket. Worst of all, his nerve failed him, and he that had successfully removed a side of mutton without the twinkle of an eyelash was ignominiously caught annexing a loaf.

For the first time in its existence the unit lacked fresh meat and had to live on bully. There was murmuring among the populace and sorrow in the eye of the storeman.

Then came the crisis; there was no coal for the Officers' Mess. So the C.O. said to me, "Look here, McFarlane, you're another of these argumentative Scotsmen. Go and see what you can do."

Off to the stores I went. "Well, C.Q.M.S., what have *you* salvaged to-day?" He groaned aloud in reply.

And as my eyes wandered around the stores and alighted in succession on two tents (complete with poles), one tarpaulin, three trench covers, one push cycle, two signalling lamps, one tele-

phone apparatus, two hand-carts, three wheelbarrows and other unconsidered trifles too numerous to mention—all, strangely enough, omitted in the Mobilization Store Table, I echoed his groan.

Nevertheless I launched into an eloquent appeal. I justified his past "winnings" on the grounds of immemorial custom, the reluctance of our own particular High Panjandrum to authorise issues, the saving of paper in dispensing with indent forms, the comfort and welfare of the troops.

All to no purpose. His deep-rooted logical faculty made hay of my fondest fallacies and reduced my sophistic edifices to a heap of ramshackle premises.

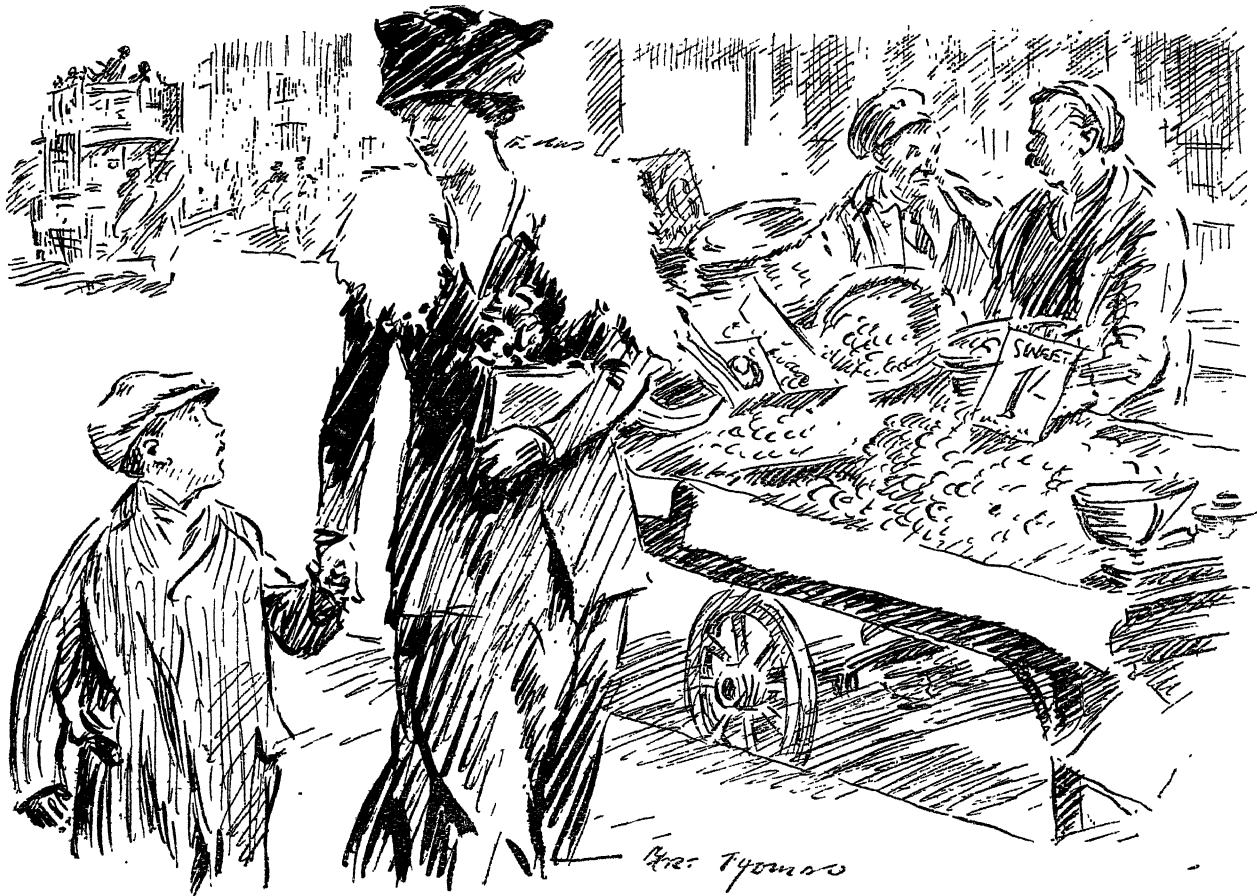
Next morning I met the C.Q.M.S. returning from the dump. From his eyes there gleamed the ancient predatory instinct. In his right hand he was bearing flour, that scarce substance beloved of Army cooks.

"Was it my eloquence?" I asked.

"No, Sir; it was a dream I had last night. I was tied to a stake in the middle of the dump. All the other Quartermaster-Sergeants were taking what they wanted till at last I was left with one biscuit and half a tin of bully for the whole company. I woke up in a cold sweat. To-day, when I went down to the dump, there was flour, and between that and my dream . . ."

"What about the Padre?" I asked maliciously.

The C.Q.M.S. saluted and retired



Boy. "WHY ARE APPLES SO DEAR, MOTHER?"

Mother. "OH, IT'S THE WAR, PETER."

Boy (after deep thought). "MOTHER, WOULD I BE GREEDY IF I PRAYED FOR VICTORY TO-NIGHT?"

smartly. But as he went off I heard him consign the reverend gentleman to a most unclerical destination. I excused him, however; he was busy. There was a derelict Ford round the corner.

THE ROUT OF SCENERY.

It has ever been the habit of people returned from their holidays to tell other people about them, not excluding those who are obviously not in the least interested. This is one of the oldest of human foibles; it prevailed, I am sure, in the Stone Age; it will still prevail when everyone keeps his own aeroplane. But where once it was the custom to lay emphasis on the natural beauties or advantages of their chosen spot there is now a change.

"You have no idea," they used to say, even if you assured them you had yourself been there often—"you've no idea of the charm of the place."

And then they would describe the charm. They would tell you of walks they had discovered, all tiresomely familiar to you, and points from which you get such a magnificent view. "There's nothing like it, I swear.

Hundreds of square miles all spread out at one's feet, don't you know, and oh, the purple distance!"

Or it would be a little bay somewhere on the coast, where the bathing was better than anyone ever dreamed of. Splendid sands for the children too. They would tell you about this until you were sick with weariness: the blue blue sea, the gulls and cormorants, the hauls of fish, the amazing healthiness and privacy of it all. "No bathing machines, you know. You just undressed behind a rock. And everyone so jolly—just like one family party."

And then "Don't you love a remote retired place, without the usual crowd?" they would say. "I don't mind telling you where it is, but for Heaven's sake don't let anyone else know about it or it will be ruined."

That is how they used to talk, the private cove sojourners, very likely adding something about the ease with which they always managed to get on with the natives. "But then, of course, I have rather luck in such ways. I don't know what it is about me, but I always get on with country people."

That was how it used to be. But now—I know at least a dozen men who have discovered just such secluded paradises this year, alone or with their families, and they have all adopted a new tone. The bathing was as perfect as ever; they were as apt as ever in fraternising with the humble folk; the sea was blue, the ozone something terrific, just as usual, but they have said nothing about it. All their enthusiasm has been for the meals. "The great thing"—they have all employed these words—"the great thing is we got all we wanted to eat. No nonsense about shortage at all."

Take, again, the Lakes. A friend returning from the Lakes five years ago would be ecstatic about their solemn grandeur, alternating with the most tender sweetness. Very likely he would quote WORDSWORTH; without the slightest doubt he would mention him. And poor HARTLEY COLERIDGE. Helvellyn would come in for a few adjectives as a matter of course—"The noble old fellow, and oh, the dark depths of Windermere!"

I met a man the other day whom I had not seen since July, and the in-

evitable occurred. Before I had a chance to tell him where I had been for my holidays he was all over me.

"Ah," he said, "if you take my advice you'll go to the Lakes. Ever been there? They're wonderful. No rationing at all. I assure you we stayed, my wife and I, for six weeks all about the place, and no one bothered us for coupons or anything else. Meat twice a day. I shall never forget the Lakes, never."

The Trossachs used in the old days to tax the superlatives as much if not more than any holiday district in the British Isles, not excepting Killarney, Miller's Dale or the Lakes themselves. And the Trossachs were not neglected this past summer. But the one acquaintance of mine who had been there could talk only of an hotel where he had struck up such an intimacy with the manager that he had brought away with him six bottles of pre-war whisky.

"Ah!" he said, "Scotland for me every time. It's a grand country. I had no notion before that the Trossachs were anything but just scenery and tourists. I never expected to find a friend there. Who says the Scotch are niggardly, ungenerous? It's a lie. I mean to go to the Trossachs every year."

There is the converse too. I met the other day a family who had been to Devonshire for the first time—on Dartmoor—and were disappointed with it. Greatly overrated, they thought it.

"But the wildness of it," I said, "the largeness! Those miles of heather! The height and openness and freedom!"

No, they didn't care for it. No doubt there was a certain spaciousness, a certain rugged beauty; but—well, they had been disappointed.

"And everything is so pure there," I said—"the air, the rivulets, the cream."

Cream? Their faces gloomed. That was it. Where was the cream? They had always heard that Devonshire cream was to be had at every farmhouse; but no one on Dartmoor would give them any. Everyone said it was against the law. So far away from London too. Absurd!

HINTS TO ALLOTMENT-HOLDERS.

THE Allotment-Holders' Supply Association begs to announce that it is now in a position to supply implements capable of adequately coping with the monster growths of the war-time allotment. The following items will be of great interest to all keen allotment holders:—

The Giant Potato Pulling Crane is calculated to lift one ton. It is fitted

with a steam turbine engine. No matter how large the potato, when this crane starts to lift, something has got to give.

Why use old-fashioned furniture vans for removing your pumpkins when you can hire one of our Monster Pumpkin Motor Tractors? Built to carry an eight-ton pumpkin with driver.

Allotment-holders troubled with vegetable marrows which roam about into the neighbour's garden will be pleased to know that the Allotment-Holders' Supply Association is prepared to lend bloodhounds specially trained to track down these wanderers. A stamped addressed envelope ensures a specimen on approval.

THE KAISER (on reading Mr. WILSON'S reply to the peace proposal): "Pudd'n-head!"



Street Vendor (in neighbourhood of statue of the Royal Martyr). "ERE, YOUNG LADY. PICTURE-POSTCARDS—SOUVENIR OF THE GREAT WAR—CHARLES THE FIRST TAKIN' COVER."

LOOPING THE LOOP.

THE green old earth swung overhead,
A roof of strange design,
Where tiny woods and fields outspread
Mosaics quaint and fine.

Toy villages and hamlets clung
Roof down; and here and there
Minute inverted mortals hung
Above the depths of air.

Beneath us yawned the shoreless sky
Where cloud-reefs shone, and drew
From deep to deep the dazzled eye
Through the abyss of blue;

Through the unfathomable, down
Where baffled thought is pain,
And man's conceptions, lest they drown,
Lay hold on earth again.

Motto for HINDENBURG: "Hope for the West, but prepare for the Burst."

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*The GERMAN EMPEROR and FERDINAND, ex-Tsar of Bulgaria.*)

Ferdinand. Well, it has not been so bad a time altogether. *The Kaiser.* G-r-r-r!

F. It's no good growling at me. I've had thirty years of it, and, taking the rough with the smooth, I've had a good deal of enjoyment out of it. I was a Coburg Prince and I made myself a Tsar, which is more than you did.

The K. Oh, do hold your tongue for a moment.

F. I must say your temper's in a shocking state. Really it isn't manly of you to give way to your bad humour like that. You've had a good time too. You've worn hundreds of uniforms; you've made thousands of speeches; you've been photographed and painted in every possible attitude of ferocity, and now, just because you can't get your own way about the armistice, you're making yourself impossible—quite impossible. If you don't give up glaring at me I shall ring the bell.

The K. Stop babbling! You can't feel as I do the shame of being foiled. Your Bulgarians asked for an armistice and got it immediately. I asked for one and everybody instantly suspects a trap, and even the infernal Americans declare that they're not going to step into my parlour. Curse the Americans! They might just as well call me a spider right out.

F. If you ever think of turning into a spider, please let me know, so that I may add you to my collection. There are some moths in that collection that are worth hundreds of pounds. I've got them safely away to Vienna; and that reminds me—our young ally on the Danube is not very staunch, is he? He'll be wanting an armistice of his own next, and poor old Turkey is on the very edge of the precipice. One touch and over he goes.

The K. And yet it all seemed to be going splendidly. The British and the French were retreating. I had sent my men into battle with some of my best words ringing in their ears. And then suddenly everything turned upside down, and our fellows began to go back steadily. I felt—

F. Yes, I know that feeling well. One retreats and one loses men and guns, and more guns and more men. Nothing seems to help, and the issuing of communiqués becomes more and more difficult.

The K. Yes, that's how it feels. And then you try all the best tricks. You say your prayers and call on God to help you, but he is inattentive, is our good old German God, and he piles up disaster on disaster against you; and to crown all one gets entangled with a thing like this (*pointing to FERDINAND*).

F. You appear to be annoyed. But after all you must admit that you've brought the whole thing entirely on yourself. You wanted the War and you've got it. You wanted it big and you've got it bigger than you expected. Now that you've caused an unparalleled waste of blood and treasure you begin to whine, and want to have peace on your own terms. Now that's silly of you. Do you suppose you've only got to wave your hand and everything will be as it was before? Take care of yourself, my fine fellow. You're much nearer to getting the boot, and if you once begin to go there'll be very few who will try to call you back.

The K. G-r-r-r!

F. And you haven't even got a collection of moths and beetles and spiders to console yourself with. You'd better begin to learn knitting. I'm told it's a great soother.

A RARE DAMASCUS BLADE: General ALLENBY.

FREE ADVERTISEMENT.

WILL the burglar who broke into No. 10, Rosehill Mansions, and made off with all the silver, please communicate with the householder? View prosecution.

Middle-aged gentleman would like to meet Vegetarian lady with ration-book. Object matrimony.

Owing to the shortage of war prophets I am open to take a few pupils in the art of ending the War by Christmas. The Only Man who really predicted that the end of the War was bound to come. Write HORATIO, c/o Great Britain.

Well-known War Lord, disengaged at present, is open to undertake the training of amateur conquerors. Expert tuition; Wars declared on the slightest provocation. Countries waited on daily. Weak-kneed monarchs taken in and done for. No order too small; no order too large (FOCH and HAIG excepted). Wire terms and bring own army.—WILHELM, Potsdam.

World-famed Sultan is open to sell large country. Excellent shooting all round. Or would exchange for a pair of white mice.

THE WALER.

THERE goes a buckler, wherever they bred him,
By the lift of his loin and the white in his eye!
Wide were the paddocks, I'll wager, that fed him;
Red were the ridges that ran to the sky.
See how those sensitive ears of his quiver!
See how, high-headed, the crowd he disdains,
Full of the pride of the Warrego river,
Full of the scorn of the Irrara plains!

Bit of a rogue and a renegade, is he?
Bad to get on to and hang to and hold?
Bent like a bow does he buck till you're dizzy?—
Thus they behave where his lordship was foaled.
Send for that chap in the tilted sombrero,
Cleaning a chestnut and chewing a string;
No one, it may be, looks less of a hero,
But once in the saddle he sits like a king.

The day will arrive when the war-front is wider
And swifter the squadrons will gallop and form;
Then give him his lean-visaged, light-handed rider
And launch him away on the leagues of the storm;
Give him his head to the stars growing paler
That mark where the Dawn is a symbol and sign,
And first of them all before night shall the Waler
With foam on his muzzle drink deep of the Rhine.

W. H. O.

For Royal Navy Prisoners of War.

Mr. Punch begs to call attention to a Special Matinée in aid of the Royal Navy Prisoners of War—a cause for which he recently appealed. The performance is to be given at the Palace Theatre at 2 P.M. on Tuesday, October 22nd. The programme includes a new spy play, *The Luck of the Navy*; Sir EDWARD ELGAR will conduct his own setting of Mr. KIPLING's songs, "The Fringes of the Fleet;" and Mr. GEORGE ROBESY will make merry. Tickets may be obtained at the box office of the Theatre, from Messrs. Cramer, 139, New Bond Street, and the usual Libraries.

"Constantinople must become an international city in the hands of the Allies."—*Manchester Evening Paper*.
Soon to be but a relic of the darkie ages.



Munition Worker. "HOW MUCH IS SALMON?"

Munition Worker. "AH SAID NOWT ABOUT HEAD AND SHOULDERS. HOW MUCH IS SALMON?"

Fishmonger. "IT'S TEN POUNDS WEIGHT AND FIVE SHILLINGS A POUND."

Munition Worker. "WRAP IT OOP. (Aside to lady-customer) FOURTEEN QUID A WEEK TAKES A BIT O' GETTIN' THROUGH."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

To say that I snatch a fearful joy from the work of Miss E. M. DELAFIELD is becoming an inadequate phrase. After reading her second book I remember writing (or perhaps only thinking) of the apprehension that must exist in certain feminine breasts as to the victim of her next satirical shafts. They have now fallen over a rather wider area than before, but with execution equally deadly. *The Pelicans* (HEINEMANN) is a novel about families; and the effect of it is to increase a resemblance, already obvious, between the methods of Miss DELAFIELD and JANE AUSTEN. There are two chief groups in the tale, that of Pensevern, consisting of *Nina Severing*, a widow, rich, appealing, a "popular" composer, and her son *Morris*; and that of the neighbouring house of Porthlew, where dwelt *Bertha Tregaskis* with her husband, her companion and the two orphan girls to whom she had made herself guardian. I am inclined to consider *Bertha* the best yet of Miss DELAFIELD's social satires. A type of the energetic and capable manager, unwearied in benevolent and devastating activities, beneath whose "understanding" sympathy the souls of the sensitive shrivel like scorched leaves, the portrait lives amazingly. The scenes between her and *Nina* are the most exhilarating fun. Altogether on a different plane are the two girls whom, all unconsciously and kindly,

Bertha victimises—*Rosamund*, with her passion of protective love for her younger sister, and *Frances*, torn between earthly and spiritual claims. The almost terribly poignant chapters of the latter's final sacrifice gave me an entirely new view of Miss DELAFIELD's art, revealing her as an emotional writer of unexpected power. Perhaps this part of the tale is something out of key with the satiric comedy of the rest; but it certainly adds to the interest and expectation with which I shall watch the future of its author.

Apart from the Americans of HENRY JAMES and W. D. HOWELLS—colourless Europeanised creatures, racy not of the soil but of the lobbies of cosmopolitan pensions—the modern American types best known to the general English reader are Cyrus K. Porkdollar of Scrougeville, Pa., and Cactus Pete of Centipede, Arizona. This does not in itself explain why an atmosphere of unsubstantiality pervades *The Hunter* (PUTNAM), since the simple country people of the Northern Middle-West are certainly not less susceptible of delineation than the cow-puncher and the multi-millionaire. We tell ourselves that men and women are much the same the world over and that the rustic youths and maidens of Wisconsin could never be so simple and unsophisticated and at the same time so supremely aware of the things that are noble and beautiful in life as are *Louis Buttress* and *Silvia Lake*. Then we realise that our mystification is due to the fact that Mr. WATSON DYKE

has done something rather surprisingly original: instead of describing the physical nature and experiences of his characters and leaving us to take their states of mind for granted, he has given us their thoughts alone, leaving us to clothe them with individuality, to build about them suitable dwellings of flesh and an appropriate environment. And the reader familiar only with Porkdollars and Cactus Petes is quite unable to guess in what appropriate tenements of clay these spiritual entities should be housed. Yet *The Hunter* is a very simple story and concerns only the love-affairs of a few simple-minded young people. And if they seem a trifle transcendental we must bear in mind that while England has no uneducated idealists America has fifty million.

There is a delightful and a pathetic quality about *Glenmornan* (JENKINS), dedicated by Mr. PATRICK MACGILL to his "own people." It deals with the return of the young journalist, *Doalty Gallagher*, to his native village, with its charm, its notable cast of lively characters and its quite

appallingsnobishness. The writer has a singular skill in setting his scene and arranging his puppets, though these words do him less than justice. I feel rather to have been on a visit to Glenmornan, in wild Donegal; to have known and to like old *Oiney Leahy*, with his fiddle and proud poverty and attractive bragging; pretty, mischievous *Eileen*, and the lovely, provocative, reluctant and, I am afraid, rather calculating *Sheila*; and *Drover Denny*, the wanderer who wandered to France in the best of

causes and never returned. There is plenty of fun and humour (a little tinged with bitterness), but the dominant motive is the disappointment and essential estrangement of the exile, who comes to his own home and his own people, full of pride and love, and in a little while creeps away, having been "read from the altar" by the resident tyrant priest. I am astonished, on reflection, at the vividness of the impression left by this clever book.

If Mr. MAHONEY did not occasionally compel a smile by his peculiar use of words I should have found *Interned in Germany* (SAMPSON LOW) almost intolerably depressing. Yet the account which he gives of the sufferings of mind and body which he and his fellow-prisoners endured in the camp at Ruhleben—he was there for over a year—is a temperate one. The story of their heroic struggle against the cruel conditions imposed on them is the only relief to be found in a distressing tale. Intermittent sparks of kindness did fly from the officials, but the general impression Mr. MAHONEY gives is one of petty tyranny. Yet he is not so angry with his German guards as with certain British-born prisoners, who had lived so long in Germany that they had become disloyal to the land of their birth. These men, properly known as P.G.'s, which is short for something not much longer, earned, I am glad to say, the contempt both of

the loyal prisoners and of the Huns. To read this book is to realise the great efforts which the American Ambassador made to improve the conditions of life at Ruhleben, and in his unavoidable absence Mr. MAHONEY does useful work in drawing attention once more to the pitiful needs of those who are still enduring captivity in this camp.

I question whether Miss PEGGY WEBLING was altogether well advised to call her new story *In Our Street* (HUTCHINSON), a title from which I personally expected a study of topographical peculiarities; whereas really the things that happened to the dwellers in Miss WEBLING's street might have happened to them anywhere else, given an atmosphere sufficiently bracing. As it was there must have been more than a touch of melodrama in the climate of the street, since only thus can I explain the behaviour of the chief characters—the spiritualist fanatic *Vakeel*; his martyred wife; the girl *Lily*, who was to have been his second victim, and the man who married her to prevent this. Miss WEBLING presents all these characters as they

appeared to a solitary woman, who tells the tale in the first person, save for certain scenes which, as she could not possibly have assisted at them, have to be reported indirectly, a somewhat awkward change, though beneficial as regards pace, the very leisurely style of the first part having needlessly retarded the action. Another defect is the absence of any adequate motive for *Dumaresque's* sacrifice of his own happiness. After all, even in the primitive Victorian ages there must, I fancy, have been ways of stopping a spiritual-

istic bully less drastic than that of marrying his medium. But of course it turned out all right in the end, though I should like to assure the publishers that their anticipation that this end would find me "breathless" was falsified by the event. *In Our Street* is a pleasant and entertaining story, but he who runs may read it without undue strain on the lungs.

Men's Work for Women.

"We had not been sufficiently drastic or courageous in our efforts for social reform. He hoped the women voters would seriously turn their attention to the housing problem."

From report of Mr. FISHER's speech in a Yorkshire Paper.

"HOW AMERICANS DAMMED HUN RETREAT."

Scottish Paper.

We understand that, with a slight literal difference, the retiring Huns treated the American advance in precisely the same way.

"Cooked beef sausages may now be sold without coupons by registered catering establishments supplying them as part of a meal.

All other sausages require, as hitherto, a coupon. No beef sausages, whether cooked or uncooked, must be sold without a coupon."

Daily Mirror.

Now you know exactly how you stand with regard to beef sausages.



Instructor (to novice trying the new war weapon). "YES, YOU'RE GETTING THE SWING OF IT, BUT IN ACTUAL COMBAT YOU'LL FIND IT BEST TO HIT THE OTHER FELLOW."

CHARIVARIA.

OWING to the pressure of other business the KAISER was unable to carry out his daily abdication last Friday. He was very sorry to have to disappoint the foreign Press.

The Social Congress at Munich is not satisfied with the KAISER'S repeated abdications and calls upon him to do it again. He is reported to have replied that such an ungrateful crowd doesn't deserve to have a war at all.

A gossip-writer states that the youngest grandson of the KAISER takes after the CROWN PRINCE. It is not known what the grandson has been taking, but there ought not to be much left after LITTLE WILLIE has been at work.

According to the *Rhenish Westphalian Gazette* ex-criminals are being drafted into the German army. The Allies propose to treat them without invidious distinction.

It is reported from Copenhagen that LENIN and TROTSKY have quarrelled. LENIN, it appears, angered TROTSKY by telling him he was no butcher.

Prince FRIEDRICH KARL of Hesse says that his accession to the throne of Finland will not take place for two years. For the first time we find ourselves in agreement with this monarch-elect.

Well-to-do Berliners, says a correspondent on German affairs, grumble at having to wear clothes made of vegetable fibre. We notice that Prince MAX of Baden seems uncomfortable in his stinging-nettle trousers.

It is reported from a neutral source that the KAISER may be compelled to undergo an important operation on the neck.

At Glasgow the other day a Scotsman was summoned for throwing a small bottle of whisky at a neighbour. No surprise was expressed at the fact that it was only a small bottle.

Among the things left behind by the congregation of a Bermondsey church was a baby's suit, a pair of spectacles,

a book on bee-keeping, a looking-glass and a powder-puff. The fact that not a single husband was left behind or mislaid speaks well for woman's care about trifles.

Credit where credit is due. Mr. Justice COLERIDGE last week tried a case under the new Juries Act without a jury. His Lordship is said to have done rather well despite this heavy handicap.

A gentleman writes to a contemporary to ask, "How is St. Mihiel pronounced?" The answer is, Wrong.

A pacifist speaker at Tower Hill the other day was pelted with eggs. We think it is about time that such public scandals were stopped, with eggs at their present price.

intense. But not to the point of expressing itself in khaki.

The announcement by a Sussex clergyman that the Sunday evening sermon would be discontinued to save gas has aroused strong comment in ecclesiastical circles. It is possible to be modest, they point out, without being undignified.

There are eighteen thousand Allied "Dogs of War" of various descriptions in the War zone, and they've all got their tails up.

A committee has been appointed to investigate the method by which alcohol should be used as fuel. Experts look for no improvement on the internal combustion system.

East End school-children were recently asked to write an essay on "What Strikes Me Most at School?" It has not yet been decided what shall be done with the rather bright boy who wrote the shortest essay. It ran as follows: "The Teacher."

This reminds us that a "Corporal Correction Society" has been founded in Sheffield to revive the "lost art of spanking." Marshal FOCH, we understand, has been invited to join the list of honorary members.

The Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* says that the German reply to Mr. WILSON'S Note "must protest decidedly against the accusation that the Germans have atrocities on their conscience." We appreciate the point of this. Of course you must first have a conscience before you can have atrocities on it.

More War-time Economy.

"That's the house," said Corkery, in the same breath that Raymond exclaimed: "I say, that's a jolly little place!"

Premier Magazine.

"Thirty-six swallows flew into a bedroom at Eastbourne."—*Westminster Gazette*.
Thirty-six swallows do not make one slumber.

There was a young workman whose creed

Was wholly untainted by greed;
More work for more pay
He considered fair play,
But nobody followed his lead.



ANIMOSITY'S LIMIT.

Enasperated Neighbour. "WOT'S MORE, I WOULDN'T RECOMMEND THEM LODGINGS OF YOURN NOT TO KAISER BILL 'ISSELF."

Three London anglers at Deal have in eight days caught 1,250 fish. This is said to be the largest quantity of fish caught in any newspaper this season.

Some annoyance has been caused to "The Independent Workers of the World" in Australia. It seems that the Government is going to stop them from blowing up large works with dynamite.

"Always go to bed with influenza," says a Medical Officer of Health. It is, of course, a mere matter of taste, but we ourselves always prefer to go to bed without it.

"We must be stern," declared Lord READING in a recent speech. HINDENBURG, it will be noted, is all that just now.

Irish indignation over the *Leinster* outrage, says a Nationalist M.P., is

FOR THE APOSTLES OF "NO HUMILIATION."

[Certain people have proclaimed their opinion that the German nation ought not to be humiliated.]

RUMOURS arrive as thick as swarming bees;
Our evening rags announce with raucous clamour
The latest wire, the semi-final wheeze
Transmitted by the fertile Rotterdammer,
Giving a local version
Of WILLIAM Two's spontaneous dispersion.

They leave me cold. I care not how he pays
The heavy debt his deeds of wanton fury owe—
Whether he puts his orb to bed, or stays
On exhibition like an antique curio;
The reckoning we charge
Has to be settled by the Hun at large.

Here and elsewhere his advocates impute
Innocence to the Bosch—a gentle creature,
Too prone perhaps to lick the tyrant's boot,
But otherwise without a vicious feature;
They'd have our wrath abated;
Poor child, "he must not be humiliated."

Why not? Against his army's bestial crimes
He never lifted one protesting finger;
The wrongs of Belgium drew his jocund rhymes;
Over the Hymn of Hate he loved to linger,
Pressing the *forte* pedal,
And wore—for luck—the *Lusitania* medal.

He took a holiday for children slain,
And butchered women set his flags a-flutter;
Our drowning anguish served for light refrain
To beery patriots homing down the gutter;
On prisoners he spat,
The helpless ones, and thanked his Gott for that.

Had he but fought as decent nations fight,
Clean-handed, then we must have spared his honour;
But now, if Germany goes down in night,
'Tis he, not we, that puts that shame upon her,
Shame not of mere defeat,
But such that never our hands again can meet.

Why should his pride of race be spared a fall?
Let him go humble all his days for sentence.
Why pity him as just a Kaiser's thrall,
This beast at heart—though fear may fake repent-
ance?

For me, when all is said,
I save my pity for our murdered dead. O. S.

WITH THE AUXILIARY PATROL.

YVONNE.

Yvonne was given to the Lieutenant by a dear old lady who said she was sure sailors would be kind to her and understand her little ways, and besides it would be so nice for us to have a fresh egg for breakfast sometimes when out on that dreadful North Sea. She also gave a copy of CHRISTINA ROSSETTI's poems to the Skipper, and a pair of knitted mittens to the gunner and myself. The crew were rather jealous of the Skipper—they said his Rossetti was just a handy size for folding a jean collar on, and not the slightest use to anyone in square rig.

Yvonne took to a seafaring life like a tank to a barbed wire entanglement. She was a little awkward at first and shy at walking on the deck in a swell if any of us were looking, but she soon found her sea legs and developed a

rolling gait that would have graced the carriage of an Admiral of the Fleet. The third hand said she was a cross between a silver wyandotte and a pouter pigeon, but that was before we came to know and love her; besides, he makes jokes like that. She lived in a little coop under the whaleback, secure from those unpleasantnesses of weather that sometimes make one think of the Dogger Bank as a good place to send strike leaders to who cannot decide just how much more they ought to have to compensate for the hardships of life on the home front. She had the trimmer for her batman.

The only member of the crew who showed unwillingness to accept Yvonne as a shipmate was the Silent Menace, the ship's dog. The Silent Menace is a taciturn unaffable misogynist, and Yvonne is nothing if not the soul of sociability. I think she got on his nerves a little.

He signified his disapproval as soon as ever she came aboard by deliberately turning his back on her and eating a piece of coal. He always eats coal when anything annoys him—he does it to show how scornful he is.

"We'll have trouble with that Menace," said the Skipper; "he's just eaten a lump of coal as big as a walnut without chewing it." He went to the bridge looking worried.

I don't think Yvonne felt very fit the first day or two at sea, but one fine afternoon she ventured out on deck for a look round and a chat. The Silent Menace was sleeping in the sun, his head reposing on a coil of rope; perhaps he was dreaming of his care-free puppyhood, before life had taught him its bitter lessons, for his expression was almost benign. Yvonne, pecking at imaginary dainties on the deck, edged towards him, wishful for a little society. The Menace slumbered on. At last Yvonne, despairing of attracting his attention through the medium of conventional clucks, tip-toed up and audaciously pecked the extreme tip of his tail as it lay supine on the deck. The Menace sprang into the air as though he had been electrocuted, with a sharp yelp of surprise. For a moment I believe he thought he had been torpedoed, for he gazed fiercely at the surrounding sea with bristling spine. Then suddenly he saw Yvonne, who had stepped away and was glancing archly at him over her shoulder. The expression of rage and mortification that convulsed his features was pathetic to see. He gave Yvonne one glare of his solitary eye and with a brave effort at dignified indifference walked aft. If looks could kill, Yvonne would never have laid another egg.

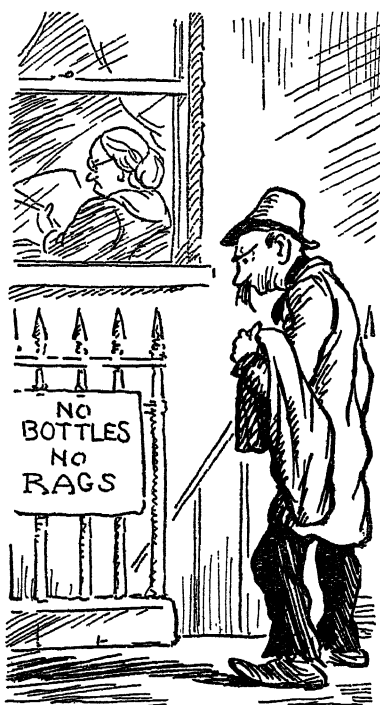
After that the atmosphere was a trifle strained. The Menace ate so much coal that the Chief Engineer said something would have to be done or the bunkers would give out before we could make harbour. The only person who seemed unconscious of the awkwardness of the situation was the cause of the whole trouble, Yvonne herself. She made friends with everyone, but the Skipper was her special favourite, and she insisted on laying in his sou'-wester. She as good as said that if she couldn't have that for a nest she wouldn't lay at all, so there. She was really irresistible; with the exception of the Silent Menace we were her slaves to a man. The Steward spent half-an-hour one morning following her about the deck on his hands and knees, trying to coax her to eat a piece of bacon rind which he said he'd cooked specially for her breakfast. But the Menace was unbending; he treated Yvonne as though she did not exist. She beset him with her most guileful charms, but in vain; it seemed as though he would remain a rebel to the end.

But we had yet to learn the limit of Yvonne's powers. She had failed to beguile him by kindness and amiability; even the most alluring of glad eyes had left him unresponsive. There was still one more appeal. One morning

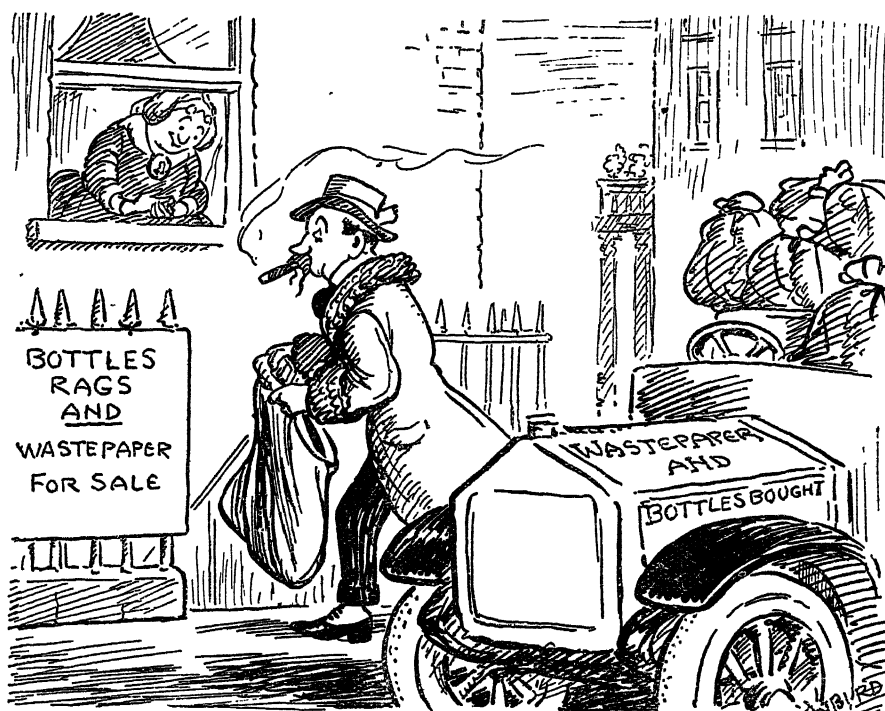


“IT’S ‘OUR DAY.’ WHAT MAY I PUT YOU DOWN FOR?”

[The British Red Cross Society is spending £60,000 a week on our sick and wounded and £40,000 a week on our prisoners. Mr. Punch earnestly appeals to his generous friends to help him to send a really useful contribution to the fund of “Our Day.” Cheques, which will be gratefully acknowledged, should be made payable to the Secretary, *Punch* Offices, crossed “London County and Westminster Bank,” Temple Bar, and addressed to 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.]



1914.



1918.

Yvonne was flirting about with the Mate, who was seated on deck making a fishing-line. In a spirit of mischief she insisted on mistaking the end of his line for a worm, pouncing upon it with eager clucks.

Suddenly the Mate made a dash at his tormentor. With a little laugh of derision Yvonne hopped nimbly on to the casing, dodged round the stokehole ventilator and jumped down on the other side, right on to the back of the Silent Menace, who was walking moodily in the direction of the galley.

"Oh," ejaculated Yvonne, or a cluck to that effect.

The Menace stared at her disgustedly, turned his back and walked off in the opposite direction, the picture of outraged dignity. Yvonne recovered herself, grimaced at the Mate, then, picking up a small piece of coal in her beak, she took it and laid it at the Menace's feet.

"Eat it," she practically said.

For a brief space there was a conflict of emotions within him, and then some dormant long-suppressed sense of humour gained the mastery; with an abashed grin he looked at Yvonne, and, wonder of wonders, gave a short convulsive wag of his tail. He had capitulated!

That same afternoon the Skipper called me to him.

"Look there," he said; "if that don't beat everything!"

Peeping round the corner of the deckhouse I beheld the Silent Menace recumbent on an outspread duffel coat, and by his side, chattering away most intimately, sat Yvonne. Just then the Menace caught sight of us watching him and, overcome with confusion, he hid his face between his forepaws.

Both the Skipper and I are absolutely convinced that he blushed to the very tips of his ragged war-worn ears.

From a feuilleton:—

"Not by straining his eyes to the utmost could he catch a sound."

Scottish Paper.

He should have tried the new optophone attachment.

TAXI TOPICS.

A CORRESPONDENT recently alleged that he distinctly remembered seeing a taxi-cab pull up in the Strand when hailed by a pedestrian. The story is not generally believed, the only credible theory being that the cab must have run out of petrol.

Taxi-drivers are so much like human beings that it takes an expert to tell the difference.

Caught young, they are sometimes so tame that they will take tips out of your hand.

Great care should be exercised in stalking a taxi-cab. It is a good plan to walk up behind it. If you approach it from the front you are apt to frighten the timid thing away.

Some people recommend the big-game hunter's way of staring the object straight in the eyes. Should he attempt to jump the cab at you, step aside smartly.

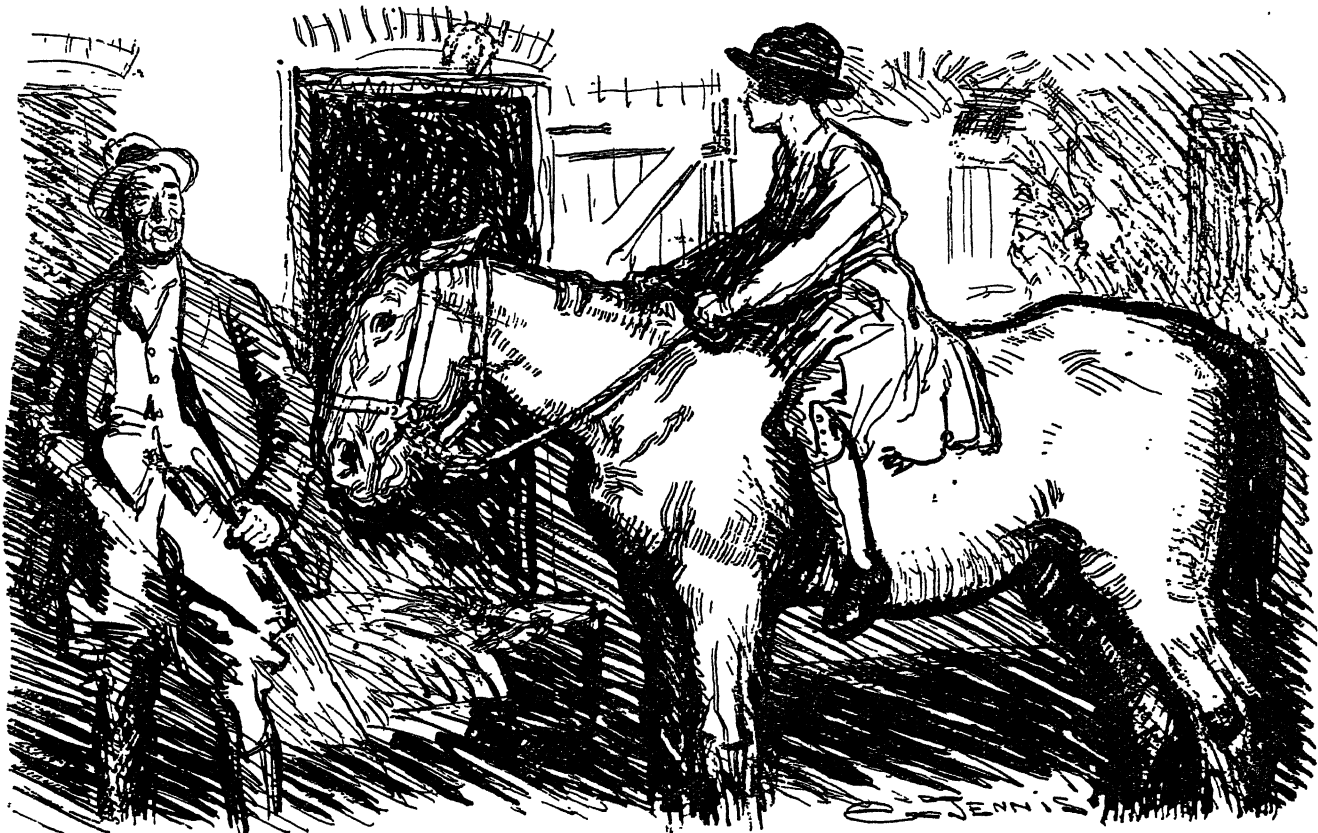
Another method is to wait till the cab is nearly level with you and then take a run and hurl yourself through the window. Seat yourself at once and pretend that you have been there all the time.

Should the driver charge you largely in excess of his legal fare, tell him that you have nothing less than a five-pound note with you. If you have an honest face and speak kindly he will probably accept this amount.

If upon being offered the legal fare the driver should show the white of his eyes and set back his ears at a dangerous angle it is well to send for an interpreter to take down what he says, to be used in evidence at your inquest.

"I remember being in Paris in 1870, and observing the words 'Libertie,' 'Equalite' and 'Fraternite' placed on the bridges, etc. But there is no liberty without laws."—*Glasgow Evening Paper.*

And apparently no law (of spelling, at any rate) without liberties.



Farmer. "GEE UP, DOBBIN!"

Newly-arrived Landworker. "OH, DON'T TALK TO HIM, SIR, PLEASE. HE'S FRIGHTFULLY SENSITIVE."

THE CONVERT.

WHAT need to name his honours or to count his scholarship? A first in Classics, in History, in Economics, Greek and Latin Prize Odes, Chancellor's Prize Poem, President of the Union, stroke of his boat, Scholar of this college, Fellow of that—what need to catalogue all this, for was he not to the world *the* Penstimman; but to us, most emphatically and ecstatically, *our* Penstimman?

That he was not in the Army at the outbreak of war is to be put at the door of those who compose medical categories. But in 1918 by some good fortune and a deal of lying he appeared on the battle-fields of Flanders as 0567834 Lance-Corporal Penstimman. Soon after his arrival at the Front came the establishment of a scheme of educational training among the troops. An energetic Education Officer fished Penstimman out of the Sergeants' Mess (whither sheer force of character had brought him) and set him to work to lecture to the Brigade.

You remember Penstimman in the old days?

There was but one inevitable result. All interest centred in Penstimman. His lectures were packed to suffoca-

tion, not only with men but also with officers; and they would even walk miles from neighbouring formations to listen to the one and only Lance-Corporal Penstimman.

More than this, he became a topic in the Mess.

Now the Brigadier was of the old school. He didn't believe in education; not he! "What was this fellow called—Penstimman?" He'd never heard the name, anyhow; he would be blanked if he had! And blanked very effectually he was, as four-fifths of the conversation in Mess was about Penstimman and his lectures. But the more the General hardened his heart the greater grew the desire within him to hear the great Penstimman—our Penstimman, as the Brigade had begun to call him.

Now by the decree of Fate it happened that a complete soldier's kit had been left in the General's office for exhibition next day to a visitor from an Allied Army; the temptation was too great and the Brigadier fell.

That night a soldier in a uniform too large for him slunk into the shadow at the end of the hut, and the General listened to Penstimman delivering a lecture on "Currency," as enthralling as any tale from the *Arabian Nights*.

The Brigadier received the following note next morning:—

DEAR GENERAL,—I shall always be delighted to see you at my classes in whatever rank you choose to come. But if you come again in the rank of a private I must insist, in the interest of discipline, that you wear your bandolier over the left and not the right shoulder. Yours obediently,

0567834 L/C PENSTIMMAN.

The General is now a disciple of Penstimman—as we all are. For with all his fierceness the Brigadier is a white man.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Latin has proved a sure basis for most aviation terms, such as biplane, monoplane, aerodrome."—*Liverpool Post*.

Our Clear Thinkers.

"I shall not be surprised—indeed I shall be disappointed—if we do not have peace by Christmas.—Mr. Kellaway, Financial Secretary to the Ministry of Munitions."—*Star*.

"The Economic History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century' deals with the history of Ireland in the eighteenth century from the economic standpoint."

Saturday Westminster.

It is a great thing to meet with a really conscientious review.

THE MUD LARKS.

A GENEROUS foe, the soul of chivalry, I am always ready to admit that the Bosch has many good points. For instance, he is—er—er—oh, well, I can't think of any particular good point just for the moment. On the other hand it must be admitted that he has his bad ones also, and one of these is that he cannot stand success; he is the world's worst winner.

Never does he pull off one of these "victorious retreats" of his but he needs must spoil the effect by leaving behind all sorts of puerile booby traps, butter-slides, etc., for the annoyance of the on-sweeping vanquished, displaying a state of mind which is usually slipped out of one at a dame school.

Most of his practical jokes (you already know something about them, as another warrior has been writing on this pleasant theme in Mr. Punch's pages) are of the fifth of November order and detonate by means of a neat arrangement of springs, wire and acid contained in a small metal cylinder.

You open a door and the attached house blows away all round it, leaving the door in your damaged hand. You step on a duckboard; something goes bang! and the duckboard ups and hits you for a boundary to leg—and so on, all kinds of diversions.

Of course you don't really open doors and prance on duckboards; that's only what he (Jerry) in his simple faith imagines you will do. In reality you revive memories of the days when as a small boy you tied trip-strings in dark passages and balanced water-jugs on door-tops; and all the Bosch's elementary parlour-tricks immediately become revealed unto you.

Not long ago the Hun, thirsting for yet more imperishable laurels, made a sudden masterly manoeuvre towards the East. Our amateur Staff instantly fell into the trap, and when battle joined again we found we had been lured twenty miles nearer Germany.

The Hun had not left things very comfortable for us; most of the cover had been blown up, and there was the usual generous provision of booby-traps lying about dumbly pleading to be touched off. However, we sheltered in odd holes and corners, scrounged about for what we could "souvenir" and made ourselves as snug as possible.

It was while riding out alone on one of these souveniring expeditions that our William came upon a chaff-cutter standing in what had once been the stable yard of what had once been a château. Now to a mounted unit a chaff-cutter is a thing of incredible

value. It is to us what a mincing-machine is to the frugal housewife.

Our own cutter was with the baggage, miles away in the rear, and likely to remain there.

William slipped off his horse and approached the thing gingerly. It was a Bosch engine, evidently quite new and in excellent trim. This was altogether too good to be true; there must be a catch somewhere. William withdrew twenty yards and hurled a brick at it—two, three, four bricks. Nothing happened. He approached again and, tying one end of a wrecked telephone wire to it, retired behind a heap of rubble and tugged.

The chaff-cutter rocked to and fro and finally fell over on its side without anything untoward occurring. William, wiping beads from his brow, came out of cover. There was no catch in it after all. It was a perfectly genuine bit of treasure-trove. The Skipper would pat his curly head, say "Good boy," and exalt him above all the other subalterns. *Bon—very bon!*

But how to get it home? For you cannot carry full-grown chaff-cutters about in your breeches pockets. For one thing it spoils the set of your pants. He must get a limber. Yes, but how?

The country was quick with other cavalymen all in the souvenir business. If he left the chaff-cutter in order to fetch a limber, one of them would be sure to snap it up. On the other hand, if he waited for a limber to come trotting up of its own sweet will he might conceivably wait for the rest of the War. Limbers (G.S. Mule) are not fairy coaches.

Our William was up against it. He plunged his hands into his tunic-pockets and commenced to stride up and down, thinking to the best of his ability.

In pocketing his right hand he encountered some hard object. On drawing the object forth he discovered it to be his mother's gift. William's mother, under the impression that her son spends most of his time lying wounded and starving out in No-man's-land, keeps him liberally supplied with tabloid meals to sustain him on these occasions—herds of bison corralled into one lozenge, the juice of myriad kine concentrated in a single capsule. This particular gift was of peppermints (warranted to assuage thirst for weeks on end). But it was not the peppermints that engaged William's young fancy; it was the container, small, metal, cylindrical.

His inspiration took fire. He set the tin under the chaff-cutter, chopped off a yard of telephone wire, buried one end in peppermints, twisted the other

about the leg of the cutter, mounted his horse and rode for dear life.

When he returned with the limber an hour later, he found three cavalymen, two horse-guns and a transportee grouped at a respectful radius round the chaff-cutter, daring each other to jerk the wire.

When William stepped boldly forward and jerked the wire they all flung themselves to earth and covered their heads. When nothing happened and he coolly proceeded to load the cutter on the limber they all sat up again and took notice.

When he picked up the tin and offered them some peppermints they mounted their horses and rode away.

PATLANDER.

IN TRUST.

(Australian soldiers are marrying English women.)

BEFORE the War, long years ago,

She played about the village street,
Twisted a daisy chain or so

In summer, or with flying feet
Traced patterns in the winter snow,
Or maybe through the clang and smoke

Clattered to school for half the day;
The other, punctual to the stroke,

Worked at the mill and paid her way
And earned her keep like other folk.

The years brought war, and through
the great

New turmoil of a world upturned
From far away there came her fate,

Brave, brown and lean. One day
she learned,

Surprised but glad, she'd found her
mate.

Soon, the War done, from scenes that
were

Her clear-cut all, alone with him
She will have passed where in a blur

Of sea-wide distance, golden dim,
The great adventure beckons her.

Australian ways are not the same

As what she knows; in that broad
land,

Threatened with unfamiliar flame

Of drought the scattered homesteads
stand,

And there she goes to prove her name.
By plain and pasture, hills and beach,

Her world will swell in monstrous
girth,

Lonely, immense, beyond the reach

Of common help, till all her earth

Is strange but English hearts and
speech.

Australia, treat her well; as those

Your sons came here to give their
lives

For love of England, so she goes

To great ordeals. These your wives
Are England. So the Empire grows.

THE BASE HOSPITAL.

III.—SISTER.

"Sisther's name, is ut?"

"Some call her 'Sisther,' some 'Sisther dear,' some 'Sadie'—'tis what the other Sisthers call her. I heard Matron call her 'Sisther Longton.' That poor blighter over there—her own words—who's badly hit in the lung and I misdoubt won't see his next pay, calls her 'Angel.'"

"'Sisther, Sisther,' says he, 'will I get through?'"

"'Me dear man, ye dare suggest ye won't? What?'"

"Next minute she's fittid to the next bed. I was the other side of ut. 'Laig aiser, Tim?' 'Sure, Sisther.' Back she was lovin' round the poor blighter. Just watchin', nodded and smiled."

"Down on me like bricks she was; 'Number 47, why won't ye lie shtill?' She calls me that when she's throubled. 'Will I have to shtraighten ye fohrtysivin times a day?' 'Me laig's kinked and me bed unaissy by raison of the lump of shrapnel in ut.'"

"Wid that she shtraightens ut, gives me a shlap on the jaw, God love her, and to the poor blighter again."

"She was busy, I could see she was; sure a new convoy'd come in—half-past eight night 'twas. Ahll the V.A.D.'s was gone and the Volunteer R.A.M.C.'s, gentle fellas, was deliverin' of twinty odd new stretcher cases from the Front."

"I caught sight of little shtill Matron at the dhure. I did not say nothin', no, Sorr; I might have said, 'God help Sadie,' so I grit me teeth, me laig painin' me somethin' pasht bearin'. Thim ortherlies, good fellas too, was waitin' instructions. They got 'em quick, and whilst they was thinkin' about 'em she was back to the poor blighter, kissed him lovely, and thin wint off to the new cases and was shtrippin' 'em, coddlin' 'em and blanket-bathin' 'em, and me shtarvin' for a look."

"She's just 'Sisther,' God bless her!"

IV.—THE OPERATION.

"I knew ut—I knew ut! Did not the little nurse, the wan wid the crinky hair and sloe eyes, did she not say this marnin' to the ortherly, 'Tis tay only for No. 47.' And Tim there taking his aigs and toastes."

"Did not Sisther shmile at me her furst round? Did she not say, 'No dhressins for Mike,' to the V.A.D.? Did not the docthor pull his lip yister-day whin he read me chart and earrd? 'Tis well I know the signs."

"May the mother of Moses look sideways on the Hun that loosed off that Minnie!"



"HOW THE DEUCE DID YOU GET THAT PAIR OF BLACK EYES? YOU MUSTN'T FIGHT WHEN YOU'RE IN THE LINE, JONES."

"BUT I AIN'T BEEN FIGHTIN', SIR. A BIT O' SHELL DONE IT."

"'Tis not the first time the throlley's shtopped by this bed."

"What's the proceedure, is ut?"

"Ye are lifted on to the throlley, ye are sailed down the ward. Aich wan looks at ye to see are ye white. Sisther says, 'Mike,' sharp, 'ye will not swear.' Me doin' ut unbeknownst like."

"Into the te-atre 'tis. There's docthor wid the rubber gloves and his white coatee an. Things kivered wid a cloth—well I know them. 'Will I feel ut?' ye ask: Will I not?"

"Man dear, 'tis ahful. 'Tis a gas-mask ye want, the chlorriform takin' ye by the t'roat surprisin'."

"Ye do not struggle, no; ye take deep breaths as ye are tould, and ye

choke. 'Lasht thing ye hear is Sisther, 'Take ut aisy, Mike dear,' and then the consciousness of ye goes. Glory be! What's that? 'Afther,' ye say? Afther 'tis a head ye have. 'Tis a head like Tim there tuk to himself whin he found the rum jar, mistakin' ut for wather I do not think. 'Tis a dulled pain. 'Tis a nurse who tells ye, 'Mike, ye'll hale fine. 'Twas a be-eutiful operation,' her first wan, maybe. 'Tis ahll of them tellin' ye 'Are ye aisy?' 'Tis Night Sisther comin' twinty times to see are ye shleepin'. 'Tis God's own blessed mercy for doin' away wid the pain."

The Spread of Education.

"WANTED Smart Man for aerated waters delivery; good scholar."—Bendigo Independent.



WAR'S LITTLE IRONIES.

SECOND-LIEUTENANT JONES, R.G.A. (in civil life a rising dentist), IS PUT IN CHARGE OF A ROCK-DRILLING PARTY.

THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

XVII.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XCII.

Richard. Did people still write poetry in this reign?

Mrs. M. What a strange question! Why, it was calculated that there were more poets and novelists to the square mile than at any other time. And the inspiration was not confined to one class. There were postman poets, bath-chair poets, railway-porter poets as well as poets who were Peers or Members of the Order of the British Empire.

George. Was Field-Marshal HAIG a poet?

Mrs. M. No, my dear. He was otherwise and, I think, better engaged. But I believe Sir IAN HAMILTON published a volume of poems in his youth, and there were many splendid soldier poets, and a good many people who wrote what they called poetry, though, as it deliberately avoided rhyme and metre, other people found it hard to distinguish it from prose. But the quantity was enormous. And besides the men and women and children who wrote this poetry there was a considerable number

of persons engaged in discovering and encouraging poets, writing prefaces to their books, founding poetry clubs and opening poetry hotels and teashops. One of the most famous resorts of the Georgian poets was a vegetarian poetry restaurant. As one of the unsympathetic critics said, poetry had ceased to be a matter of inspiration; it was a great industry, the products of which, if not too exalted in aim, commanded a ready sale. Indeed quite a number of people lived by writing verses, apart from those who lived by writing about them.

George. But why did they give up writing in rhyme?

Mrs. M. Not all of them gave it up; only those who found that it interfered with the rapidity of composition or who despised it because it had been used by the Victorians. At the vegetarian poetry restaurant I have referred to it was forbidden to mention the name of TENNYSON, the popular Victorian poet, because on one occasion a stranger who had praised TENNYSON was temporarily blinded by an indignant Georgian who threw a hot nut-outlet in his face.

Mary. How messy! Was he punished?

Mrs. M. Yes, my dear. He had to pay a farthing damages. The case was tried before the famous Judge DARLING and lasted nineteen days. The terrible provocation which the prisoner had received was duly considered, and the Judge's summing-up is still a favourite piece in the repertory of comic elocutionists.

Any Connection?

"CROWN PRINCE'S FLIGHT."

Sunday Pictorial.

"A Berlin news agency telegram published in the Dutch papers reports that a bag containing Treasury notes, bonds, and other securities to the value of seventy million marks has been stolen from the General Post-office in Berlin."—*Manchester Guardian.*

From the rules of the National Union of Scientific Workers:—

"VIII. The Governing Body of the Union shall be a Council elected by the branches. Each branch shall elect to the Council a number of members equal to the integer nearest to n/s , where n is the number of members of the branch and s is a number to be fixed from time to time by the Council. Zero shall not be counted as an integer. If n/s is of the form $p + \frac{1}{2}$, where p is an integer, it shall be taken as equal to p or to $p + 1$, according as p is odd or even."

Well, nothing could be fairer than that.



SOLDIER AND CIVILIAN.

MARSHAL FOCH (to Messrs. CLEMENCEAU, WILSON and LLOYD GEORGE). "IF YOU'RE GOING UP THAT ROAD, GENTLEMEN, LOOK OUT FOR BOOBY-TRAPS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, October 15th.—Both Houses met again to-day "according to plan," and not because there is any very urgent need for their labours just now. The official programme was hardly exciting enough to account for the large attendance both on the floor and in the galleries. As I cannot imagine that it was an absorbing interest in Tithe Rent-charge which caused Lord FISHER to pay one of his angelic visits to the Peers' Gallery I infer that he expected to hear something about the War—or the Peace.

In that he was disappointed. Mr. BONAR LAW thought it premature to discuss a military situation changing every hour—and happily always for the better—or even to propose a formal Vote of Thanks to men who were daily adding to their harvest of laurels. As for the Peace-proposals, the wise gardener never pulls up a plant to see how it is growing, particularly if, as in this case, it may be a "plant" indeed.

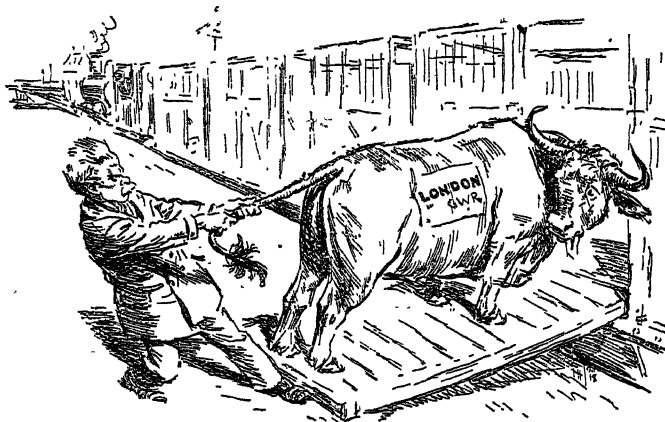
The Irish Nationalists were present in unusual force. They learned that the Munster Fusiliers had fought gallantly with Gough, and that in answer to the recent appeal for recruits less than ten thousand of their fellow-countrymen have shown any inclination to follow their example. The CHIEF SECRETARY had nothing to say about conscription and refused to be drawn even when Mr. KING essayed a second inquiry "arising out of that silence."

Mr. DILLON and his colleagues put a great many questions regarding the torpedoing of the *Leinster* and the lack of an escort. It was unfortunate that their tone suggested more indignation with the alleged *laches* of the Admiralty than horror at the German crime. I almost thought at one time that Dr. MACNAMARA would have to get up and say, "Perhaps I ought to inform hon. gentlemen opposite that it was a German and not a British submarine that did this thing." But he contented himself with explaining that very fast ships like the *Leinster* were considered to be safer when proceeding independently than when convoyed by slower warships.

Mr. OUTHWAITE's natural curiosity as to the date of the General Election, which will *inter alia* terminate his representation of Hanley, was not satisfied: Possibly the PRIME MINISTER is waiting until the House shall have

decided whether women are to be eligible for seats. It would seem about time for Sir G. O. TREVELLYAN to prepare a revised edition of "The Ladies in Parliament."

While everywhere else men were discussing President WILSON's reply to the GERMAN CHANCELLOR, the House of Commons devoted the best part of an hour to the recent change in the proprietorship of *The Daily Chronicle*, formerly *The Clerkenwell News*, and now, if we are to believe all that Mr. PRINGLE said about it, the *Chronique Scandaleuse*. But Sir HENRY DALZIEL, the controlling member of the new proprietor, who ought to know, gave an entirely different account of the transaction; and the House, I am sure, attached at least as much importance to the one statement as to the other.



Bullock (to Mr. Clynes, who is restricting the sale of fat cattle for food. "BUT I HEARD THEY WANTED MORE.")

Wednesday, October 16th.—The House is beginning to suspect that the enthusiasm of certain of its Members for increased pensions to soldiers is inspired by a desire to save their own seats at the taxpayers' expense. It is quite ready to leave the interests of the soldier and his dependents in the generous and capacious hands of Mr. JOHN HODGE, the Grand Pensionary of the Treasury Bench. When he says a case is "under-r my immediate pairsonal conseeder-ration" it is as good as done.

As soon as Mr. CLYNES, fearing a shortage, decides to cut down our meat rations, he is faced with a crowd of angry farmers complaining that they cannot dispose of their prime beasts. Sir JOHN SPEAR, a standing contradiction of the adage, "who drives fat cattle should himself be fat," put the farmers' case very well. Either they ought to be allowed to sell their beeves or else they ought to be furnished with feeding-stuffs to keep them in condition. Major ASTOR, in a conciliatory reply, promised that every effort would be made to absorb

the surplus stock, principally by supplying the troops at home with fresh meat instead of frozen. So Mr. CLYNES will be popular in the Messes for a week or two.

Thursday, October 17th.—The Government's action in regard to meat has caused the resignation of their Pig Controller. Mr. DEVLIN was naturally concerned to hear that "the gentleman who pays the rint" had lost his protector and demanded to know what was "the pig policy" of the Government. But Mr. BONAR LAW, entering into his humour, replied that "an important question of that kind" required notice.

A question referring to "capitulations" aroused momentary interest, until it was discovered that they were only the Egyptian and not the Central European variety.

The Ulstermen have now delivered up those famous rifles of which we have heard so much, and seen so little since 1913. But Mr. DILLON, still dissatisfied—perhaps because he has lost a valuable grievance—called the CHIEF SECRETARY's attention to a widespread opinion in Ireland that the surrender was a fraud. Mr. SHORTT drily remarked that there were a good many widespread opinions in Ireland.

The Luxury Tax is dead, at least for the time being—thanks to the diversion provided by the KAISER. But

Mr. BONAR LAW hopes that it will rise again in next year's Budget.

The SECRETARY OF SCOTLAND too has reason to be grateful to the Huns, for while the House has been absorbed in the exciting news from Flanders he has slipped the Scottish Education Bill through its remaining stages in double-quick time. It was pleasant to watch the tactful way in which he persuaded even the dourest of his fellow-countrymen to swallow the MUNRO doctrine.

Encouragement for Haig, Foch and Pershing.

"The victories of the Allies on all fronts are much appreciated in this town [Denbigh]." *North Wales Times.*

"REICHSTAG AND THE FRENCH PROVINCES.

INTER-ARTY AGREEMENT."

Manchester Paper.

Not extra-'arty, you will note.

"FOR SALE, new Dark Green Warm Winter Coat; 75/-; pure wood."—*Irish Paper.*
Trimmed with fir, we suppose.

OUGHT NOVELISTS TO PAINT?

REMARKABLE DEBATE.

At a recent meeting of the Quill-drivers' Club the action of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT in challenging public criticism as an artist was discussed at a most interesting debate.

Sir EDWARD COOK, who opened the discussion, observed that Mr. BENNETT was only following the example of TURNER, which he had noted in his *Literary Recreations*, and cited BROWNING's lines:—

"Ay, of all the artists living, loving,
None but would forgo his proper dowry—
Does he paint? He fain would write a
poem;
Does he write? He fain would paint a
picture."

Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY, who followed, strongly deprecated the dragging in of BROWNING, who was merely a Victorian. In spite of his unfortunate Christian name of ARNOLD, Mr. STRACHEY was inclined to place Mr. BENNETT above RAFAEL and DANTE, for he was a better novelist than the former and a better landscape-painter than the latter.

Mr. CHARLES GARVICE frankly regretted Mr. BENNETT's new departure. He had already achieved distinction as journalist, novelist and dramatist. He was now a Government official. Where would it end? The post of Ambassador to the United States was still open, and, if it was not given to Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, might very likely be offered to Mr. BENNETT.

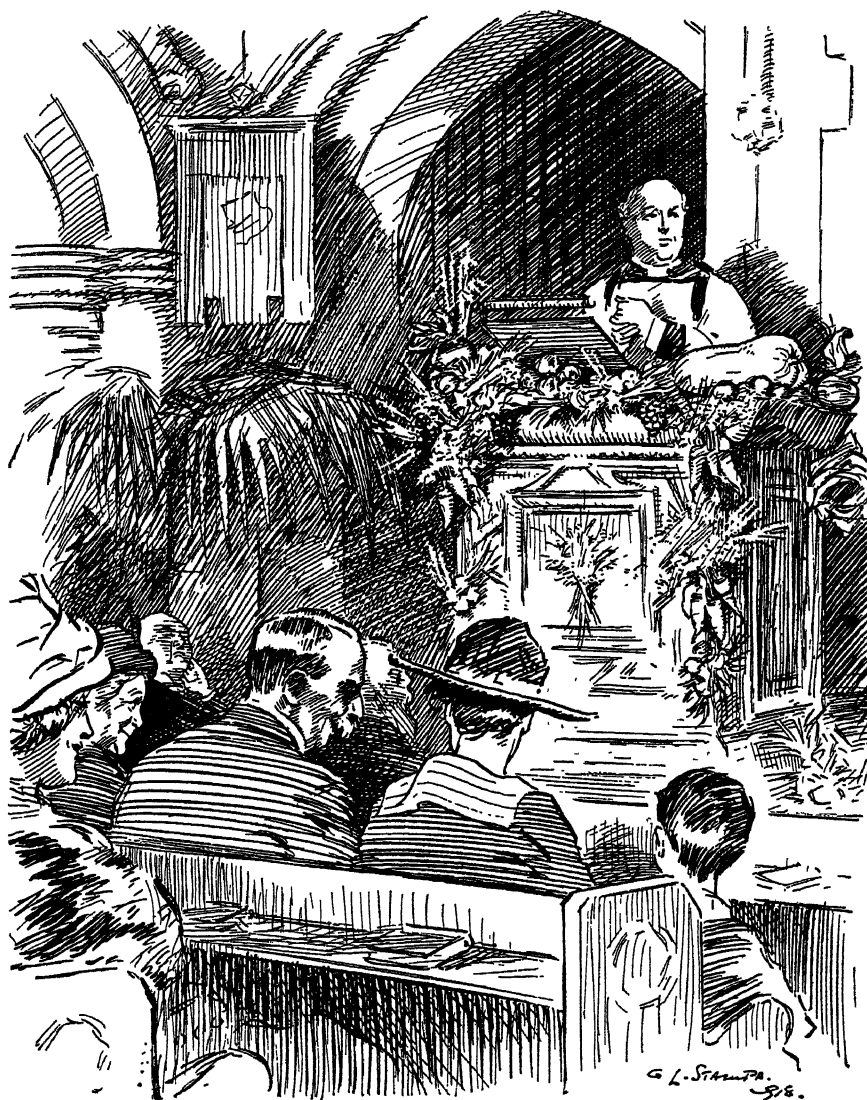
Mr. CHESTERTON, on the contrary, held that the more a writer spread himself the more concentrated he became and the greater was his grip on his public. Personally he would walk miles to see Sir HALL CAINE dancing in the Russian ballet at the Coliseum.

Sir HENRY DALZIEL, M.P., asked for permission to make a brief personal explanation. There was no foundation for the report that Mr. BENNETT had been engaged to contribute political cartoons to *The Daily Chronicle* in support of the present Cabinet.

A representative of the Black and White Artists' Trade Union denounced Mr. BENNETT as a black-leg from the Black Country, but met with little support, and the meeting passed a resolution sanctioning Mr. BENNETT's action on the understanding that he abstained from exhibiting portraits of the PRIME MINISTER.

Cannon-Fodder.

A recently-joined recruit writes to protest against the latest development of official humour. His calling-up notice bore the postmark "Feed the Guns!"



OUR HARVEST FESTIVAL.

Humourist (in stage whisper). "VICAR LOOKS RATHER WELL IN HIS ALLOTMENT."

The "Helping Hand" Matinée.

A matinée on behalf of the fund for the foundation of scholarships for the daughters of sailors and soldiers fallen or disabled in the War will be given at the Adelphi Theatre on Tuesday, October 29th, at 2.15. The programme will include a Mime play—*The Surrey Zoo*—by Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR, and a One-Act Comedy—*The Boy Comes Home*—by Mr. A. A. MILNE. The casts will include Miss ATHENE SEYLER, Miss MARY JERROLD, Mrs. CHRISTOPHER LOWTHER, Mr. DAWSON MILWARD, Mr. TOM REYNOLDS and Mr. OWEN NARES. Mme. LOPOKOVA and M. MASSINE, of the Russian Ballet, Miss JULIA JAMES and Miss VIOLET LORRAINE will also give their services to this good cause, for which contributions may be sent to A. CARSON-ROBERTS, Esq., 20, Mallord St., S.W. 3.

The Linguists.

"There appeared to be an innumerable number of Italians speaking perfect English who had come from America, and I often was asked, 'How's the folks in New York?'"
Japan Advertiser.

Mr. WELLS, of the big cerebellum,
Uses mountains of paper (or vellum);
When his temper gets bad
And we ask, "Why so mad?"
He replies, "They won't do as I tell 'em!"

From an article on "Henry Ford, Quantity Manufacturer of War":—

"You and I don't know how many cylinders are used in each machine. But eighteen hundred cylinders per day means one hundred and eight thousand cylinders per week."
Weekly Paper.

They seem to work a sixty days' week in the United States.

ANOTHER CASE FOR "THE LANCET."

SCENE I.

An ordinary English home. Time about 7 P.M.

Careful and Fond Mother. Now, take your medicine, darling. It's bedtime, you know.

Dutiful Child. Yes, Mamma, dear.

Intelligent Aunt. Why is she taking medicine?

Careful and Fond Mother. It's only a little tonic the doctor prescribed. (*Hands glass to Dutiful Child, who drinks contents.*) Now run along to bed quickly, dear. Good night.

Dutiful Child. Good night, Mamma and Auntie, dear.

[*Exit.*

(*There is a pause of fifteen minutes.*)

Intelligent Aunt, who has been working in a War hospital and affects to know something of drugs, picks up tonic and looks at label. Good gracious! It's got your name on it.

Careful and Fond Mother (seizing the bottle). Great heavens! it has. It's my medicine—not hers. And I'm almost certain it contains strychnine.

Intelligent Aunt. And as you've been taking it for some time I expect the dose has been increased.

[*Careful and Fond Mother and Intelligent Aunt gaze with growing horror into each other's eyes.*

Intelligent Aunt (taking case suddenly in hand). She must have an emetic at once. Ipecac. Dose 5 minims. Repeat if necessary. Or salt-and-water. I'll dash off to the doctor's and ask him what's to be done. (*Seizes bottle.*) Don't waste a minute in giving her that emetic.

SCENE II.

Dutiful Child is discovered sitting up in bed eating her supper when Careful and Fond Mother rushes in.

Dutiful Child. Look, Mamma, dear, at the beautiful baked custard cook has made for my supper.

The Mother (snatching away custard). Don't eat any more. You must have an emetic immediately. (*Rapidly explains the situation.*) You must be sick at once.

Dutiful Child (questioning inexorable Fate). Must I? Can't I finish my custard first?

The Mother. No. Take this at once. (*Dutiful Child drinks. A pause.*) How are you feeling?

Dutiful Child. Quite well, thank you, Mamma, dear. May I have my custard now?

The Mother. No. (*After another pause.*) You'd better have some more drops.

dear, thank you. But perhaps I could manage a little of my cus—

The Mother. No. Can't you be sick, child?

Dutiful Child. No, Mamma, I'm afraid I can't.

The Mother. But why can't you? It's dreadful, most unnatural.

Enter Adoring Father on the scene.

Adoring Father. Hullo, what's this? Kid not asleep yet?

The Mother (after explaining whole situation). What on earth are we to do now?

The Father (a very rapid thinker). Well, there are other emetics. Mustard and—yes, by Jove, soap-and-water.

Dutiful Child. Oh, must I?

The Mother. Soap-and-water! Yes, that sounds the worst—the best, I mean. Get it at once.

The Father. Enough to make a good lather, should you think?

Dutiful Child (still questioning inexorable Fate). Oh, must I?

The Mother. Do hurry.

[*Adoring Father dashes off and returns with glass.*

The Mother (in feverish haste). Drink this, darling.

Dutiful Child. Oh, must—

The Mother (unnerved by the intensity of her emotions). Don't say that again. Can't you see how serious it is, child? You might die any minute.

[*Dutiful Child hastily takes glass and swallows contents.*

The Father (looking at a few iridescent bubbles at bottom of glass). Well, that ought to do it. I made it strong.

[*Pause.*

The Mother (breaking strained silence). How do you feel now, darling?

Dutiful Child. Dreadful, thank you, Mamma, dear.

The Mother. That isn't enough. Can't you—

Dutiful Child. No, I can't, Mamma. *The Mother (getting hysterical).* This is terrible. Can nothing save her?

The Father. I suppose the doctor will bring a stomach-pump.

Dutiful Child. Oh, must he? (*ignored.*)

The Father. Couldn't you put your finger down your throat, Kid? I'll give you a shilling if you will.

Dutiful Child (still dutiful, but out-



Bosch (suddenly appearing over the top). "KAMERAD! KAMERAD!" Briton. "LOB', MY SON, YOU DID GIVE ME A TURN. I THOUGHT YOU WAS AN ENEMY."

Dutiful Child. Oh, must I?

The Mother. Yes. Drink this.

Dutiful Child drinks. Can I have my custard now?

The Mother. No. It's very strange that the ipecac. has had no effect. Drink this salt-and-water now, darling.

Dutiful Child. Oh, must I?

The Mother. Yes. Your life depends on it.

[*Dutiful Child drinks. A further pause.*

The Mother (with strained anxiety). How do you feel now?

Dutiful Child (striving to please). I'm feeling a little sick now, Mamma

raged). No, no, I won't (growing more unhappy because the soap-and-water has evidently met the allied forces of ipecac. and salt and a fierce battle is raging). I won't.

The Mother. Do try, darling, and Mamma will fill up the whole of your new card with war-saving stamps.

Dutiful Child (at the moment an indifferent patriot). I don't want war-saving stamps any more (the soap has commenced an encircling movement and the salt and ipecac. have hurried up reserves). No, no, I won't put my finger down my throat.

The Mother. What are we to do? I never knew her to be so obstinate. Oh, why doesn't the doctor come? The child is beginning to look strange already.

The Father (firmly). Suppose we begin all over again. Firstly, the ipecac.—

Dutiful Child. Oh, mus—

Enter Intelligent Aunt, breathless.

Intelligent Aunt. Have you given her anything?

The Mother. Ipecac.—

The Father. Twice.

The Mother. Salt-and-water—

The Father. A cupful.

The Mother. Warm soap-and-water—

The Father. One glass.

The Mother (tearfully). And she won't be sick—simply won't.

Dutiful Child (her child's sense of justice receiving mortal blows). I do want to, Auntie, but I can't be—

Intelligent Aunt (gazing at Dutiful Child in awe). Wonderful! Amazing! I never heard of such a case (meditates on whether "The Lancet" would be interested in a letter on the subject).

The Father. But what did the doctor say? Is he coming?

Intelligent Aunt. No.

The Mother (feverishly). Why not?

Intelligent Aunt. He said it was all right directly he saw the bottle. But to make quite sure he 'phoned to the chemist, who, it appears, put your name on the bottle instead of the Kid's. He was awfully sorry and apologetic.

The Mother. Sorry! Apologetic! Why, the man's a monster. To think of all I've suffered through his carelessness!

Intelligent Aunt. There's no harm done, thank goodness.

The Father. All's well that ends well.

Dutiful Child (suddenly, glad at last that she is able to please). I think, Mamma, that I really can be—

The Mother. It doesn't matter now, dear. You'd better lie perfectly still and let it pass off.

Dutiful Child. Must I?

The Father. Well, it's time we



Naval Lieutenant (home on leave from submarine). "HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A TRIP ON A SUBMARINE, GRANDMA?"

Old Lady. "WELL, YES; BUT IT WOULD ONLY HAVE TO BE FOR A LITTLE WHILE, DEAR, AS I AM SO SHORT OF BREATH."

thought about dinner. Good night, Kid. (They all move towards the door.)

Dutiful Child. Mamma, dear.

The Mother. Yes?

Dutiful Child. Please may I have my custard now?

THE KAISER'S NEW MOTTO: "East, West—home's best."

"Le Temps quotes the following extract from a letter which was seized on a distinguished German prisoner:—'Life! Why this is Cavalry that we are enduring.'"

Provincial Paper.

Well, it might have been Tanks.

"THE FUTURE OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

A RETROSPECT.

(By a Veteran Assistant-Master.)"

Times Educational Supplement.

We have the utmost sympathy with all Assistant-Masters, and earnestly hope that they do not spend too much of their spare time in looking back upon the future.

AN EPITAPH IN ANTICIPATION.

IN memory of poor Prince MAX, Who, posing as the friend of Pax, Yet was not noticeably lax In the true Teuton faith which hacks Its way along forbidden tracks, Marks bloody dates on almanacs And holds all promises as wax; Breeding, where once we knew HANS SACHS,

A race of monomaniacs . . . But now illusion's mirror cracks, The radiant vision fades, the axe Lies at the root. So farewell, MAX!

Mixed Agriculture.

"SEEDS Wanted, to Graze with Sheep."
Doncaster Gazette.

After Pope.

Great Foch's law is by this rule exprest—

Prevent the coming, speed the parting pest.

THE IRISH EXILE.

OVER here in England I'm slavin' in the rain;
Six-an'-six a day we get, an' beds that wanst were clane;
Weary on the English work, 'tis killin' me that same—
Och, Muckish Mountain, where I used to lie an' dhrame!

At night the windows here are black as Father Murphy's
hat;
'Tis fivepence for a pint av beer, an' thin ye can't get that;
Their beef has shtrings like anny harp, for dacent ham I
hunt—
Och, Muckish Mountain, an' my pig's sweet grunt!

Sure there's not a taste av buttermilk that wan can buy
or beg;
Thin their sweet milk has no crame, an' is as blue as a
duck-egg;
Their whisky is as wake as wather-gruel in a bowl—
Och, Muckish Mountain, where the *poteen* warms yer sowl!

'Tis mesilf that longs for Irish air an' gran' ould Donegal,
Where there's lashins and there's lavins and no scarcity
at all;
Where no wan cares about the War, but jist to ate an'
play—
Och, Muckish Mountain, wid yer feet beside the say!

Sure these Englishmin don't spare thimselves in this
thremenjus fight;
They say 'tis life or death for thim, an' faith, they may be
right;
But Father Murphy tells me that it's no consarn av
mine—
Och, Muckish Mountain, where the white clouds shine!

Over there in Ireland we're very fond av peace,
Though we break the heads av Orangemin an' batther the
police;
For we're all agin the Governmint wheriver we may be—
Och, Muckish Mountain, an' the wild wind blowin' free!

If they tuk me out to Flandhers, bedad I'd have to fight,
An' I'm tould thim Jarman vagabones won't let ye sleep
at night;
So I'm going home to Ireland wid English notes galore—
Och, Muckish Mountain, I will niver lave ye more!

AMUSERS LIMITED.

It happened that the little dark man and I came into collision, both of us having looked round at the same moment. He lost his hat and I lost my temper; but he was so small and apologetic and his face was such a network of queer smiles that I forgave him. "It's almost like one o' me own shows," he said.

"One of your own shows?" I said. "What do you mean by that?"

"If you'd like to hear about it," he said, "I'll tell you; and perhaps when you feel in the humour you'll give us an order on your own account. You see, Sir, it's like this," he continued. "You have in me the founder and sole originator of the flourishing company of 'Amusers Limited.' We do a great work in entertaining the wounded. We came to the conclusion that the old methods of amusement were about played out. People, especially wounded people, don't really care for motor-drives to Hampstead Heath or even for high-class concerts. What was required was a return to Nature in the matter of amusement. That's where we come in. All that is necessary is that a wounded man should apply to us at our office in Grafton Street for eight

hours of amusement and pay a subscription of five shillings. From that moment we take him in hand till the eight hours are up, and we supply him with a round of rollicking laughter. Most of our work is done in the open air. Do you see that wounded man? Just watch him and you'll see things happen. Here's a General Officer coming along. A puff of wind catches him; his cap is blown into the street and he sets off after it—I hope you're watching, Sir. There now—his cap comes to rest in a puddle o' water, and as he reaches it he himself falls in the same puddle and emerges covered with mud. A painful experience, you'll say; but just look at the wounded man and tell me what he's doing."

"The wounded man," I said, "is splitting his sides with laughter."

"Well then," he said, "the wounded man is getting his money's worth out of our company. He has paid for laughter and he gets laughter."

"But," I said, "the General—what about him?"

"The General," he said, "is one of our best employees. That little scene you saw is a specimen of his skill. He's worked it up himself and it never fails to go. We have plenty in stock of much the same kind. There's one in which a particularly haughty and pompous man who is parading up Duke Street, St. James's, steps twice where there is no step to be stepped on. You'd laugh till you cried if you saw the terrific shock that this gives to his dignity. It's quite a refined little piece of comedy and goes very well, though a good many prefer something rather rougher. Still, we cater for all tastes. There's one other show I should like to give you—the quarrel with the Italian waiter at a restaurant which is run by us."

Being in a hurry I had to refuse. But next week I am going to subscribe for eight hours of unparalleled amusement.

FROM INDIA'S CORAL STRAND.

It is a far cry from Killarney to Karachi, and yet the fusion of East and West is completed by the circumstance that Karachi boasts a Killarney Hotel. Who founded this establishment and gave it its name I cannot say—almost certainly an Irishman; but he is either there no longer or has relinquished the task of writing out the daily menu to an Oriental dependent, whose handling of the King's English is a constant joy to the guests. Whatever the meals may be the spelling is a surprise.

On a day in this last August, for example, the luncheon consisted of Irish stew, beef cutlets, cold beef, curried vegetables and rice, pancakes and stewed pears. Certain opportunities are here offered to the whimsical orthographer; but nothing extraordinary. The native "booteler" of the Killarney Hotel, Karachi, whose duty it is to transcribe the dishes in chalk on a slate, was, however, equal to some very attractive variations. This was his effort:—

LUNCH.

Irus Estew
Beef Cuttles
Cauld Beef
Vegetebol Curry Rice
Pencuecks Puddim
Perses Stewed

As to how these preparations tasted my correspondent says nothing; but indifferent cooks might do worse than see that all their efforts are accompanied by such picturesque spelling. In the pleasure of deciphering the name of a *plat* any want of flavour may pass unnoticed.

Meanwhile here's to next Shrove Tuesday—and Peace with Pencuecks!



First Caddy (reading). "IT IS RUMOURED THAT THE KAISER HAS ABDICATED." WOT'S THAT, BILL?"
 Second ditto. "IT MEANS 'E'S SO MANY DOWN TO BOGEY 'E'S TORE UP 'IS BLOOMIN' CARD."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A NICE-MINDED credulity on the part of the good characters in spy fiction is of course essential to its success; but I cannot help thinking that the heroine of Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES' latest thriller, *Out of the War* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), reveals herself as almost phenomenally endowed in this respect. *Betty Felbrigg*, the American wife of an English Naval officer, had gone to recuperate at Pysand, on the assurance of her husband that the place was entirely out of the War, and further that he himself might often be unsuspectedly in the neighbourhood on active service. This slight contradiction seems to have escaped her; anyhow off she went to the Bungalow Hotel, a pleasant establishment with a sea view and a sinister chambermaid; and before long, walking upon the beach, she met a man—a man dressed as a Naval captain, calling himself *Horatio Drake*, speaking careful English, which grew more precise in moments of stress, alternately polite and cavalier, with a table manner that lacked refinement, and a taste for pork; and not even the last peculiarity roused in *Betty* the faintest suspicion that her mysterious friend was really—well, you can see what. Indeed I hesitate to say how far this misplaced confidence carried her lest I rouse in your mind my own doubt as to whether anyone, even a heroine, could be such an altogether superhuman simpleton. But if *Betty* as a credible character suffers somewhat from the demands of the plot Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES can be sincerely congratulated upon her handling of the *soi-disant Drake*, a really clever and (one feels) probable study. The skill and fairness of the portrait make it among the best of the many that she has drawn during the past four years.

All Mr. W. H. HUDSON's books have been profoundly

autobiographical. No matter with what theme he may have been principally concerned—the birds of London, the life of a Wiltshire shepherd, the downs of Sussex, the fauna and flora of La Plata, the romance of Bolivia—the central figure has been himself, the patient reader of nature's secrets wistfully endeavouring to reconcile man and the universe. So subjective and introspective are these beautiful books that of few authors do we seem to know more. Our information has come, however, hitherto obliquely and between the lines. Mr. HUDSON now provides what might be called a primer to himself in a direct autobiography, consisting of the intimate history of his early years, under the title, *Far Away and Long Ago* (DENT), where the makings of a naturalist and a mystic are set forth. It has been said that childhood is the most significant period of any imaginative writer's career. Mr. HUDSON's fascinating pages, describing his home in the Pampas, amid fatalistic gauchos, wild cattlemen, odd horse-breeding neighbours and sub-tropical birds and beasts, help us to understand the peculiar position he occupies in literature. Even more, perhaps, are we enlightened by his portrait of that other most powerful influence in an imaginative child's life—his mother. Altogether I should venture to place this among the books whose contemporary popularity will be far exceeded by the attention paid to them by posterity.

Crucifix Corner (METHUEN) is the latest product of the popular firm of C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON. For no reason that I can discover the book is in the form of a long letter or series of letters addressed to a dead clergyman whose name I have omitted to remember—indeed, I think he has no name, but is always spoken of as "dear Padre" or "Padre dear." The writer of the letters is a certain *Miss Mary O'Malley*, who falls in love with *Jim Beckett*, son of an American millionaire, as he with her. But, though

matters proceed very quickly no engagement takes place, and *Jim* becomes a flying man in the forces of the Entente. One day he flies and does not return. What is *Miss O'Malley*, fair but impecunious, to do? She answers that question by getting hold of *Jim's* parents and pretending that she was engaged to their son. It is a mean trick and unworthy of the correspondent of a deceased clergyman; but it succeeds, and the innocent American pair adopt her. In the end *Jim* turns up safe and sound and all is made right. A large portion of the book is of a high-class guide-book order, and gives valuable details of the history and appearance of many places in France. It is perhaps not the very best of the *WILLIAMSON* books, but it has its merits and will serve to pass an hour or two pleasantly enough.

A novel like *The Threshold* (*JARROLD*s), that aims at being a serious essay in industrial reconstruction, yet obeys all the canons of the saccharine school of American fiction, is apt to be irritating. *MARJORIE BENTON COOKE* sets up a cockshy of real rough boulders and then engages a pair of butterflies to bring it down by hurling rose-petals at it. This successfully concluded, she has a magic wand to refashion the fallen ruins as an enchanted palace, when, lo! it is not some fairy tale that concludes in happy-ever-after, but the earth rebuilt on the lines of a garden city, and relations between Capital and Labour adjusted to eternity. In plainer English we are told how the boy-owner of an American cotton-mill, urged to it by a girl-friend—no, not his sweetheart—defied the not very wicked uncle, his guardian, and through strikes, rioting and arson wrought in a twinkling a millennial reformation in the evilly old-fashioned conduct of his factory and in the mode of living of his employés. For the author's aspirations one has nothing but sympathy; but frankly one doubts how such flutter-wing tilting can disturb so tough a windmill, and at times, in spite of the author's moments of real strength, one has to hold on with both hands to the remembrance that she is an American and therefore on our side, in order to forgive and forget some appalling self-complacencies. To these the publishers are accessory by reason of their reverent quotation, on the cover, of some of the writer's—or her heroine's—rather ordinary sayings; but all the same, if you burn the wrapper and go armed with charity, you should find here a good deal to applaud and even something to enjoy.

To those who like a sentimental tale which yet offends not the palate by a surfeit of sweetness and is told with an easy grace, a sense of humour and a discreet eye for character let me commend *The Butterfly Man* (*HEINEMANN*), by *MARIE CONWAY OEWLER*. The scene is set in that proud backwater town, Appleboro, South Carolina. The hero is a crippled cracksman whom the little French padre and the charming maid, *Mary Virginia*, win over to the ways of orderly citizenship. From the profoundest distrust *Slippy*

McGee, insolent outlaw, despair of the cops and sleuths of half a continent, turns into the sky-pilot's enthusiastic assistant, *John Flint*, "the Butterfly Man" (so the children name him), writer of learned monographs, lecturer on famous platforms, and above all friend to all in trouble, from little sweated mill-children to fluttered jenny-wrens threatened by truculent blue jays. Perhaps the change is all a little sudden and the penitent's halo of a little too bright a gold, but the author has the skill to make it seem not utterly incredible. Possibly you may guess the way in which the Butterfly Man, long after his conversion, gets more than even with a blackmailing tyrant of a millionaire. But, whether you guess or not, here's a pleasant tale for you.

The average male reader will usually take an immediate and profound dislike to the hero of a novel who tells the story in the first person singular. To this rule it would be difficult to find a more complete exception than *A. M.*, who tells the story of *Wren's Wife* (*COLLINS*), which is also his own story. If Mr. *CYRIL RUSSELL* had devoted pages to a description of him he could scarcely have made him more knowable, and yet the fact that the story concerns him far more than anyone else never obtrudes itself. *A. M.* sees his first love, *Nancy*, carried off to an Irish home by *Wren*, a virile but unreliable Irish genius who develops a merely Celtic churlishness into downright malevolent meanness by a steady diet of whiskey. Consumed with jealousy of his wife and *A. M.*, and informed by the doctor that he has only a short while to live, he conceives the pleasant idea of making away with himself so cleverly that they will never know whether he is alive or dead. Fortunately the plan miscarries, all but the suicide, and *A. M.* and *Nancy* are free to marry and live happily ever after. It is not the story, however, but the way of its telling that will enhance Mr. *RUSSELL's* reputation and cause dogears to grow on the library copies of *Wren's Wife*.

Of the three generations that contribute to the family history of *Perpetual Fires* (*ALLEN AND UNWIN*) Grandfather *Longways*, owner of a small estate in Northumberland, was a novelist and a good bit of a dreamer; *Anthony*, of the second generation, was a doctor, one of the "get-on-or-get-out" type; and *Oliver*, *Anthony's* son, was a musician, as vague as even a musical genius can be. There is a quietness about Mr. *ERIC LEADBITTER's* methods that appeals very strongly to me. His characters are presented without the smallest symptom of effort or pressure; they are just ordinary people who arouse one's interest merely because they are drawn with uncommon skill. It is a delicate piece of work that may easily fail to attract attention among noisier appeals. There is, however, no good reason that I can see why the author might not, without risk of sacrificing the intrinsic probability of his picture, have been a little more cheerful.



Cook. "MY WORD! THIS BRINGS THE WAR 'OME TO YOU AND NO MISTAKE! 'OO EVER 'EARD OF A RESPECTABLE FAMILY EATING DODO?"

CHARIVARIA.

"WHY not admit frankly that we have lost the War?" says Count TISZA. The KAISER, we are informed, has decided to meet him half-way in the matter and admit that Austria-Hungary has lost it.

Later information goes to show that the KAISER has tried to lose the War but that it is following him up again.

"The way to get rich quick in Germany to-day," says the *Tageblatt*, "is to sell your second-hand furniture." Conservative Germans claim that this is no improvement on the existing practice of selling the Belgians' furniture.

"Once across the Selle," says a contemporary, "and the task of the British and American troops becomes less arduous." LUDENDORF, on the other hand, declares that as far as HINDENBURG is concerned the whole West Front is just one d—d Selle after another.

The German General, Von FRANCOIS, has resigned. Can the military career be getting unpopular in the Fatherland?

"I find there is a good deal of 'wishy-washy' sentiment about with regard to international fraternity," writes Sir WILLIAM BULL, M.P. Wishy, perhaps, but in our experience distinctly unwashy.

The latest German note states that "U" boat commanders have been ordered not to torpedo passenger boats. In order to assist in this merciful arrangement all passenger boats are requested to keep out of the way of approaching torpedoes.

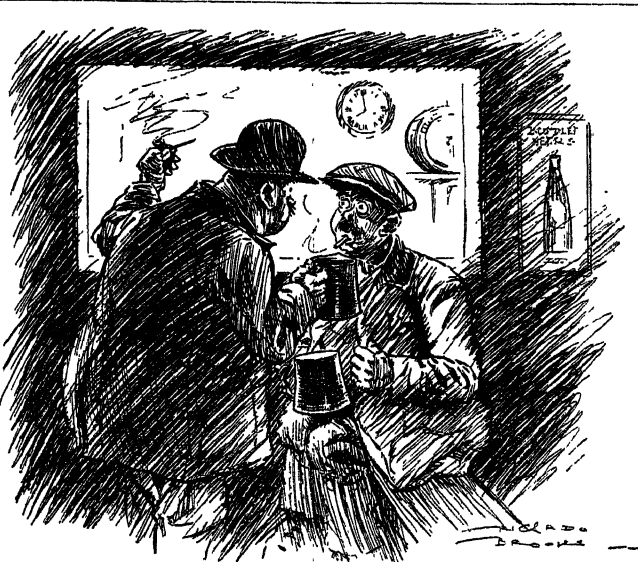
A correspondent writes to say that the old lady in Lancashire who recently celebrated her one-hundredth birthday with pheasant, plum-pudding and champagne was not interned at the time.

"I have done the same round for thirty-seven years," a milkman told the Houndsditch Tribunal, "and know every brick in the district." Is this another case of commercial candour?

"An allowance of petrol," says Sir

ALBERT STANLEY, "is to be made to Parliamentary Candidates desiring to visit their constituencies." Several Pacifist M.P.'s have written urging that it should be available for travel in either direction.

Operatives in the potting industry are to receive a total war bonus of sixty per cent. An exception, of course, is



War Oritic. "OW CAN WE TRUST THE 'UNS? THEY CARN'T TRUST EACH OTHER—'AVE TO 'AVE LIDS ON THEIR PIPES AN' BEER-MUGS."

made in the case of those who are merely potting Germans.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. It appears that the man who was knocked down by a motor mail van in Farringdon Street upon regaining consciousness was heard to remark

FOR THE RED CROSS.

Mr. Punch begs to offer his very sincere thanks to the generous friends who have sent gifts towards his contribution to the funds of "Our Day." The sum of these gifts already approaches £10,000.

He ventures to repeat his appeal on behalf of the British Red Cross Society and Order of St John, whose services to our sick, wounded and prisoners of war entail an expenditure of £114,000 a week. Cheques, which will be gratefully acknowledged, should be made payable to The Secretary, Punch Offices, crossed London County & Westminster Bank, Temple Bar, and addressed to 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

faintly, "That reminds me of the letter I had to post for my wife."

A man has been remanded at the Chester Assizes for bigamously marrying a woman with twelve children. Yet there are still people who deny that thirteen is an unlucky number.

"Must my pigs starve?" asks "Small

Farmer" in *The Daily Mail*. Only hide-bound officialdom fails to realise how gladly the patriotic public would starve in their stead.

A certain firm which supplies life-saving belts guarantees they will keep a man afloat for fifteen hours. If they do not fulfil this guarantee when put to the test at sea we understand that the money will be refunded.

Cabbages grown in Walthamstow have been sold at fifty pounds an acre. Most people prefer the smaller cabbages averaging about half-an-acre.

The persistent rumour that the new ten-shilling note would have a picture of Carmelite House on it has turned out to be unfounded.

"No doubt in time," says *The Westminster Gazette*, "we shall get used to women sitting in Parliament." It will be interesting to see if any Member of Parliament will be gallant enough to give up his seat to a lady.

The Lancet describes the case of a man who is without the sense of taste or smell, and seems to have no feeling or emotion whatever. Several people are asking, "Can this be our grocer?"

Since the announcement that a bottle of whisky was found on the doorstep of a Manchester police-station we understand that the authorities have been inundated with letters from people offering to adopt it.

The manager of a film-producing establishment has made an awkward faux pas. He recently wrote to Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW offering to film his best play. All Mr. SHAW's plays are the best.

A weekly paper offers a prize of five hundred pounds to the reader who predicts the date when the War will end. Isn't this rather rash? We know an editor of another weekly paper who has predicted it several times.

Instances of Bristol Channel boiler-makers getting fourteen pounds weekly have been quoted by a contemporary. We see nothing remarkable in this. We have heard of numbers of professional people who are getting much less than that.

COMRADE HOHENZOLLERN SOLILOQUISES.

I WAS not born to be a common clown;
I simply loathe this working blouse;
This cap of Liberty, in lieu of crown,
Goes ill with my majestic brows,
My eagle eye, my martial nose,
And these Imperial moustachios.

Ex-arbiter (just now) of War and Peace,
I greatly miss my clanking sword;
I shrink from these *culottes*, without a crease,
Which to my legs no chance afford;
These sabots, too!—my pride demurs
At being parted from my warrior spurs.

But MAX is very strong on this disguise;
The need is heavy, he insists,
For throwing dust in democratic eyes
And heartening British pacifists;
For gaining time in which to talk
While we arrange to start again from baulk.

For, if the War's objective is a world
Made safe for democrats, and here
We let the Flag of Freedom go unfurled,
Here in Potsdam, why, then 'tis clear
The world will also have to be
Made safe for *our* alleged democracy.

Such talk (says MAX) will split the Entente ranks,
And, once a German peace is made,
I can discard (says MAX) these dismal pranks,
This dull plebeian masquerade,
And for the gear that fits a god
Exchange these rags in which I look so odd.

O. S.

NENETTE AND RINTINTIN.

"No single individual can hope to have a corner in luck," said Randolph. "There isn't a mascot big enough to insure you against every possible disaster."

"Quite right," said Ethelbert. "When I went to France I took a crooked ha'penny to protect me from shrapnel and Spanish flu, a goliwog against gas, gastritis and German measles, and a lucky threepenny bit, some white heather, a silver pig and a swastika to cover everything else. But I found one thing I wasn't protected against, because I became a casualty with frost-bite caused by speaking to a Staff Officer without being introduced."

"I know," said Randolph. "You can't start dodging before you know what's going to hit you. I once went into action with a forty horse-power fate-resisting fetish in its own particular line, but it let me down badly in another direction."

"You went into action," exclaimed Ethelbert—"you, a confirmed base-wallah!"

"A figure of speech. As you brutally remind me, for many moons I pushed the old war along from a sheltered position in the extreme rear, and during that period was billeted in a French household. There was a Red Cross hospital close by, and a fair V.A.D. who deigned to regard me not unkindly. Well, one day I had a holiday, left the War in other hands and decked myself in my brightest and best, with the intention of calling upon her. When I came down to breakfast, Louise, the fat and amiable *bonne*, surveyed me critically but appreciatively.

"Vous êtes 'ell of a nut ce matin, m'sieur," she said with admiration.

"Louise," I answered, 'you have expressed yourself, as

always, with force and lucidity. May I inquire the name of your English master?'

"C'est Zshorsh, your batsman," replied Louise, with the pride of an apt pupil.

"I thought so. I thought I detected George's racy phraseology. Well, for your information I am calling on a lady on whom I am desirous of creating an impression."

"So? Then you will tek wis you Nenette and Rintintin for ze bonheur, n'est-ce-pas?'

"Of course you know Nenette and Rintintin. They are two yellow woollen figures connected by a red woollen cord, and their mission in life is to protect the Allies from Gothas and Berthas."

"I know them," said Ethelbert. "They are a reinforced overproof hoodoo. I carried them about with me for two months and didn't get hit by a bomb once."

"Well, I don't say they aren't efficient in their own particular line, but Louise was wrong in setting them on to a job they weren't used to. I shoved them in my pocket and walked to the hospital, where I sent the Matron a request that I might be allowed to see 'Cousin' Sylvia."

"The Matron said Sylvia was off duty and I could see her in the nurses' recreation hut. There was only one other nurse in the room, and by the time I had inquired after Aunt Priscilla and Sylvia had told me all about Uncle Theodore—"

"Wonderful how they play up to you, isn't it?" said Ethelbert.

"—the nurse went out. By-and-by I started telling Sylvia about Nenette and Rintintin, putting them round her neck to show her how the charm worked. Of course this brought our heads close together, which seemed a convenient position for continuing the conversation. But suddenly we heard a footstep, and just had time to be properly 'drawing-room' before the Matron came in."

"It seems to me that Nenette and Rintintin brought you luck," said Ethelbert. "If it hadn't been for them the Matron would have pounced on you unawares and caught you flagrantly kissing."

"That's where you are wrong. They let me down insidiously and maliciously. I couldn't understand the Matron's sudden drop in temperature until I discovered that Nenette had hooked herself on to Sylvia's brooch and Rintintin was clinging on to my collar badge, and that we were sitting as innocent as doves with a yard of red wool stringing us obviously together."

"No, charms may be able to do a definite job all right, but when you try to spread them out to cover all the bad luck that's watching for you, they wear so thin that they're bound to crack somewhere."

Controlled Cannibalism.

The following entries appear in the First Schedule to the Fish (Prices) Order recently issued:—

	Per lb.
	s. d.
26a. Monk or Angler, skinned	0 5
49. Witches, gutted	1 9

We think we should prefer the skinned monk. The gutted witches would probably be tough.

From the German reply to Mr. WILSON:—

"The German Government has caused orders to be despatched to all submarine commanders precluding the torpedoing of passenger ships, without, however, for technical reasons, being able to guarantee that these orders will reach every single submarine at sea before its return."—*Evening Paper*.

The principal "technical reason" is believed to be the British Navy.



EVERYTHING IN ITS PROPER ORDER.

HUN PRISONER. "UND VEN COMES DER PEACE OF VITCH DEY VOS TALK?"

TOMMY. "ONE THING AT A TIME, FRITZ. WE'VE GOT TO FINISH THE WAR FIRST."



Jock (on leave from the front, acting as loader to amateur sportsman). "NOO'S YER CHANCE. THEY'RE COMIN' IN MASSED FORMATION. WHEN YE SEE THE WHITES O' THEIR EYES OPEN FIRE."

OLYMPUS.

For the two-hundredth time the great Corps Staff met round the Conference Table, and for the two-hundredth time they fell to wondering moodily why the other fellow didn't realise the difficulties of any other job except his own. Naturally they were all perfectly at home—all except the Senior Mechanical Transport Officer, who, arriving late, had been obliged to take the chair without a bottom to it and who was slowly submerging. Yes, it was a goodly collection and you couldn't have stretched your legs under the table anywhere without kicking a Brigadier, while departmental Colonels, lorry-kings and road-officers filled the gaps nobly.

Amongst these super-heavies sat a mere pip-squeak junior member of the Staff. "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère ?*" you ask. Oh, he is only the G.3, the bazaar-writer, the minute-maker. The profundity of his relative ignorance weighs heavily on him, and he is wont to say a little prayer on the château steps before going in—a prayer to the effect that he may not be called upon to give voice. True, there has never yet been an occasion for such a catastrophe, for there has never been a

question arising out of the complexities of Corps Administration which one or other of the mighty men have not been able to crush at sight; but then it was conceivable that something *might* crop up, and they *might* turn on him, and who is he that he should know things that have been withheld from Great Ones? Besides which they would want to know afterwards why the devil he kept the little knowledge he had to himself.

There was a hush. Then a further hush. The Conference was going to begin. Looking the Intelligence Wallah straight in the eyes, the Corps Commander accomplished the feat of bringing him from fancy to fact and bade him commence.

"What are the indications of an enemy attack on our front?" he was asked.

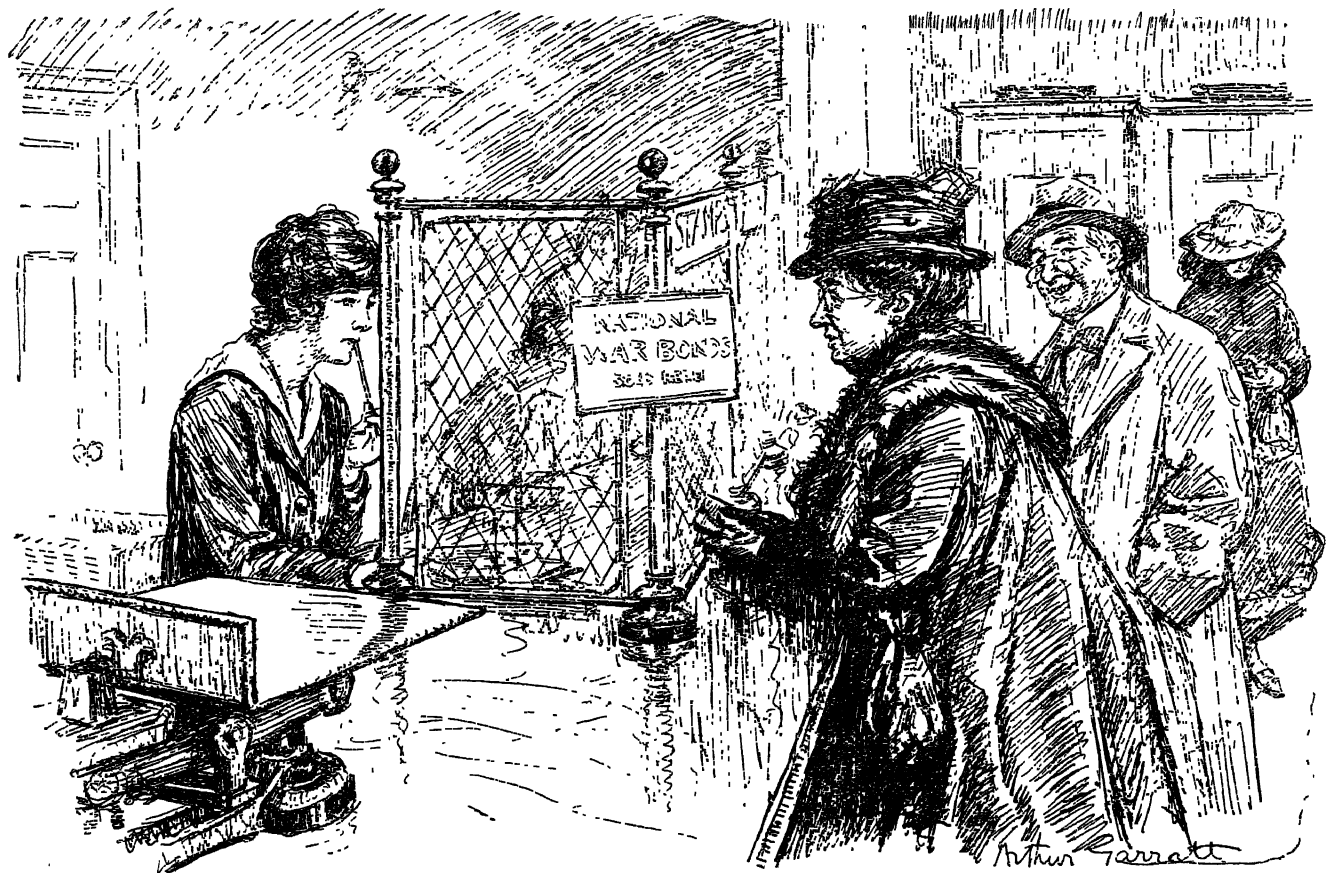
To listen to his appreciation of the situation as he unfolded it with his inimitable aplomb was to have all doubts as to the enemy's intentions at once removed. It was as if the Bosch had simply laid his cards on the table. Summarized it explained that the enemy might attack, or he might elect to remain on the defensive, or he might do both, either to-morrow morning at 5.30, 12 noon or at any hour of the day or

night within the next two years. If there was an attack, it might confidently be expected from the North or from the South, while there were undoubtedly signs of a very good possibility of a drive from the East (they are bloodhounds, these fellows—nothing escapes them, and they always manage to get it right).

The G.3 had just time to note down something about "Divisions to prepare schemes to meet all contingencies," when an awful moment occurred.

"When does the Umteenth Division come to us?"

For a moment there was a pause. G.3's heart simply *leapt*. Perhaps he would have to speak! No, the General's never-failing memory served him. The moment passed and he breathed freely once again. Then matters became lively. "G." knew something "Q." ought to have known, and "Q." had heard something "G." had not been told about. Soon a lively interchange of arguments regarding speed of lorries, roads, gun spurs, trench feet and so forth left the struggling minute-maker far, far behind. Writing furiously in his little notebook, heedless of the crash of ornaments swept off the table by the forcible gestures of one who wished to make it quite understood that his lorries



MORE WAR PRICES.

"I WANT FIVE SHILLINGS' WORTH OF THREE-HALPENNY STAMPS. THAT WILL BE SEVEN-AND-SIX, WON'T IT?"

had been fitted up for rapid evacuation of wounded and could *not* be used for transporting R.E. material meantime, all the poor fellow could get down in his notes were things like this:—

"Question of light railways—Q. rang up Army and G.H.Q.—G. said—Q. said—Corps Commander said—question of labour—R.E. said question of material—Q. said question of labour—gun spurs, question of—wiring reserve lines—question of labour and material—no labour—no material—Roads Officer said lorries break up the roads—Mechanical Transport said the roads break up the lorries—Medical Service wants huts—can't have them—has got them—ought to have asked—did ask and request granted—who by?—wasn't told (golly)—Chief Engineer wants—can't have it—ask for it—has asked—ask again—question of material—labour—material and labour—"

Silence suddenly. G.3 sighed as he glanced through his usual mass of useless notes. The Conference was over? No—horror!!! The Corps Commander was looking at him! He was going to be asked a question! He felt it. He knew it. Taking cover round the

right-hand side of his note-book he pretended to write and write, hoping against hopelessness. He had almost said, "I don't know, Sir, but I will find out," before he heard what it was. Suddenly it came.

"Well, G.3," said the Corps Commander, "you have never spoken in these Conferences yet. Is there any question you would like to put before the Staff?"

The question produced a vacuum in the mind of the G.3. This was awful. He must say something—something sensible, if possible, but something, anyway.

"Well, Sir," he stammered at last, hot and flurried, "there is one question I should very much like to put. I am continually being asked—er—when the War is going to be over, and I should like very much to give an answer which I could feel would express the opinion of the Corps."

The super-heavyies sat aghast. Such a question had never occurred to them.

"What does Intelligence say to that?" asked the Corps Commander.

Never had the star of Intelligence shone more brightly. Rising to his

feet to do greater justice to the immensity of the problem, he began:—

"Well, Sir," he said, "while it is impossible at the present time to arrive at any conclusion with any degree of exactitude, I must say that what I will term the highest common measure of the general opinions expressed among those who should speak with authority seems to indicate that the War may, broadly speaking, be expected to conclude with complete victory on the one side or the other. Among the many factors which are likely to contribute to this eventuality is the question of labour and material. . . .

When the House rose the Member was still speaking. L.

For the War Bond Campaign.

FEED THE HUNS
WITH WAR BOMBS

"Filberts have dropped to an average of 10lb. a lb. at Hitchin market."

Continental Daily Mail.

The Nuts are certainly making their weight felt in war-time.

SHOCK-TACTICS.

THERE is no market for brains nowadays. My kind of brains, I mean. My little flutter with Holdem proved that.

I selected Holdem for the experiment because he always seems to have the rest of the Kings of Commerce badly beat. "Here," said I, "is a man who has done well. He must have done thousands and made millions. He has gone far. With my brains he could go farther."

Once my mind was made up I began to act. The revolving door of his marble offices checked me for a moment, for at the first time of asking I made a short circuit and was shot out into the street again. But it takes more than that to stop me. At the third try I landed well up the tessellated aisle, between the mahogany pews with the brass railings.

"What's the game?" asked the Field-Marshal with the brass buttons and the medals.

"Game!" I said, "game! Why don't you have a door instead of a man-trap? I want to see Holdem."

"See who?" he cried in a horrified voice.

"Holdem," I repeated. "Holdem. Old Holdem. THE Holdem. Sir Anthony Hardbake Holdem, if you like it that way."

"Have you got an appointment?" he said with the stony stare and the climbing eyebrow.

"No," I answered. "But I want to see him."

"But you *can't* see him," he said emphatically. "He never sees anyone without an appointment."

"Nonsense," said I. "Of course I can see him if he is here. I must see him. That's what I've come for. If he's in fetch him out."

The poor old fellow could not have been more upset if I had said "Shoot him." He shook until his medals rattled like a bunch of keys. But he could see that I was not to be trifled with. Gasping like a goldfish he crept round to tell the others. They all stopped work to look at me. Presently one of the churchwardens in the back pew came out on tiptoe, carrying what looked like a hymn-sheet in his hand. "Do you wish to see Sir Anthony personally?" he whispered softly, so that no one else could hear him.

"Of course I do," I said. "And tell him to jump about. I can't wait here all day."

The churchwarden fanned himself for a little while with the hymn-sheet and then, thrusting it into my hand, he said, "If you will state your business on this form we will send it up."

I wrote "PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL! URGENT!" in a bold hand.

In less than half an hour I was looking at the great man whom I was willing to raise to greater greatness. I could see how rich he was already. He had the air of a man who never needs to borrow a fiver, and a carpet so thick that when his feet slipped off the desk while he was asleep the clerks downstairs couldn't hear the bump.

I gave him a sunny smile, but he ignored it.

"What's this private business of yours, young man?" he growled. "Remember my time is precious. What is it you want?"

"I don't want anything," said I sharply; "I have come here to offer you something. Sell you something. . ."

He plunged a fat finger towards one of his fifty-five telephone bells. "My Assistant Manager will see you," he said.

But I soon showed him that I was not the man to take the pass-out check in the first act.

"No, Sir," I thundered. "What I have to sell I sell to you. You—yourself! Otherwise no sale."

"My time . . ." he began again.

"So is mine," I said. "But I have something to sell which you *need*."

That pulled him up.

"What is it?" he said.

"Brains," said I.

The doctors described it as apoplexy, and it was a month before he could see anyone. But he never saw me again. I do not make an offer of that kind twice.

TWISTERS.

TILL last night I'd always reckoned as Jock McMurtrie and me was the very best o' pals. Over three months 'im and me's been in the next beds in the 'ospital, and we've always gone 'alves in fags and visitors, but since what 'appened yesterday some'ow I don't think as 'ow things can ever be the same again.

What would you think of a pal as goes an' scares you pretty well out o' your wits, an' then goes an' makes you a laughin'-stock for the rest o' the boys? I asks you.

But I'll tell you all about it, and leave you to judge for yourself between 'im and me.

Yesterday dinnertime, as we was just finishing our brown stew, 'e says to me, "Ma cheerie, are ye for a bit promenade up by the chongditeer?"

"What the 'ell's chongditeer?" says I. "Something to do with taties, ain't it?"

"Taties?" says 'e; "ye mean to say ye've been twa year in France and ye

dinna ken the defference between 'pongditeer,' meaning 'taties,' and 'chongditeer,' which is ontong cordially for a rifle-range."

I could see he was just swanking with 'is French, so I says, "Nong, Professor, no souvenir; but ain't the rookies a-firin' there to-day?"

"I dinna ken, an' I'm no carin' though they are," says Jock, on 'is 'igh 'orse again. "Man, d' ye think I'm feart for yon war-babbies firin' their groupin' at twa hundert yairds when it's ta'en the Bosch three year for tae gie me THIS?" emphasising 'is remarks by wagglin' the stump of 'is left arm.

Sure as 'ouses, as we reached the range the rattle o' musketry began, but Jock didn't seem to notice, and says, "Wull we coucher ici for a wee while, an' ha'e a bit smoke?" squatting down as he spoke on a bank three or four 'undred yards be'ind the stop-butt, right in the line o' fire.

As I turned to sit down beside 'im, "Ping!" whistled an unmistakable spent bullet past my ear.

Now I ain't a windy sort of a cove, but I can tell you I was down beside Jock as quick as if it had got me in the napper.

'E was just a-lightin' a narsty black briar, quite unconcerned-like, 'an 'e grunts at me between the puffs: "Man, it's a brow day the day (puff). Decco yon aeroplane? (puff, puff.) Juist awa' in ahint yon muckle great cloud."

"'E can't 'ave 'eard the bullet," thinks I. "Glad 'e didn't twig me doin' the disappearin' trick."

Just as I turned away to look at the aeroplane, "Ping! ping!" sang two of 'em this time, and *damn close*, too.

That was enough for me.

"Come on, Jock," says I; "'an for Gawd's sake keep your 'ead down. This 'ere ain't ealhty."

Bent double, we scrambled 'ell-for-leather along a ditch, an' only stopped to straighten our backs when we was a good two 'undred yards out o' the line o' fire.

While we was runnin', I could 'ear Jock be'ind me making queer noises in 'is throat, like as if 'e was chokin', an' when we stopped I says to 'im, "Was you ever gassed, Jock? Narsty wheeze you've got, that is;" but 'e only laughed it off an' says, "Och, it's naethin' ava."

All the way 'ome, though, 'e kept on 'avin' these spasms of chokin', an' I thought mebbe as 'e'd 'ad a bad scare.

Last night I was just goin' into the ward in my felt slippers when I 'ears a distinct "Ping" from t'other side the door.

"Blimey," thinks I, "am I goin' "



Old Gentleman (rather deaf, who has come to see a man about a horse). "DID I UNDERSTAND YOU TO SAY THAT THREE YEARS AGO YOU GAVE FIFTY POUNDS FOR IT, OR THAT YOU GAVE THREE POUNDS FOR IT FIFTY YEARS AGO?"

potty in my old age?" an' stood quite still to listen.

Then I 'ears Jock's voice, same as it might be an instructor lecturin' a squad: "Squad—pay attention. For this practice ye need ae match, lucifer, marrk one. Seize it firmly wi' the thumb an' trigger-finger, no' juist at the point o' balance, but nearer the yin end. (No, McCosh, it disna matter a dawm which end.) Then ye fling it awa' frae ye, at the same time impairtin' tae't a rotarry motion wi' a flick o' the finger an' thumb—(Ay, Tamson, yon muckle worrd juist means 'spinnin')—comme sar;" an', suitin' the action to the worrdd, 'e sent the match moanin' through the air with a "Ping", which sent cold shivers down my spine.

A roar of delight from the audience, an' then the voice continued, "Man, I was like tae burrst masel' lauchin' at auld Timmertaes" (that's me). "'For Gawd's sake keep doon your heid,' says he, an' was aff like a rabbit."

"The Bishop is arranging to address the Clergy and their wives throughout the Diocese during the coming winter and spring in some 18 centres and groups. It is hoped that these meetings may tend to bring the Clergy and their wives together."—*Diocesan Gazette*. It rather looks as if there had been a clerical error somewhere.

THE OMNIVOROUS READER.

WHEN I am feeling far from well
And quite unfit to run with beagles,
I read the tales of E. M. DELL
And gain the soaring strength of eagles.

Or if I take a gloomy view
And find the war-clouds looming darkly,
They soon assume a roseate hue
When I peruse good Mrs. BARCLAY.

Again if nourishment I need
And long for oysters and for porter,
Or tripe and onions, I can feed
More richly upon CLEMENT SHORTER.

But when the grandeur that is DELL's
Or SHORTER's fails to animate me,
I turn to the tremendous WELLS,
Stern prophet, to invigorate me.

Then when the stimulating sage
Has stirred me with his fierce *reveillé*,
I hie me to the luscious page
Of CAINE (Sir HALL) or Miss CORELLI.

I always read in bed at night,
And, when awakened by the shrill
cocks,
I turn for solace and delight
To KEATS or ELLA WHEELER
WILCOX.

I learn by heart, too, quite a lot
When I am shaving or at supper,
Ballads by G. R. SIMS and SCOTT,
The works of TENNYSON and TUPPER.

It is not mine to flay and slate—
I leave it to the tribe of Bludyer
To scarify and flagellate
"A style like MEREDITH's, but mud-dier."

For mental pabulum I turn
To many cooks and many kitchens—
CONRAD, LE QUEUX, LAFCADIO HEARN,
JOHN OXENHAM and ROBERT HICHENS.

Thus like a butterfly I flit
From pimperl to tiger-lily,
Refreshing my untutored wit
With much that's wise and more
that's silly.

"DUNDEE'S COAL SUPPLY ANXIETIES. APPEAL TO KEEP COOL."

Dundee Advertiser.

We do not anticipate a very warm
response to this superfluous appeal.

"Hanover has made Hindenburg a birthday present of a house in the neighbourhood of the zoological gardens in that city."—*Daily Paper*. It is suggested that before this gift is incorporated in the peace-terms the words "the neighbourhood of" should be deleted.



British Casualty. "NAH THEN, LONGSHANKS, TRIM THE BARRER! CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE ALL COCK-EYED? JUST YOU BOB DOWN A BIT AND TELL LITTLE TICH TO SHIFT 'IS POLE ON TO 'IS 'AT."

"CHIRG——"

THE remount has a wild suspicious air, as though the hand of all men were against him and he were against all men. This because he has no master and no place in life; is merely a number, one of the herd, a kind of State-supported vagabond. When brought to that blessed state of military knowledge known as "trained" he gains an owner and a place in a real stable instead of in a remount "hut"—a *locus standi*, so to speak. Before that, groomed by "spare files" and bestridden by unfeeling rough-riders, small wonder he suspects all the world.

In my squadron remount hut there is, however, a sympathetic soul who tries to give the new horse a sense of identity—to make him feel that this is Home. I do not know this man; have never seen him to my knowledge, for he does his good work by stealth, as it were—in the long night-watches of Horse Guard, or afternoons in the intervals between "Stables," when the remount is left to his own dreary reflections.

Thus, soon after a string of these cynical angular creatures takes abode in the remount hut, over the stall of one and another will appear in waver-

ing chalked characters some simple name—a rather pathetic, unpretentious little tribute, like a child's posy of wild flowers on a pet dog's grave.

Here, for instance, is "Jeo" (the unknown benefactor has spellings of his own), with "Tomy" beside him, and a stout blear-eyed mare opposite is "Grany," in line with "Pansie," "Daisey" and "Jhon Bull."

Some of the names are appropriate, such as "Little Willie," a mean stag-faced pony that steals his companion's rations.

A few days ago a strange dark horse arrived, having a splash of white on one side of his face which took in the eye and gave him a rather sinister expression. That afternoon, above his unlovely head appeared the mysterious Greek-looking inscription, "Chirkon." This however seemed not to please the unknown, for next day it was altered to "Cherken." Nor did that satisfy him, for by evening Stables the horse was "Chirgin."

There was something wanting, even yet, and it was a "w." Somewhere in the recesses of our friend's mind lurked an elusive "w," which he felt must go in somewhere, for yesterday the white-eyed horse stood up proudly as "Chwr-gen." I think it was the Cymric appear-

ance of this name that then worried its creator, for during the afternoon it was changed once more to "Chirkwen." The benefactor was getting warm, getting very close to the name whose perfect form had so far escaped him.

But to-day caution prevails; he wishes to make sure of his ground before he attempts a further flight. Yesterday's inscriptions have been sponged out, and above the white-eyed one, written with some confidence, is the single syllable "Chirg," followed by a blank.

To-night the benefactor is sure to continue his fight for orthography and for that last syllable. I hope he will win.

East and West meet again.

Contiguous advertisements in the *Civil and Military Gazette* :—

"WANTED.—A beautiful Mathur bride for a highly educated gentleman with over 3 lacs' property.

"WANTED.—A second-hand Lancashire Boiler, about 30 feet by 7 feet."

There was a state puppet called MAX Who was told to ingeminate Pax;

But his tentative firmans
Distracted the Germans
And stiffened their enemies' backs.



THE ACTORS.

MAX ANTONY. "FRIENDS, NEUTRALS, ENEMIES, LEND ME YOUR EARS!
I COME TO BURY CÆSAR, NOT TO PRAISE HIM."

CÆSAR (*aside*). "I CALL THIS A ROTTEN PLAY!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, October 21st.—While the world was waiting to hear the German Government's reply to President Wilson's interrogatories, Mr. KING thought it judicious to inquire whether the British Government approved the famous "fourteen points." Mr. BALFOUR deprecated discussion at that moment, and drew from Mr. HOGGE the best joke of that unconscious humourist's career. Why, he asked, should this information be withheld from "those of us who have borne the brunt of this War for four years?"

This being Trafalgar Day, any suggestion for the welfare of our merchant seamen, who have been so gallantly aiding the Navy to uphold the NELSON tradition, was certain of a sympathetic hearing. Yet I wonder if these unassuming heroes are altogether grateful to Mr. PERO for his efforts to secure them a standard uniform, with chevrons, torpedo badges and other marks of distinction. At any rate there seems some justice in Mr. HOLT's complaint that the badge in question is to be awarded only to those who have been torpedoed and not to those who have successfully beaten off attack.

A chorus of praise greeted a Bill to secure pensions for superannuated teachers, the principal complaint against it being that the pensionable age, sixty, was much too high. That, no doubt, is due to the Government's deference to what Mr. HERBERT FISHER called "the sombre science of the actuary," and can be remedied in more prosperous times.

Tuesday, October 22nd.—Coming events cast their shadows before—sometimes a long way before. Several questions on the subject of demobilisation were asked in the Commons. But do not let us be in too much of a hurry. This is a matter in which it is advisable *que Messieurs les assassins commencent.*

After recent experiences Irish Members were a little comforted to hear that a tunnel under St. George's Channel is within the purview of the Committee on Internal Transport. Considering all the possibilities involved they do not know of "a better 'ole."

A new Pensions Bill, designed to give the Ministry better control over the local committees, had a mixed reception. Sir HENRY CRAIK considered that Mr. HODGE was taking too much power into his own hands; Sir WATSON CHEYNE criticized the proposal to withhold a pension from a man who refuses medical treatment, and reminded the House that cures could not be guaranteed; and Sir HENRY HARRIS defended the feminine members of the impugned committees, who had done excellent work, "without even a pet name" to reward them. Sir A. G.

in which the *ci-devant* anti-Suffragists were as prominent as the others.

It may be some time yet, however, before women take their places on the floor of the House. Sir NEWTON MOORE, whose "maiden" speech was appropriately devoted to this topic, reminded us that in Australia, though women had long been eligible for the House of Representatives, no woman had in fact yet secured election. In practice therefore they may gain more immediate benefit from Sir JAMES CRAIG's humbler proposal to admit them to the Strangers' Gallery.

Thursday, October 24th.

—If Ireland has made but a meagre response to the call for men it is not the fault of the Army clothiers. It seems incredible that the Irish should have resisted the lure of LYNCH's Brigade, with its "head-dress of Colonial type," adorned with green band, green-and-white hackle and wolfhound badge. I trust that they were not put off by the prospect of being played into action by "five pipers wearing the Irish kilt."

Mr. RONALD MCNEILL's suggestion of "a close time for scapegoats" touched, I fancy, a sympathetic chord in the bosom of the HOME SECRETARY, who is getting a little tired of bearing the blame for other people's blunders. The House was not surprised to hear that he tendered his resignation after the police strike, or that the PRIME MINISTER refused to accept it. With so much electricity in the

air this is no time to be dispensing with lightning-conductors.

"Operations of Sir Edward Allenby's force in Syria are continuing, and latest information is we have now occupied Homs . . .

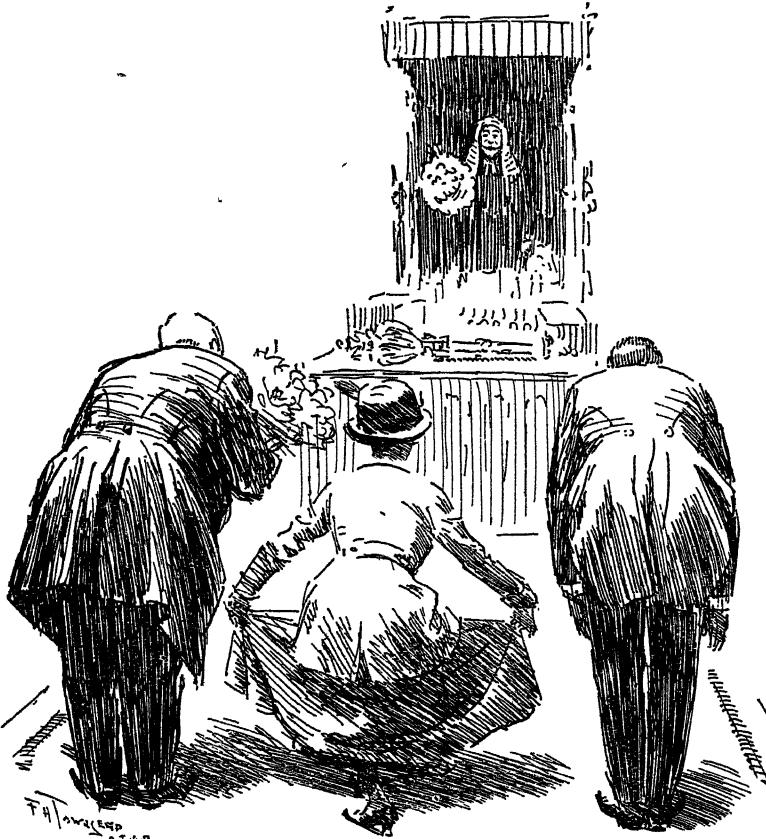
Homs is on the railway within 100 miles of Aleppo . . .

Home is 200 miles north of Jerusalem."

Manchester Paper.

We are glad to see that the printer after many attempts got home at last.

"For a settler most necessities can be provided by his farm—eggs, vegetables, fruit, mutton, pork, milk, butter, etc.—or can be cheaply bought. I know one man who is going to brew his own beer."—*Times of India.* But will he be able to bear his own Bruin?



Mr. Speaker. "MEMBERS DESIRING TO TAKE THEIR SEATS WILL PLEASE COME TO THE TABLE."

BOSCAWEN had hard work to save the second reading.

Wednesday, October 23rd.—There could be no better example of the changes wrought in the House of Commons by the War than the brief and businesslike discussion of Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL's proposal to make women eligible to Parliament. Five years ago such a motion would have furnished an orgy of alleged humour, and been laughed out of the House. Now it was seriously debated on both sides—save for a brief incursion by the comic MEUX, who protested that the House was no fit place for a sex whom he adored—and was carried, after a couple of hours, by an overwhelming majority,



"ONE DAY I WERE SURROUNDED BY A DOZEN OF 'EM—LIKE GIANTS, THEY WAS, AND SAVAGE AS LIONS. ANY ONE OF 'EM COULD 'A' SWUNG ME ROUND 'IS 'EAD WITH ONE 'AND."
 "AN' 'OW DID YOU GET AWAY?" "KILLED 'EM!"

"OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI."

I FOUND myself at Victoria Cross Station with an hour to spare. Most people are hopelessly bored while waiting for trains. Yet there are many simple innocent games one can play to kill time. For instance, I have whiled away many a happy hour trying to borrow a match. To-day I thought of a new game.

I approached a bookstall.

"Have you," I inquired, "*The London Charivari*?"

"The what, Sir?" said the sheepish youth behind the counter, much mystified.

"*The London Charivari*," I repeated, pronouncing it differently.

He shook his head. "No, Sir. Sorry we ain't got it."

I could see that he was pitying me. He turned to a less eccentric customer.

"*Daily Mail*? Here you are, Sir."

I wandered off to the next stall, where the presiding flapper was deep in a *feuilleton*.

"I want *The London Charivari*, please."

There was no reply. I repeated my modest demand more loudly, reverting to the first method of pronunciation. She laid aside her story with a sigh and regarded me abstractedly.

"No, we haven't got it. Never heard of it. What sort of a paper is it?"

"It's a—er—humorous publication."

"We've got *Answers*, *John Bull*, *London Mail*—"

"I particularly want this one."

"Well, we haven't got it, and what's more I don't believe you'll get it anywhere."

She became immersed again in her romance.

My last effort was with a paper boy. "*London Charivari*," I said curtly.

I am always curt with paper boys.

"My mate up the other end's got the cigarettes. Won't you have something to read in the train, guv'nor?"

"Oh, hang it," I said, "give me *Punch*."

Eugenics.

"An Ottawa message says that the bride across the St. Lawrence has passed a number of very severe tests, and will be taken over by the Government shortly."—*South African Paper*.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

[It is stated that Dr. SVEN HEDIN has recalled the manuscript of his new book, *Invincible Germany*, from the printers, in order to make certain indispensable corrections.]

THE ways of Dr. SVEN HEDIN
Lend humour to the shifting scene.

At first he glorified the Huns;

He praised their armies, praised their guns

And, pulling out his trumpet pedal,
Gained for reward a German medal.

But, not content, with hireling pen

He promptly set to work again,

And wrote a second book, which shows

That WILLIAM's sure to down his foes.

Unluckily the Swede pro-Bosch

Has found his title will not wash,

And, after sending it to press,

Is now revising his MS.

What will he call it now, I wonder,

To rectify his generous blunder?

"Invincible" is rather steep

While the Allies still onward sweep;

But since the need of neutral praise

Is growing urgent in these days,

Another medal—or a pension—

May ease the way for its retention.

THE GREAT PEACE-BOND SCHEME.

(From "The Market Bunnion Advertiser" for June 19th, 19—.)

THE scandalous events of last Tuesday are not likely to fade from the memories of our citizens for a long time to come. In common with all other journals that have at heart the public weal we hoped to find that the late war had blown away some of the cobwebs that infested for so long our Government Offices. We hoped to find efficiency substituted for red tape and business men for mandarins. But we were too sanguine. The old leaven is working still. The recent astounding development of the great Peace - Bond Coupon scheme is a proof that officialdom in its most mechanical and pernicious form still sits enthroned in Whitehall, careless alike of public economy and private convenience. We hear from all sides that the experience of Market Bunnion is the experience of every other town and village in the country.

Our readers will remember the terms of the great coupon scheme as instituted by the War Salvage Controller. Possessors of Peace Bonds above a certain value were presented with coupons entitling them to draw (according to the value of their

holding) one or more unspecified articles no longer required by the military authorities. It was assumed that the element of uncertainty regarding each individual gift would add to the acceptability of the scheme. Everyone would get something, but no one knew what. It was intimated, semi-officially, however, that the gifts would be "objects of domestic or at least civilian utility." We cannot doubt that this was the original intention of the Committee of Management, which included such eminent personalities as the PRESIDENT of the Royal Academy, the DEAN of St. Paul's, Mr. GEORGE ROBESY and the late A.P.M. for Monte Carlo.

But what has been the outcome? The coupons were to be filled in and despatched by the first day of April; and on Tuesday morning last, when the prizes were due to arrive, the streets of our town, which numbers so many patriotic investors among its

citizens, were crowded with expectant folk awaiting the great event. Toward midday an enormous procession of motor-lorries drew up in the square, and the distribution of these objects of "domestic and civilian utility" commenced forthwith. We have not the space to enumerate at length the gifts or their recipients; but we mention a few of the more preposterous cases, as they will illuminate better than any words of our own the colossal ineptitude which has marked the whole undertaking.

Among the most revered of our neighbours is Mrs. Wotherspoon, whose advanced years and eminent parochial services should at least have rendered

doubt very valuable articles, are likely to be of small use to Mr. Milton Jones, whose delicate verse so often graces our columns. Five dozen "Dixies," as we believe they are called, one dozen iron "Knife Rests" (for barbed wire entanglements), and a Sponson Trolley (whatever its use, a most unprepossessing and unmanageable vehicle, having no means of propulsion and weighing about two tons), comprise the assorted lot delivered at the gates of "Restmead," the charming residence of Mrs. Stickelheimer, our gifted and welcome Swiss-American visitor. Mr. Paunch, our well-known haberdasher, informs us that he has no use whatever for six cases of shrapnel helmets and an aeroplane hangar.

But perhaps the most scandalous case of all is that of Miss Merriew, whose dancing academy is patronised by the youthful *élite* of our little commonwealth. This lady was seriously alarmed in the afternoon by the belated arrival of her prize in the form of a Tank (Mark XIX pattern). This was driven callously into her garden and there deserted by its crew. In its progress through Market Bunnion it made a large hole in the wall of No. 3, Market Street, demolished a hen-house and a perambulator in the garden of No. 4, ruined irretrievably a dog-cart belonging to Mr. Bellows, the butcher (who, by the way, has been presented with twenty gas cylinders for use with observation balloons), and finally broke down both gate-posts and part of the wall of Miss Merriew's own residence. It now stands immovable on her bed of delphiniums, in which she took great pride. She came round to see us as soon as she had recovered from the shock, to ask us to use our influence towards the removal of this nuisance. Indeed our office has been congested since Tuesday with justifiably indignant citizens; and we now appeal to the Government to take some steps to relieve what has assumed the dimensions of a national calamity. As BELISARIUS remarked, it is worse than a calamity—it is a blunder.

Romance!

"PERSON.—Gentleman desires to meet with a lady in a view; one who holds with cremation."—*Folkestone Herald*.



STABILIZED.

Sailor. "I'VE NEVER SEEN A LANDSMAN STAND THE LIST LIKE YOU, SIR."
Tripper. "LOR' BLESS YOU, LAD, THIS AIN'T NOTHING TO THE SLOPE OF MY OLD RAILWAY-EMBANKMENT ALLOTMENT."

her immune from the cynical carelessness (to put it mildly) of departmental underlings. This aged lady—she will forgive us for mentioning that she is ninety-eight, quite deaf and confined permanently to her bed—had dumped in her front garden a complete aeroplane, known, we believe, as a Bristol Fighter. Accompanying this were three dozen boxes of phosphorus bombs! Mr. Leftwich, our honoured Vicar, found that his generous contributions toward the National Exchequer were rewarded by the gift of a Foden Steam Waggon with de-lousing apparatus—a hideous monstrosity for which room can be found only in the Market Square. Miss Cheesing, the Headmistress of our Girls' National School, is now the proud owner of seventeen miles of barbed wire, three wire-cutters and a 6-inch Stokes mortar. A gross of Very Light pistols, a Nissen hut, and a Deauville railway truck, although no



First Contemptible. "D' YOU REMEMBER HALTING HERE ON THE RETREAT, GEORGE?"

Second ditto. "CAN'T CALL IT TO MIND, SOMEHOW. WAS IT THAT LITTLE VILLAGE IN THE WOOD THERE DOWN BY THE RIVER, OR WAS IT THAT PLACE WITH THE CATHEDRAL AND ALL THEM FACTORIES?"

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MARMADUKE AND MILLICENT.

Woe is me! I mourn for Marmaduke and Millicent, for they are gone, and the place that knew them for many happy months now knows them no more and must get on as best it can without them.

I may as well stop here for a moment in order to explain that Marmaduke and Millicent were pigs, in the literal sense of the word. In the metaphorical sense they were not more piggish than other pigs, though to be sure they did a great deal of wallowing and were not always suitable for drawing-rooms. They were born in Bucks and for the whole of their lives up to yesterday their cheerful "Honk! honk!" resounded through a section of that celebrated county,

They were purchased at a time when it was supposed that unless everybody reared a private pig or so there would be a bacon famine in the land, and consequently everybody who had room for a pig immediately filled that room with an appropriate tenant, to be converted later on into bacon and ham and chap and trotters. Now, however, it appears that throughout the land there are plenty of pigs, and it became therefore unnecessary any longer to include a pig in the family circle. Consequently it was resolved that Marmaduke and Millicent must withdraw and cease, and a deal was concluded, a cheque was drawn and received and Marmaduke and Millicent were informed that they could no longer be looked upon as our brother and our sister. They showed but little concern when the announcement was made, for nothing was said whilst negotiations were going on as to the fate that was reserved for these interesting but doomed animals. Later on, when the deal was over and arrangements were being made to remove them, I had not the heart to hint at what must be within a day or

two. No one, not even the gardener, had the bad taste to mention the inevitable.

And so it happened that one fine morning—yesterday, to be exact—the gardener, who had fed them and was therefore on familiar terms with them, appeared with a friend at the place in which Marmaduke and Millicent were confined and began preparations for removing the pair. Both of them spent much time in unavailing protests, to which the gardener and his friend paid no heed. The retirement, skilfully conducted, was carried out in extended order, single file, Marmaduke leading, with gyves on his nose, followed by Millicent at an interval varying from five to ten paces.

And so they vanished; but not the memory of their beauty, their amiability and their readiness to adapt themselves to circumstances and to flourish and grow fat in the service of their country.

"Hamlet" without the Ghost.

"MANSFIELD CHEESE FAIR.

The annual Cheese Fair began at Mansfield this morning. No cheese was on exhibition, but there were several fine shows of turnips, mangolds and cabbage."—*Mansfield Chronicle*.

"I am able to state that Foch knows perfectly well what he is about."—"Whitehall" in "*The Sunday Chronicle*."

We breathe again.

At a recent meeting of the Three Towns and District Milk Producers' Association a resolution was unanimously passed: "That the insufficiency of feeding stuffs for cattle now granted by the Government is absolutely inadequate to provide a proper supply of milk." It is expected that more insufficiency will be granted at an early date.

A COWARD'S COURAGE.

THESE are bad days for head-waiters. The War deplethens or wholly removes their staffs; but the head-waiters remain—to struggle with inexperienced hands, to see the fair fame of the establishment disappearing, to receive and, if possible, parry the complaints of the customers.

The various head-waiters carry themselves under these afflictions with a comportment that differs as they differ. Some suggest absolute hopelessness; some show signs of wear and tear; some have cultivated that apathy under misfortune, that dulled acceptance of bad luck, which is part of the Briton's heritage from his climate; others deprecate the situation but smile, and in smiling disarm criticism.

I am thinking in particular of one who more than smiles and disarms criticism—he laughs and conquers.

I found him in the coffee-room of an ancient and honourable West Country hotel. Little tables and big were all about him, with pink and green wine-glasses on them and napkins bursting into symmetrical schemes of foliage from tumblers. It was a little before lunch was ready and he was adding finishing touches of polish to knives and forks, with an apron protecting his very spick dress-suit: dinner jacket with satin roll collar and neat black tie; such clothes as, but for the time of day, proclaimed him fellow-guest rather than servitor. A big man, with a large white and superficially very amiable face. But his most notable feature was his eye. It was the eye of a child—a rather spoilt child, accustomed to get its own way and to be considered preferentially; but it was confident and dominating too. It called, in association with the vast benignant countenance, for a similar mood in its *vis-à-vis*—insisted on it, had the right to it; so that one would do much rather than be the cause of disappointment.

I was in the coffee-room merely to arrange about lunch, but the head-waiter's communicativeness was such that while doing so I learned many things. I learned that he was practically single-handed; that he had been there for twenty and more years—twenty-three come December; that the War was hitting the place very hard; that it was one's duty not to grumble; that all his best boys had been called up; that three of them had been wounded and one killed; that waitresses do their best but are not so good as waiters, at any rate not from his point of view; that the high wages at the local munition works made it difficult to retain waitresses anyway;

and that spirits really were now hardly worth drinking.

At lunch there were many people, but, with very little help, the head-waiter, now divested of his apron, kept them fairly contented, even finding time to talk a little at most of the tables. From certain broken sentences that reached my ears I gathered that he was practically single-handed; that something was hitting the place very hard; that someone had been somewhere for more than twenty years; that grumbling was a mistake; and that spirits nowadays were hardly worth drinking. Probably, had not a guide-book claimed my attention, I should have heard and learned more.

As the room began to empty and the strain of attendance was relaxed, he advanced smilingly upon my table, with an expression of supreme satisfaction, bearing before him, in both hands, a brass-bound box or casket.

"You might like to see," he said, "a little souvenir which one of my staff, back on leave from the Front, brought me;" and with enormous pride and a gratification almost paternal—or more than paternal, Creatorial—he opened the lid and revealed a model aeroplane constructed of metal from shell-cases and other accessories of warfare.

"I've always," he said, "had good boys and treated them well, and the first thing this lad did was to come and bring this souvenir he'd been making for me. He's back in France now."

I was properly appreciative, both of the workmanship of the model and of the kindly relations subsisting between superior and inferior, and he bore the relic away with complacency radiating from his capacious person, and I saw him, not without surprise and a slight twinge of regret, displaying it at another table. Why, I cannot exactly explain, but it seemed to me wanting in finer feeling, in the subtlest delicacy, to show to everyone at the same time this proof of devotion to himself. There should be intervals. It wasn't that I was mortified not to be unique; but to make a triumphal progress with the thing seemed a little blatant.

You may up to now have been looking upon this document as just a character sketch of a certain head-waiter. But really it is something else; it is the story of my own weakness. For it was my destiny that day, finding once again a sense of shame which can be so sensitive as to be a misery when brought into conflict with another's total lack of it, to have to act with a distasteful bravado. At dinner that evening, when the strain of attendance had begun to relax and several of the guests had departed, I was conscious of the head-waiter's

eye lighting up once more with that gleam of assurance and his features melting comfortably into the smile of self-approval. His hour had again struck. But a moment later my blood was frozen and an icy perspiration broke out all over me as I saw him, with his gleaming victorious eye full on me, bearing in my direction the box containing the aeroplane. Quicker than lightning the dreadful thought had entered my brain: "He has forgotten that he showed it me at lunch," followed by the agonised question: "What shall I do? Am I strong enough to tell him so? Can I bring myself to do something which must abash him?"

By this time he was on me, all happiness and expectancy. "You might like to see," he began, "a little souvenir which one of my staff——"

With a desperate effort I pulled myself together. "Oh, that little model," I said. "You showed me that at lunch;" and I lowered my eyes in the hope that it might make his discomfiture easier.

He laughed. "So I did," he said, and carried it to the next table. "You might——" I heard him begin.

When shall we learn, some of us?

GOATS.

In these days of U-boats,
When our food-supply floats
At the mercy of Germany's blood-sucking stoats,
The wisest keep goats.

The wisest? I wonder! I've taken
some notes
And I find that in oats,
Bran, bean-meal and groats,
The most of one's profit goes into the
throats
Of the goats.

And then in addition the smell of their
coats!
And the way that they pull! You
need hands like a LOATES
To hold 'em. And time! Why, a
fellow devotes
Half the day to his goats.

You will find you can't run 'em by rules
or by rotes,
Or fold 'em with fences or stop 'em
with moats,
And a goat in a garden, ye gods, how
he bloats!

* * * * *
You can have all my goats.

W. H. O.

Another Sex Problem.

"For Sale.—English bull, female, by Ashgill Prince."—*Daily Colonist* (Victoria).



News vendor. "FAIR OLD MUDDLE THEM 'UNS 'AVE GOT THEMSELVES INTO, AN' NO MISTAKE. DON'T LET 'EM ASK ME TO HELP 'EM OUT OF IT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *Literary Recreations* (MACMILLAN) SIR EDWARD COOK has chosen a title at once modest and apt. It is a volume filled with the pleasant reflections of a bookman in his moments of leisure—library talk, one might call it, and that of the most agreeable. I can do no more than give you some of the headings: "The Art of Biography" (about which, had we been actually talking, I might have reminded Sir EDWARD of what MR. JOHN MASEFIELD has so poignantly written upon this theme), "Ruskin's Style," "Indexing," "Literature and Journalism," "A Study in Superlatives" (that old unanswerable question, which is the Best, and why?) and "Second Thoughts in Poetry." Of these the last is at once the longest and the most interesting. Sir EDWARD has got together a fine variety of instances to show how often great and familiar passages have their present form, not, as one is apt to think, by primary inspiration, but as the reward of reflection and revision. Among so many examples as you will find here it is not easy to select one more striking than another; but there is certainly a shock in the discovery that "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas" were once "wide casements" and opened on "keelless seas." It is as though a rich heritage had been bequeathed to us in a last-minute codicil. A paper that I have not mentioned deals pleasantly with bound volumes of *Cornhill* (that storehouse of literary and artistic treasure); and I should add that Sir EDWARD not only has some winged words on the subject of Indexes, but, following precept with practice,

furnishes his own volume with an admirable example of the art that he so justly values.

MR. W. J. LOCKE's special gift lies in the elaboration of fantastic character. So far as I am concerned the real hero of *The Rough Road* (LANE) is not *James Marmaduke Trevor (Doggie)*, the little decadent, with no ideas beyond purple silken underwear, his peacock and ivory boudoir, his collection of china dogs and the alleged weak state of his general health, but his discreetly drunken tutor, *Phineas McPhail*. A year or so after the War came, white feathers and candid advice having been freely administered, *Trevor* joins up, has to resign the King's commission by reason of abject incompetence, and, setting his teeth, takes the rough road of the private, sticks to it doggedly with *Phineas* (of the same platoon) and the little Cockney, *Shendish*, who constitute themselves his bodyguard. It is the adorable ghost-haunted *Jeanne* (my second favourite) who calls these ill-assorted inseparables the Three Musketeers, and it is not *Peggy*, the Dean's daughter, *Doggie's* betrothed (she becomes quite unaccountably more snobbish and shallow as *Doggie* waxes finer), but little French *Jeanne*, her sad ghosts laid by love, who takes her doggie back to what has every promise of becoming a very happy and well-lined kennel. If at the beginning he is a little too bad and at the end a little too good to be true, *Phineas* (though I don't believe in him) is a notable creation, *Shendish* is of the pure Cockney gold, and *Jeanne* a perfect dear.

Macedonian Musings (ALLEN AND UNWIN), by V. J. SELIGMAN, reaches me in a propitious hour, while the triumphs of

the army with which it deals are yet fresh in our minds. Among my war-letters I have one, kept for an all too common reason, in which the sender, writing from Salonica in 1917, permits himself a mild grumble at the ignorance of England about what the M.E.F. had done in face of unguessed obstacles. To some extent even now, when a so brilliant success has rewarded this patient effort, the same ignorance still survives. The Macedonian Front has thus far produced fewer books than any; and for this reason alone the present volume should have its welcome secure. Not that you must expect any very serious or weighty review of the campaign from its pages; they are mostly light-hearted sketches of places and persons and the conditions of Macedonian soldiering, told with a kind of school-boy, take-what-comes-humour that one likes to consider essentially British. We have Salonica as a setting for work and play; pen-portraits (including one of M. VENIZELOS), and an aeroplane raid by the enemy upon a railhead—this last a finely vivid piece of description. I have used the epithet "school-boy" because it seems to express at once the attraction and limitations of this little book, of which the avowedly humorous passages are (to be quite frank) not greatly removed from the manner of the school-magazine. But how far will that lessen its interest for those whose hearts have dwelt, or may even now be dwelling, vicariously in the scenes of which it tells? Very little, I fancy.

The Year Between (CASSELL) is one of those stories in which, with the best will in the world, I find it altogether impossible to see anything but an ingenious exercise in the incredible. There are, for one thing, too many coincidences; and far, oh but infinitely far, too much illegal matrimony. *January Ellice* (whose name is none of my fault) was one of those beautiful children of nature who are not altogether outside the previous experience of the hardened novel-reader. She was married—or so she thought—to *Bob*; but as a fact he had already married *Louie Craig* (at least he hadn't really, because *Louie* herself had been still more previously married to one *Gibbs*). However all this is to forestall Miss DORIS EGERTON JONES with her *dénouement*, which, as I say, I found altogether too bigamous to be believable. Not that the affairs of *Bob* much mattered, since he got himself killed (very generously) in a mining accident, and thus would have left *January* free to marry the hero had it not been far too early in the book for this happy event. I was a little surprised that *John* (that was the hero's name) appeared to have no earlier wives; though the young woman to whom he had been attached did her best to supply the deficiency, and incidentally fill out the book, by burning the lovers' letters and generally following the accepted traditions of melodramatic jealousy. *The Year Between* has, no doubt, its good points; it is easy to read

and amusing to those who demand only entertainment; but if it even approximates to real life I must have been strangely misinformed.

Among War-products the literature relating to escapes from German prisons is increasing very rapidly. One of the most recent books on the subject is entitled *My German Prisons* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) and gives the adventurous story of the escape of Captain H. G. GILLILAND. He and three other prisoners jumped for liberty and safety from a train in which they were being conveyed from the "hell-hole of Ingolstadt"—the description is Captain GILLILAND'S—to Crefeld. After a series of the most extraordinary and moving experiences Captain GILLILAND got over the frontier and was soon after back in Blighty. I beg hereby to salute him, for he is a very brave and gallant man, and he had much to suffer from his German oppressors while he was subject to their orders. The account of these indig-

nities makes one's blood boil. In the first sentence of his book Capt. GILLILAND smashes the English grammar to smithereens, but, so far as I am concerned, he may have all the rules of that grammar and do what he likes with them. His narrative is dramatic, not so much by reason of any lurid tricks as on account of its cold and deadly persistency, which leaves unrevealed no item of Hunnish brutality. A man who has seen British wounded as they lay helpless being despatched by Germans with the bayonet or the butt is not likely to dwell on the amenities of the German character. But Captain GILLILAND is generous enough to miss no op-



"THAT, SIR, IS A UNIQUE WAR-RELIC—PLUCKED OFF A MINARET IN MESOPOTAMIA BY ONE OF OUR GALLANT AIRMEN."

portunity that offers of pointing out any spark of humanity in the treatment by the Germans of their British prisoners.

If you feel inclined to take an inexpensive holiday and in an atmosphere very different from that of to-day, let me recommend you to read Miss McFADDEN'S *His Grace of Grub Street* (LANE). Here we are back again in the days of HORACE WALPOLE, when literary hacks catered for patrons, when men drank hard and plotted with almost diabolical ingenuity to win the woman of their choice. The hero of this energetic romance was a writer with a conscience, who would rather starve (and he nearly did) than do dirty work. So he fell foul of the villain of the piece, a regular U-boat of a man, who would destroy anyone or anything to get his way. I admit to a preference for villains who have a few redeeming qualities, but *Marsden* had none except that he had the good taste to fall heavily in love with *Clarissa*. However this is a novel of action rather than of character, and Miss McFADDEN knows how to set things going from the start and keep them on the move without visible effort.

CHARIVARIA.

"NOBODY knows how the War will end," says a gossip writer. It appears however that the KAISER has a rough idea but would much rather not discuss the matter.

Socialists have been chalking the Berlin pavements with the words, "The Kaiser Must Abdicate." We suppose they adopted this plan because WILHELM has so far ignored the writing on the wall.

Here is the situation as summed up by a Willesden newsagent's placard:—

"19-STONE MAN JOINS UP.

AUSTRIA ABOUT TO CAPITULATE."

A contemporary points out how extremely difficult is the task of the Allied War Council in dealing with the question of an armistice. For ourselves we fail to see how they can go wrong. Every newspaper has distinctly told them what to do.

The prisons in Germany are reported to be full of criminals, with the result that many deserving cases have had to be held over for a bit.

Night and day, we are told, the KAISER is haunted by the spectre of Bolshevism. The CROWN PRINCE, on the other hand, considers that his own attitude on the question of loot should ensure him at least a Captaincy in the Red Guards.

It is no secret, declares a contemporary, that the Turks contemplate a change of ruler. Failing that, they would like it drawn across a less sensitive part of their anatomy.

"Our enemies," says the *Cologne Gazette*, "must not imagine that the Fatherland is incapable of still holding its own." The error is justifiable however in view of the Fatherland's admitted failure to hold anybody else's.

Yet another example of the humility of true greatness. The CROWN PRINCE declares that he has no desire to annihilate the Allied armies.

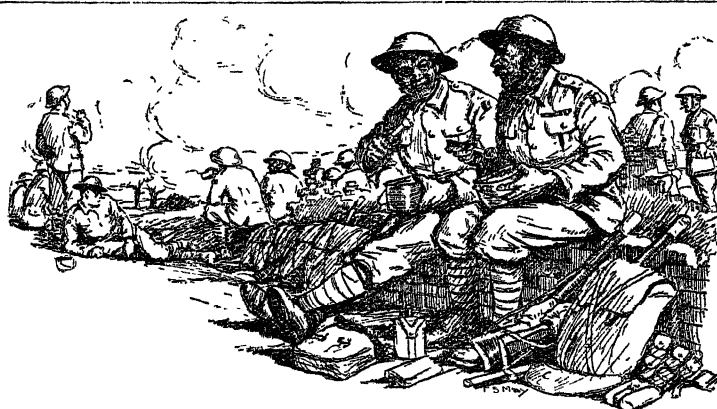
According to a Kieff telegram the Grand Duke NICHOLAS declares that there is no truth in the rumour that he

was recently assassinated in Moscow. We cannot help feeling that the GRAND DUKE does not read his newspaper carefully.

The question as to who shall govern Germany threatens to cause trouble in Berlin, and to meet the difficulty the KAISER—as we go to press—has indicated his willingness to remain Emperor for a while.

The suggestion made in the House of Commons that rabies was brought to this country by aeroplane has been denied. The alternative rumour, that it was imported by a Brixham bo's'un who was bitten in the leg by a mad U-boat, is gaining widespread credence.

Mr. DILLON has confessed a fondness for the British Empire. His quarrel,



"I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT. I FOUGHT IN THE EGYPTIAN WAR AND THE BOER WAR."

"GARN! THEM WASN'T WARS—THEM WAS FATIGUES."

it appears, is solely with the United Kingdom of Great Britain and CARSON.

The *Daily Mail* asks why Lord MILNER has gone to France. But why not? He can get the Paris edition of *The Daily Mail*.

The Marconi Company has contracted to supply the Chinese Government with three wireless stations of a capacity of twenty-five kilowatts each. Some delay, it appears, was experienced while the official antiquarians looked up the Chinese for "kilowatt."

A Chinaman named Wrong Tu was recently fined five pounds for refusing to sail from Boston, Lincs. The magistrate was of opinion that Wrong Tu had no Right Tu.

A new scheme for the payment of panel doctors has been adopted, says a medical journal. The change was necessitated, an eminent physician informs us, by war conditions. Hardly

anybody gets a pain in his panel now-a-days.

Hosiery made of dogs' wool is on exhibition at the Red Cross workrooms, Burlington House. Hitherto the only thing of the kind known was the dogs' nose comforter much affected by bus-drivers.

"Lord Northcliffe's criminality," says the *Basle National Gazette*, "has been recognised by men like Gardiner of *The Daily News* and Caillaux of France." If you guess the paper's politics you get a cigar.

Stonehenge has been formally handed over to the nation. It appears to have gone quietly.

"The Sanitary Inspector (Mr. F. J. Voisey) has had again to condemn meat and offal sent to Dartmouth. 850 lbs. of offal were kept at Exeter until putrid, and then sent on to Dartmouth. The Food Vommittee has written the Divisional Commissioner, Bristol, on the subject." *Provincial Paper*.

Clearly they were the right authority to bring the matter up.

Rubbing it in.

"A message from Berlin states that Frankfurt was twice attacked by airmen on Monday."—*Daily Mirror*.

Another Useful Hand.

"No, we haven't," I grumbled sleepily, and turned over to resume my interrupted five-reel dream of a breakfast 'featuring' devilled kidneys, hot rolls, and the sweetest little girl in the world, pouring out coffee with one hand, and reading me the cricket scores with the other."—*Weekly Paper*.

"Prince Maximilian is heir to the throne of the Grand Duchy of Baden. He was born July 10, 1867."—*New York Evening Mail*.

And has thus bridged the gap between WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR and WILLIAM the Conquered.

"THE BOTANICAL THERMOMETER.—A correspondent tells us that at Wookey Hole the wild strawberry plants are in bloom." *Local Paper*.

Personally we have never seen any at this season except in the usual whiteth or redth.

There was an old sportsman of Leamington

Who hunted some mice with a Remington;

When his comrades demurred That the act was absurd,

He explained how difficult he found it to get cheese just now.

PEACE NOTES.

TO THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

WE have just heard of your absolute surrender. We do not affect to be very sorry for you, but at the same time we would not grudge you your consolations. Of these (1) the thought that you have let WILLIAM down badly must be a source of considerable gratification to you; and (2) it will be much more comfortable for you when the guns of the *Goeben*, hitherto trained on your immediate neighbourhood, get shifted. You are very welcome to both these sources of solace.

TO THE DUAL MONARCHY (IF ANY).

A telegram from Vienna recently stated that your Count ANDRASSY had resolved to initiate direct peace negotiations with "Austro-Hungary's sole antagonist, Italy." War plays dreadful tricks with the memory and that must be the reason why he forgot all about Serbia. In the mental confusion caused by so many declarations of war, the fact that Austria opened the list by attacking Serbia seems to have escaped him. It has not however escaped the Serbians, who have an admirable memory for detail and are prepared to furnish you with all the reminders that you need. Address, G.H.Q., Serbian Armies, Belgrade. You remember Belgrade? Just across the Danube.

TO THE EX-TSAR OF BULGARIA.

You were well-advised, my FERDINAND, to secure early accommodation at the Hotel des Rois en Exil before the rush set in. We are afraid, however, that the society in that select caravanserai threatens to be less exclusive than you had hoped. There is talk, we hear, of opening an annexe for fugitives other than ex-monarchs: the Ludendorffs and the Tirpitzes for instance, and quite a long black visitors' list (if they can get away); possibly even the Lenins and the Trotskys. It should be a unique menagerie.

TO THE MANAGER OF THE WOLFF BUREAU.

Now that the facts are out, you will naturally have been arranging to close your lie-factory and look out for a fresh field of usefulness. It may interest you therefore to hear that the Allies do not wish your superb organisation to be wasted, but propose to utilise it, after certain necessary changes, for the dissemination of Truth among the elementary schools of the Fatherland.

TO THE WATCHERS ON THE RHINE.

Among the suggested terms of the armistice it is rumoured, as we write, that along that section of the river

which flows within thirty miles of the present frontier of Germany the Allies intend to relieve you of your sentry-duties. Later on, this relief will be extended to all that portion of the left bank which forms the boundary of Alsace-Lorraine. This should save you a lot of watching.

TO A CERTAIN TYPE OF PACIFIST.

We can't see what you have to grumble at now that the prospects of Peace are better than they have been for several years. It looks as if you couldn't love Peace so much if it weren't that you love Germans more. What you wanted was a German Peace; not the real bird, but a mock turtle-dove. Well, you can't have it.

TO A FOOD PROFITEER.

This collapse of the Huns' allies is bad news for you. But don't be downhearted about the horrors of Peace. The War may keep on yet for a bit. Even when it's over we shan't be flush of food for a long time; and England's difficulties will still be your opportunity. So cheer up.

TO A PARTY POLITICIAN.

You are naturally elated at the prospects of Peace. You want to be finished with the futile distractions of Armageddon which have temporarily ruined your occupation and to get back to the only serious purpose in life. We fear you must wait. Peace, for the first few years, will have its distractions no less profound than those of War. Meanwhile this General Election, at which from force of association you neigh like an old charger long out at grass, is going to be a very dull thing for you. There will be no "mandates" except to the Old Guard to carry on; nothing in your line.

TO THE LAST GERMAN DOG.

No doubt your hair still stands on end when you recall the declaration made by the KAISER, or one of his gang, to the effect that the Fatherland would fight to the last cat and the last dog. But to-day the outlook seems rather rosier for you. After all you may not be called upon. Of course it hadn't yet come to being a very near thing for you, with so many human Huns and other dogs still left alive; but all the same we can understand your sense of relief.

TO THE LAST GERMAN CAT.

See foregoing remarks. O. S.

Tact.

"Officials of the Bank are bound to Secrecy in regard to the ransactions of any of its Customers."

From advt. of a Bank in a S.A. paper.

CHINA BLUE.

SAPPHIRE hills and a turquoise sky
Looked their bluest when you and I
(The happiest two in China)
Stopped as the pack-mules passed and
laughed
At the big blue tassels fore and aft,
For everything's blue in China.

Riding together side by side
We saw the chameleons sport with
pride
The Cambridge hue in China,
And butterflies of a dingier glint
Flouting before us the rival tint,
For everything's blue in China.

Down by the river the coolies squat,
Their little blue bowls all piping hot
With the tea that they brew in China;
Their trousers are tattered and cut too
high,
But the colour's the colour of cloudless
sky,
For everything's blue in China.

From the tamarind boughs blue orchids
swing,
Blooms that a Mandarin might bring
To the maid he'd woo in China;
Blue as the silk of her tangled skeins,
Blue as the blood in his throbbing
veins,
For everything's blue in china.

And oh, little girl, how we laughed to
find
That nursery stories of every kind
Are perfectly true in China,
Where Blue Birds shimmer and beans
grow tall
And grim grey buffaloes heed the call
Of a little Boy Blue in China.

And when Aladdin himself you saw
In the tightest trews and a mushroom
straw
Smiling at you in China,
Your face lit up with a glad surprise,
And I knew, when I looked at your
dancing eyes,
That there's nothing so blue in
China.

Another Impending Apology.

From a Harvest Festival report:—

"The services were as follows: Evensong (English) 8 p.m. with sermon by the Rev. John —, B.A.; evensong (Welsh) 7 p.m. with sermon by the Rev. D. —, B.A., both of whom preached very appropriated sermons."
Welsh Paper.

"What we had won in this war by the blood and treasure of our noble men, we might lose by the defects and failures of diplomacy. I hope," his lordship continued, "that we shall exact our pound of fish."—Lord Morris, as reported in "The Daily Mirror."

This variation of the traditional demand is believed to be due to his lordship's having mislaid his ration-book.



THE MELTING-POT.

AUSTRIAN EAGLE. "I SUPPOSE I'VE GOT TO GO THROUGH WITH IT. LET'S HOPE I COME OUT ANOTHER AND A BETTER BIRD."



Visitor (to Tattoo artist). "THEIR NAMES IS BOTH BILL, SO THAT AND THE 'HEART AND THE 'TRUE LOVE' WILL BE ALL RIGHT; BUT WOULD IT COST MUCH TO TURN THIS MAPLE-LEAF INTO A KANGAROO?"

A LITTLE CHILD.

OWING to War's vicissitudes it was decided that the governess-cart must be given up; and this meant that a new owner for Polly must be found.

Polly is a roan pony; very round in the barrel, and particularly so of late, when there has been no food but meadow-grass. She had been with us so long as to become, as ponies peculiarly can, a member of the family, so that to part with her savoured of treachery. War, however, changes all, excuses all, and the horrid preparations were therefore begun. The first was the framing of the advertisement, which is not the simple matter that it might appear to be, because so much depends upon the right choice of adjective. The word selected must both allure and (in our case) keep within the bounds of truth. What are the qualities most valued in a pony, we had to ask ourselves. Celerity? Polly was fixed in her determination not to exceed the speed limit, at any rate on outward journeys. Willingness? Polly could be desperately stubborn. Strength? Yes, she was strong. Youth? Well, she came to us ten years ago and she was no foal then. After much serious deliberation, compared with which the Versailles Conferences are mere exchanges of persiflage, it was decided to describe

Polly either as "strong useful pony" or "useful strong pony." Further deliberations fixed the phrase as "Pony, strong, useful," and the advertisement was despatched to the local rag, as our very worthy county chronicle is too often called.

Next came the question of what price was to be asked. Here expert opinion was resorted to, in the shape of Mr. Edmead, the butcher. No one knows more about ponies than butchers do, and Mr. Edmead is exceptionally wise.

"Taking everything into consideration," he said, "I think that twenty-five pounds would be a fair price."

We clung to each other for support. Twenty-five pounds! And we had given only nine pounds all those years ago. Why had we not made pony-breeding a hobby? The War, Mr. Edmead went on to explain, had made ponies more valuable. Yes, taking everything into consideration, twenty-five pounds was a fair price. We ought to get that. In fact, if he had been in need of a pony he would give that himself; but just then he was well supplied, and Polly was, he feared, not quite fast enough for him. Good morning.

Men who want to buy a pony bear a strong resemblance to each other. They are mostly clean-shaven and wear hard round hats, and the collars of their

overcoats are carelessly treated so that they are half up and half down. They all carry sticks. Also, although they wanted a pony, the men who inspected Polly were alike in not wanting one at quite such a figure, or indeed quite such a pony at all. They were agreed that she was no doubt a useful strong pony, even a strong useful pony, but she was not for them. Day after day Polly was examined. They opened her mouth and shook their heads, they felt her knees and her hocks, they looked at her with narrow eyes from near by and from far, they rattled their sticks in their hard hats, they gave her sudden cuts and prods. But they didn't buy.

We began to get desperate. Much as we esteemed Polly, now that she was to be sold we wanted to be rid of her. Things should be done quickly. And then came a market gardener, a large rubicund genial man named Fox. And Polly was again led forth and again subjected to every test known to pony-buyers. All was going well, and would have gone well, but for Vivian. Who, you say, is Vivian? Vivian is a small boy who had known Polly intimately all his life, and who by some mischance wandered out from his lessons in the morning-room at the precise moment when Mr. Fox, who obviously was attracted by Polly, was making up his mind to pay the full



Old Lady. "DO TELL ME WHY ARE MOUTH-ORGANS SO POPULAR IN THE ARMY?"

Wag. "WELL, YER SEE, MUM, THE WAR OFFICE BLOKES ARE DEAD AGIN' US CARRYIN' TROMBONES AN' 'ARPS AN' SUCHLIKE AROUND IN OUR PACKS!"

money. Vivian, I should explain, is one of those ingratiating little boys who look upon the world as a sphere existing solely to provide them with friends and who attach themselves with the strongest bands to open-air manual labourers. No sooner did Vivian see Mr. Fox's benevolent features than he added him to his collection.

"Run away, Vivian," I said. "It's not playtime yet, and we're busy."

"Are you going to buy Polly?" Vivian asked Mr. Fox by way of a suitable rejoinder to my command.

"I was thinking about it," said Mr. Fox, adding to me, "How old do you call her, ma'am? She looks to me about twelve."

The figure was so low that I nodded assent, but Vivian spoilt it by exclaiming, "Oh, mother, and Mr. Brooks says she's seventeen if she's a day, and I'm sure she's a day."

Mr. Fox became thoughtful. "Mr. Brooks said that, did he?" he remarked.

I felt that I couldn't tell Vivian again to go in, because it would look as though I feared his frankness; which,

to be candid, I did. All I could do was to hope for the best.

"She's quiet enough; used to traffic and all that?" Mr. Fox asked.

Then Vivian began to laugh. This trick of laughter over retrospection—chewing the cud of old jokes—we have always rather admired in him; his chuckles are very engaging; but now I trembled; and not without reason.

"Don't you remember, mother," he began, "that day when she was frightened by the traction engine and ran into the grocer's shop?"

Mr. Fox, in whose large hand my son's minute one was now reposing, looked grave.

"That's against her in my business," he said.

"Oh, but," I explained, "that was a very long time ago. She's quite steady now. Don't you remember, Vivian, it was on your fifth birthday?"

"No," said Vivian, "that was on my seventh birthday—something funny always happens on my birthdays," he explained to Mr. Fox—"it was on my fifth birthday that Polly fell down."

"She's been down, has she?" said Mr. Fox ominously.

The rest of it is too tragic. I had no intention of concealing anything; Mr. Edmead knew the pony's whole history when he valued her; but Vivian's presence made me nervous, painfully self-conscious; I felt my face burning and knew that I must be crimson.

Mr. Fox, I will admit, played the game. He asked Vivian no questions; indeed he talked of other things than defective ponies; but I could see his mind working; I could see pound after pound dropping away from the grand total.

Well, that's the story. Mr. Fox led Polly away some ten minutes later, leaving in her stead a cheque. But it was not for twenty-five pounds—Vivian saw to that.

The moral? The moral is: when your husband is in Mesopotamia and the time comes to sell the pony, lock your cherubic son in the nursery.

A Shock for the Food-Controller.

"Wanted nurse for baby 14 months."

Local Paper.

THE STORY THAT WENT WEST.

"WHY don't you write a war story?" said Celia one day in October.

"Because everybody else does," I said. "I forget how many bayonets we have on the Western Front, but there must be at least twice as many fountain-pens."

"It needn't be about the Western Front."

"Unfortunately that's the only front I know anything about."

"I thought writers used their imagination sometimes," said Celia to anybody who might happen to be listening.

"Oh well, if you put it like that," I said, "I suppose I must."

So I settled down to a story about the Salonica Front.

The scene of my story was laid in an old clay hut amid the wattles.

"What are wattles?" asked Celia when I told her the good news.

"Local colour," I explained. "They grow in Bulgaria."

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure that these ones did; I don't know about any others."

Of course more local colour was wanted than a mere wattle or two. It was necessary therefore for my Bulgarians always to go about in *comitadjis*. Celia thought that these were a kind of native trouser laced at the knee. She may be right. My own impression is that they are a species of platoon. Anyhow the Bulgars always went about in them.

There was a fierce fight which raged round the old clay hut in the wattles. The Greeks shouted "*τύπτω, τύπτωμαι*." The Serbs, for obvious reasons, were inarticulate with rage. With the French and British I had, of course, no difficulty, but the Bulgars (again for obvious reasons) had to content themselves with hoarse guttural noises. It was a fierce fight while it lasted, and I was sorry when it was over, because for the first time I began to feel at home with my story. I need not say that many a Bulgar had licked the wattles before I had finished.

Unfortunately something else happened before I had finished.

"What do you think?" cried Celia, bursting into my room one evening, just when I was wondering whether my readers would expect to know more of the heroine's native costume than that it was "simple yet becoming."

"Wait a moment," I said.

"It's too good to wait," said Celia excitedly. "Bulgaria has surrendered."

Celia may be a good patriot, but she lacks the artistic temperament.

"Oh, has she?" I said bitterly.

"Then she's jolly well spoilt my story."

"The one about the wattles?"

"Yes."

"Tut-tuttle," said Celia frivolously.

Well, I wasn't going to waste my wattles. With great presence of mind I decided to transfer my story to the Palestine Front.

Under a hard blue sky of intense brilliance the old clay hut stood among the wattles. A *wadi* ran by the side of it; not a small Turkish dog, as Celia thought, but—well, everybody knows what a *wadi* is. The battle went on much as before, except that the Turks were naturally more outspoken than the Bulgars, calling freely upon Allah at the beginning of the fight and reconciling themselves to the end of it with "*Kismet*." I also turned some of the horses into camels, and (for the sake of the Indian troops) several pairs of puttees into *chapaties*. It was a good story while it lasted.

However, nobody seems to care about art nowadays.

"What do you think?" cried Celia, bursting into my room.

I held up a delaying hand. I had suddenly thought of the word "*adobe*." My story seemed to need it somewhere. If possible, among the wattles.

"But listen!" She read out the headline: "*Turkey Surrenders at Discretion*."

"Discretion!" I said indignantly. "I have never heard of anything so tactless. And it isn't as though I could even move on to Mesopotamia."

"Couldn't there be a little local rising in Persia?" suggested Celia.

"I doubt it, I doubt it," I said thoughtfully. "You can't do much with just wattles and a little sherbet—I mean you can't expect the public to be interested in Persia at such a moment as this. No, we shall have to go westwards. We must see what we can do with the Italian Front."

But I had very little hope. A curious foreboding of evil came over me as I placed those wattles tenderly along the west bank of the Piave. The old clay hut still stood proudly amid them; the Bersaglieri advanced impetuously with cries of "*En avant!*"—no, that's wrong—with cries of—well, anyhow they advanced.

They advanced . . .

And as I shut my eyes I seemed to see—no, not that old clay hut amid the wattles, nor yet the adobe edifice on the heights of Asiago, but Celia coming into the library with another paper announcing that yet another country was deaf to the call of art.

* * * * *

If anybody wants a really good story

about the Peninsular War and will drop me a line, I shall be glad to enter into negotiations with him. The scene is laid in the neighbourhood of Badajoz, and the chief interest centres round an old—yes, an old clay hut in the wattles.

A. A. M.

TO A YOUNG POET

DISCHARGED AS UNFIT FOR FURTHER
MILITARY SERVICE.

SILENT you face me in the gloom,
And shadows, like remembered things,
Haunt this familiar friendly room
As with unanswered questionings:
What shape shall life restored assume?

For you have seen dawn flush and fade
Along the devastated ridge,
Known hours when faith was weak to
aid

The lonely stricken soul to bridge
The miry death-ways, unafraid.

And then the shell-burst and deep
night . . .

So much you've told me, but the rest
Lies hidden safely out of sight

In the sealed chamber of your breast;
Maybe in darkness there was light.

And those were months of songlessness;
Never a rhyme you turned, you say;

It was enough to meet the stress,
To fill the measure of each day:
Even the Muse seemed pitiless.

But now in England, autumn-crowned,
Soft-misted, splendid as of old,
Will the reviving spirit sound

New notes and soar to skies of gold,
Freed from the reeking battle-ground?

I wonder as I watch you there,
So changed, yet strangely so the
same;

I cannot guess what wandering air
Of home may stir your heart to flame
And set you singing unaware.

But now this silence suits you well;
There is no need of casual speech

Here, where your boyish memories dwell
On dreams not wholly out of reach—
Nearer perhaps than speech may tell.

Another Sex Problem.

"A Haparanda telegram reports the arrival of German ships at Scandinavian ports with captains only, the men aboard, even the engineers and stokers, being women."

East London Daily Dispatch (Cape Colony).

"BRITISH TAKE OVER \$16,000 PRISONERS
IN FIVE DAYS."

Manitoba Free Press.

"The total number of prisoners taken by the Flanders group of armies between October 14th and 27th amounts to £18,493."

East Anglian Daily Times.

Cash takings, and very much to the credit of our troops.



Uncle. "Now, MABEL, WAR RATIONS, YOU KNOW. WHAT'S IT TO BE—AN EGG OR SOME HAM?"
Niece. "SHOW ME HOW MUCH HAM I'D HAVE BEFORE I MAKE MY CHOOSE."

THE SIMPLE AGE.

THE other day I received the sub-joined account:—

October 29th.

To draining off water at the main, taking to pieces the tap to hot-water supply in bathroom, providing and installing a new Wibble's Patent "Non-Corros" Washer, No. 17522, re-assembling parts of tap, testing same, turning on water at main and testing flow, when all was found correct. 7s. 9d.

This struck me as a decidedly stiff bill for a new washer, so I wrote to the head of the firm as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—I have received an account from your firm and can barely recognise it as a setting-out of your only claim against me.

You and I remember when this once peaceful spot was the haunt of flocks and herds, and of a simple folk who spoke and sometimes wrote the simple things they meant to express in plain and simple language. In those days the document in question would, I fancy, have read somewhat like this:—

One rubber washer	0	4	(or possibly 6d.)
Fixing same	1	0	(or may be 1/6)
	1	4	(or conceivably 1/6, 1/10 or at most 2/0)

In those golden days we lived and worked in simple homes and called our vocations by simple names. I have a vivid recollection of your father, one of the dearest friends of my youth. It was his irreproachable putty, I think, that first attracted me. The old gentleman described the firm of which he was the head as Plumbers and Glaziers.

As I rose in the world, in more senses than one, and developed from a simple journalist and reporter for *The Perham Bois Advertiser* into an author and (*vide* my publisher) a man of letters, I still continued my friendly relations with the old gentleman, whose putty, no doubt, was as seductive as ever, but had, alas, lost its charm for me. Many a yard, many a pound of ironmongery and kindred wares passed from him to me at the ruling rates (less 2½ per cent. for prompt cash, seldom forthcoming). Many an hour did my friend's minions spend in my house soothing angry cascades in my cellars, curbing refractory gas in my drawing-room chandelier (how the lustres did jingle to be sure!) and, later on, taming the electric current for my use.

But those days are gone. The cow-bell has given way to the siren (not Ulysses' semi-scaled temptress, but the muezzin of daily toil), the Plumbers

and Glaziers have become Gas, Electrical and Sanitary Engineers and High-Class Ironmongers, and to me this little document epitomises the result of progress in this remote corner of the world. I should be much interested to hear your views on it, and remain,

Yours faithfully,

ADOLPHUS TOWERS.

The head of the firm's views, judging from the only reply I received, were that the bill was O.K., and that my cheque by return would oblige. I sorrowfully concluded that my reminiscences had been wasted on this champion of modern progress.

Star Turns.

"CELEBRITIES IN TOWN.

This week finds quite a number of interesting people in Glasgow. In the political sphere Mr. Asquith and several lesser lights are due on Friday. . . . Last, but to the children not least, Doodles and his friends make their bow at Hengler's on Saturday."

Glasgow Evening News.

"On entering Lille the English soldiers were literally smothered in the flowers thrown to them by the inhabitants."—*Weekly Paper.*

As we cannot allow our soldiers to be "literally" killed with kindness in this way, they will be required in future to carry banners inscribed "No Flowers, by Request."



First Lady (discussing newly-married couple). "I CALL IT PERFECTLY RIDICULOUS! WHY, SHE'S OLD ENOUGH TO BE HIS GRANDMOTHER."
Second Lady. "MY DEAR, DON'T BE UNKIND. I'M SURE SHE'S YOUNG ENOUGH TO BE HIS MOTHER."

TWADDLE.

I do not even know the lady's name. I should not, of course, divulge it if I did, but as a fact I do not. She was having tea at the Blackburns', and she had an amber bead necklace and a carrying voice. That is all I know about her, except such revelations as I gathered through the medium of the carrying voice.

"No, I do not go to the Surgical Dressing Depot now," I heard her say. "I used to go, but really I can't stand the people there. So boring. That dreadful Mrs. Pulcher, and her friend, Mrs. Root. They can talk nothing but twaddle about rations and cooks and the coal that the kitchen-range uses. And that woman with a son in the Air Force. Whenever there's a pause she begins, 'My son says . . . ' I could scream. As if her son could know anything, spending all his time in the air like that. And he isn't even an observer. He's a pilot. I couldn't stand it. . . I was sorry, too. Such a good work."

I did not hear more. I had a general impression that her evasions had not been received too sympathetically, but as the girl with whom I was supposed to be in conversation had asked me for the second time if I could tell her

what exactly a gadget might be I turned apologetically to her . . .

* * * * *

Wump! A shower of earth fell on me from the roof of the dug-out which was doing duty for a Forward Dressing Station. Luckily the orderly, warned probably by former incidents of the kind, had made a protection for my wounded leg out of a couple of boards.

"That's a gadget," I had said as he arranged it. "You were asking about a gadget, I think? That's a very good example."

"A bit feverish," said the orderly to the Doctor.

Perhaps he was right; certainly for the moment I had forgotten where I was.

They cleared the earth off the stretcher cases.

"I wish they'd get those dressings through," said the Doctor. "It's a farce to call this a Dressing Station when there isn't a swab or a bandage in the place."

I slept uneasily, and a lady with amber beads dominated my dreams. Her arms were full of clean, cool-looking dressings.

"You can't have them," she was saying in strident tones. "They've been contaminated with twaddle. It would never do. We must burn them all."

I struggled to prevent her doing so, and in the effort I awoke to find the Doctor dressing my wound. The new supply had come through.

The dressing was painful, but when it was done the wound was easier.

"Better?" the Doctor asked.

"Rather!" I said. "I don't care if they were talking the rottenest twaddle ever heard when they were making those bandages."

"Still wandering a bit, Sir," said the orderly.

"IMPORTANT MILITARY CHANGES."

Friday night's *London Gazette* contained the following announcements:—

Territorial Force Reserve.—Capt. Rt. Hon. Sir F. E. Smith, Knt., from the Yeomanry, to be Capt.

Royal Air Force.—Capt. (temp. Maj.) Sir J. A. Simon, K.C., K.C.V.O., resigns his commn., and is granted the hon. rank of Maj."—*Sunday Times*.

And a few days later the surrender of Turkey was announced.

Notice in a village "somewhere in France":—

"Refuse to be dumped here in sacks before 10 A.M."

Personally we should refuse even *after* 10 A.M., sacks or no sacks.



DESPERATE REMEDIES.

KAISER (to German Citizen). "HIST! THE HOUNDS OF JUSTICE ARE UPON MY TRACK. WE MUST CHANGE CLOTHES!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



INCONVENIENCES OF THE WAR.

SHORTAGE OF FEEDING-STUFFS IN IRELAND.

ONLY A HALF-BOTTLE OF WINE FOR HUN OFFICER PRISONERS.

Monday, October 28th.—The Commons were all agog to see how many ladies would take advantage of its recent decision to make "Strangers" of them. The response was quite satisfactory. A lady was the first visitor to the Gallery, and she was quickly followed by a dozen more. The fair visitors' headgear was a trifle efflorescent. I hope it will not be necessary to add to the Standing Orders an intimation that ladies wearing hats more than two feet in diameter or six inches in altitude shall be deemed guilty of obstruction and be forthwith removed to the Clock Tower.

The SPEAKER was not in his place, his absence being due not to bashfulness, as the flippant affirmed, but to the influenza. Members were but little comforted by Mr. HAYES FISHER's assertion that bad as the epidemic was here it was worse in Vienna; but they were agreeably tickled by Mr. FIELD's ingenuous suggestion that its ravages might be reduced by an increase in the meat-ration, for Mr. FIELD is a butcher in private life. I am assured, however, that the hon. Member who called out

"Nothing like leather" had no intention of reflecting upon the quality of his wares.

The Irish agriculturist has for so long been the spoiled darling of the House that the Nationalist Members had quite a shock when Major ASTOR, referring to the shortage of feeding-stuffs, said that it was "only fair that Irish farmers should share some of the inconveniences of the War." This is, indeed, a case of poetical justice, since the shortage is due to the diversion of ships to bring over American troops, many thousands of whom could have been spared if the Irish farmers' sons had done their duty.

After a most eloquent exordium, attributing most of the social evils of the time to the want of decent houses, it was something of an anti-climax for Mr. HAYES FISHER to bring in a Bill merely improving the terms on which County Councils could borrow money to house their own employes. It was a pill to cure an earthquake—that was the gist of many hostile speeches.

Tuesday, October 29th.—The Midwives Bill reappeared in the House of

Lords, three or four months after its first introduction there. The delay was due, Lord PEEL explained, to the fact that in the first draft certain financial clauses were not printed, as they should have been, in italic type, a defect which constituted a technical infringement of the Commons' privileges. Was it for this sort of thing that we turned the Constitution upside down seven years ago? Let us hope that when the new women get into Parliament they will rid us of the old ones!

In anticipation of the Commons' debate several questions drew attention to the contrast in the treatment of prisoners in England and in Germany. Sir GEORGE CAVE declined to admit that the advantage was all one way. German officer prisoners in this country, for example, were restricted to a half-bottle of wine *per diem*.

The debate itself was chiefly notable for the moving speeches of Captain CRAIG and Captain WILSON, who have experienced at first hand some of the conditions of enemy prison-camps. The Government was freely attacked for its alleged supineness in coming to their

rescue. Lord NEWTON in particular came in for unmeasured abuse, his chief crime, I fancy, being the possession of a satirical tongue, which he has sometimes turned upon his critics. But, save for vague talk of reprisals, a game at which the Germans can play much more effectively than we can, there was little suggestion of any practical step that Ministers had omitted to take.

Wednesday, October 30th.—Mr. BONAR LAW having literally flown away to Paris, Sir GEORGE CAVE acted as Leader of the House, and preserved his usual judicial calm even when a Nationalist Member asked him who would represent Ireland at the Peace Conference. A more sarcastic Minister would have met the question by another, "What right has Ireland to be regarded as a belligerent?" Sir GEORGE merely pointed out that it was too soon to say who would be "the delegates of the British Empire."

When the Welsh Disestablishment Act was placed upon the Statute-book the Welsh County Councils cherished visions of a rich haul of wealth from the revenues of the Church in Wales. But in order to secure it they have to redeem the tithe rent-charge, and as the value of tithe has risen, and still tends upwards, they stand to lose heavily by the transaction. An attempt to amend the Tithe Bill so as to restore the *status quo* was successfully resisted by Mr. PROTHERO, on the reasonable ground that the County Councils could not have it both ways.

Thursday, October 31st.—A new regulation forbidding members of the Royal Air Force to wear their war-service chevrons came in for severe criticism, the general impression being, I think, that some super-æsthete on the Staff feared that they would mar by their crudity the delicate colour-scheme of the new uniform. The real object, according to Major BAIRD, is to prevent heartburning on the part of air-fighters who had been kept at home to repel Zepps and Gothas and therefore had no right to chevrons given for foreign service. Well, why not give them chevrons too?

Apparently there is to be a General Election, but it will be a dull affair. The shortage of paper will only permit candidates to send one small batch of literature to each elector; nor will they be able to make up for it by the vigour of their personal canvass, for the allowance of petrol will not be more than eighty gallons, even in the largest constituency. Opinions as to the desirability of an election vary, of course, but after to-day's announcement it may be said with confidence that no one will approach it with much spirit.



WITH THE CHINESE LABOUR CORPS.

N.C.O. "DON'T YER KNOW YER OWN BLOOMIN' NUMBER YET?"
Chinaman (proudly). "ONE—SEVEN—SIX."

HIS FAVOURITE HYMN.

["The German nation knows full well that its hideous position, in which it has drawn upon itself the hate of the whole world, is the work of its Kaiser."
Arbeiter Zeitung, Vienna.]

WILLIAM, I wonder whether at this hour
You think of your old *protégé*, LISSAUER,
Who focussed hatred on your "deadliest foe"
And gained a decoration—years ago,

When, playing recklessly with two-edged tools,
You had his "Hymn" (by Order) taught in schools,

And little children had to learn the thing,
And sing it too, in places where they sing.

Well, you began the deadly game that ends you,
For like a boomerang it turns and rends you.

Upon your head recoils the whole world's hate;
Your very valets bid you abdicate.

"If hostilities continue, as ought to be fully assumed, until they actually stop . . ."

Observer.
Our contemporary is on a sure thing this time.

FROM THE GREAT EASTERN FRONT.

MY DEAR PERCY,—Soon you will be examined by a ruthless medical board, who will disguise the verdict of Home Service with a coating of three weeks' leave. You will then be sent to a Battery on the coast to help keep the crowd back in case the Huns try to land.

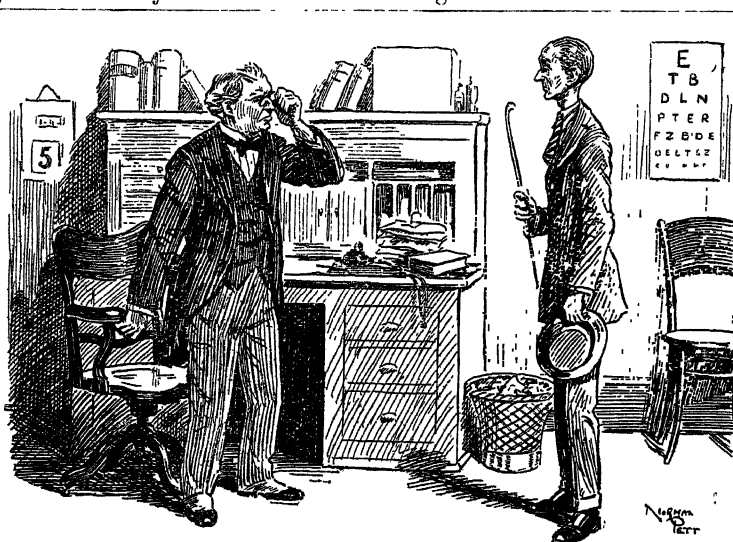
You may think that service at home is easier than in France; but don't be deceived. Before I came I thought that I was going to laze around in a halo of chevrons and gold stripes, and occasionally condescend to tell the others how we did it "out there." Do I? No. It's they who swank and it's I who lap up learning. Years of fighting have made me forget all my soldiering.

They take life awfully seriously; one misses the airy badinage that is so engaging a factor in France after one has mislaid a lorry or blown a gun to bits. They're afraid even to clean boots unless there's an Army order stating how much blacking is to be used. Then they indent in triplicate, please, on the A.S.C., the Engineers, the Ordnance, the Stationery Office, the Barrack Warden, the Veterinary Corps and the Paymaster, please; but they never get any blacking until the men are all under arrest for having dirty boots and go to prison, where they pinch some.

But should one of the supply services make a mistake and a tin of blacking turn up, then there is a to-do. All the officers are recalled from leave, the Quartermaster's myrmidons arrange a Masonic ceremony called a board, and one fine morning a day of public thanksgiving is ordered; the tin is officially blessed, christened with a bottle of champagne, entered in the ledger, and becomes part of the battery stores for three years or the duration.

The punctilious deportment of the men reminds me of a waiter I forgot to tip. They've all got some form of St. Vitus's dance that makes it impossible for them to cease touching their hats. It took me an hour to shave this morning, because I was at the window as they went by to breakfast. I was so busy returning their salutes that all the lather kept congealing and blunted the razor. Some day I shall break down on parade and tickle the Sergeant-Major, and I shall be led away amid the horrified glances of the scandalized troops and interned.

The first morning I was here I arose in the early dawn somewhere about eight, put on a pair of gum-boots and a muffler, and floated into stables. It struck me there was something wrong, because the men were more stand-offish than ever. The Sergeant cut me dead, and the Corporal nearly killed me dead with a wheelbarrow. My horse tried to bite me, and I could see all the other horses nudging each other as I went by. At the corner I met the other Subaltern, who looked almost as smart as a male impersonator. Then I understood. His polished boots made the worms sit up and shade their eyes; he was wearing yellow gloves and a duck of a cane; you could have lit a cigarette at his



Doctor (suspicious of impostors, to very slender conscript). "DEAR ME! ARE YOU REALLY AS THIN AS THAT, OR ONLY SHAMMING?"

buttons; his hat was as smooth and hard as a ball-room floor. I went and camouflaged myself in the refuse-heap till lunchtime.

You remember how we used to plant the guns in the ground like little seeds, and use them for shooting shells at the Bosch? I used to think that was the reason for their existence, but here they clean them up with plate powder, and as soon as they're nice and tidy and have clean pinafores on they take them out for walks on the end of a string, with rows of horses in front, just to show the assembled populace why they are buying War Bonds. This is called a tactical exercise, and it's a jolly good game.

Then you have an Instructor who gives you a scheme, say, that there are a million Germans in front; two millions behind have advanced from Wales; there is an impassable mountain on the left, and the footlights on the right. All the infantry are dead and buried, the War Office is burnt down, and *The*

Daily Mail has been captured by the Sinn Feiners. The curtain then rises.

First thing you do is to disappear as soon as you can round the corner, while the Instructor goes to look for his car, which you have had moved to the rear of the column with its nose pointing the wrong way. If he finds you again before lunch you lose.

Sometimes we put all the guns in a row and the wagons by the side of them, and pretend we're slaughtering enemies. The wagons should stay by the guns, of course, but the other day, on a bit of sloping ground, the horses couldn't stop and one wagon went right by. The drivers turned round as soon as they could, went by on the other side and came up again. Once

more it slid by, so the dauntless fellows brought it round again. For the third time they were carried past the mark, and the whole parade breathlessly watched. The Instructor was going blue, when the Sergeant came up and said, "Shall I ring the bell for the last lap, Sir?" And the Instructor burst a blood-vessel.

Instructors should have specially strong blood-vessels, reinforced with wire. The previous afternoon had strained this one. Some gunners were attempting to pull a heavy gun across a slippery piece of ground. They had ropes fixed to the top of the wheels so as to get more

power, but, when they pulled, the wheels simply slid round. Enter Instructor, followed by alarms and excursions. Said he, "Put some straw under those wheels and they'll bite." A gunner fetched a huge armful, which he proceeded to put down. Came a voice from behind: "'E's given up all 'ope. Look, e's putting down its bed for the night."

You won't like this job, but you shouldn't have been so thoughtless as to get hit. You can't get firewood here unless you buy it, because none of the farms have been shelled. There are no souvenirs, no comfortable dug-outs, only bare wooden huts; and no siege batteries to lend you cars for a ride to Abbeville. It's a weighty matter here, this War. Cheerio, BOB.

A Fishy Character.

From an angler's letter:—

"The roach and rudd would seem to be known in France and Bavaria. Personally, I consider the roach to be the more profligate species."—*Provincial Paper*.



"MY BOY'S BEEN OUT THERE TWELVE MONTHS WITHOUT A SCRATCH."

"GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT INSECT-POWDER DOES HE USE?"

THE CHEAT.

I HAD just debouched from the Piccadilly Tube and was hastening along Regent Street in the direction of a favourite restaurant, wherein I hoped to find something that would dull my memory of the machinations of Jubilee Jones, our mess cook, who by his own confession had been in his previous life nothing more than the assistant to a haberdasher. I was possessed of a mighty appetite and a new book of coupons, so I hastened on with great hopes. Suddenly a bulky form spread itself before me.

"M'sieu! M'sieu! Would you be so kind as to direct me to ze Sharang Cross Station?"

M'sieu would. M'sieu—— But have you ever tried to direct anyone to Charing Cross Station from half-way up Regent Street? In the end I walked along with him. It was quicker.

He was a very dear old man and the skipper of a barquentine from the port of Havre. Bristol, Plymouth and Liverpool he knew well, but London he had only visited once before. I piloted him to the bottom of the Haymarket—not quite the nearest way, perhaps, but I was able to give him a

straight run in from there. We parted with great ceremony and I retraced my steps towards the restaurant.

On the way I met a man whom I had last seen knee-deep in the old salient at Ypres. Even he only succeeded in delaying me for a minute or so. I strode on toward the *vol-au-vent*, the *poulet rôti* and, who could say, perhaps roast sirloin. Just as I reached the door of my restaurant a large form intercepted me.

"M'sieu," it said, "would you be so kind as to direct me to ze Sharang Cross Station?"

I do not know how he got there. Neither did he. I felt the crisis of my life had come.

"M'sieu," I said impressively, "you wish to go to Charing Cross Station, and I wish to enter this restaurant and eat. I will toss a coin and you shall say either heads or tails. If you say right I will take you to the very door of the railway station, but if you say wrong you shall come and dine with me."

For a moment he demurred, and then I tossed the coin.

"Tails!" he cried.

I curved my hand towards the dim light of a lamp-post. It was a tail.

"M'sieu," I said, "I shall have the

pleasure of your company to dinner. You were fated to lose."

Among the dinners of my memory that one is, I think, the most enjoyable of all. Afterwards I saw my guest to the last inch of his journey to Charing Cross, and parted from him with, I am conceited enough to think, reluctance on both sides.

But nevertheless I am painfully aware of the fact that I am a common swindler and cannot decide whether I ought to confess to my commanding officer or go to my end unshriven.

An Optimist.

"Black Fox Fur Muff lost; may have been left in shop last spring; only just missed it. Reward."—*Provincial Paper*.

"Wanted, Portable Fowl-House, to roast 12 fowls."—*Provincial Paper*.

The advertiser must have been reading ELIA on the origin of roast pork.

"The regular monthly meeting of the — Hospital Aid will be held at the home of Mrs. —. Business from 3 till 4. Tea served from 4 to 6."—*Canadian Paper*.

Some of our "war-workers" will be pleased to see that also in the Dominion they seem to know the right proportion between toil and repose.

TRAFFIC AND DISCOVERY.

FOR two months Private Albert Whiffen had been having what he termed "a little bit of an 'oliday" in front of a division which hailed from the un-Prussian atmosphere of Southern Germany. It was the most comfortable sector in the whole line. Nothing ever happened, and nothing seemed to be about to happen. For most people who, like Albert, had been campaigning over half of Asia and most of Europe, this state of peace would have sufficed. But Albert was too volatile; he required an outlet for his exuberance.

"I'm writin' 'ome for a pair o' new kid gloves," he confided to a visiting gunner; "we 'ad so many tea-parties in our platoon last month that mine's fair wore aht."

One hot afternoon he unburdened himself to an old friend, Private Haggerty.

"Mossy," he said, "we might jest as well be in Camberwell drinkin' a couple o' glasses of six ale instead o' perishin' of idleness in this blinkin' land of 'olly'ocks."

At the magic name of ale, Private Haggerty threw off the cobwebs of his daydream and came smartly to attention.

"Curious you talkin' abaht beer. When I was back at the rooined chatoo [Brigade Headquarters] the other day, wotyer think I see?"

Albert shook his head.

"Beer."

Albert shook his head again, sorrowfully and incredulously. He expressed the demeanour of one who has been the victim of an ill-timed jest.

"I did. 'Undreds o' bottles, and a blinkin' barrel with the tap in and a corporal's guard watching over its constitooshun like an 'andful of bees on the wrong side of the 'oney pot . . . most pathetic they was."

"Look 'ere," said Albert, "are you playin' it orf on me?"

Private Haggerty, in one sharp conclusive sentence, explained that, in spite of all precedents, he had spoken the truth.

The day following this conversation Albert, labouring under the monotony of inaction, clambered over the parados and wandered about behind the lines looking for souvenirs. He came across some R.E. units erecting barricades round several insignificant scars on the soft earth, and putting up small notice-boards with "dangerous" or some other brief warning (according to taste) written upon them.

For an old campaigner Albert regarded these erections with an unusual amount of interest, and during the

remainder of the day he appeared to be cogitating deeply.

Two nights later Private Haggerty was awaked from a heavy sleep (so he stated) by the perfume of beer. Having made an ineffective search he roused the other occupants of the dugout—two with ease and the third with difficulty.

"Smell o' beer," he remarked briefly.

There were four expert and determined sniffs.

"Garn," said Albert, "that ain't beer; that's the remains of one o' them gas shells come to life. You go to sleep, Mossy."

Mossy, strongly supported by the two other indignant connoisseurs, explained his exact attitude of mind to a person who had intimated that he (Mossy) did not know the smell of beer.

The following night the same thing, except that Albert was not so easily roused, occurred again.

"You're 'aunted, Mossy," he said sleepily; "napooched a lager-beer merchant, that's wot you done."

About this period there were certain complaints at Brigade Headquarters concerning a leakage in the stores. They emanated from the Mess President and involved a sergeant and several orderlies, all of whom, having privileges of their own, swore largely that this matter must be put right.

One wet evening about ten o'clock, an intelligent corporal, known as Puggy, happened to be taking a short cut through the group of outhouses which had been adapted for the convenience of the H.Q. mess. He was somewhat startled and deeply shocked to stumble upon an apparent stranger engaged in filling a regulation pack with the Brigade bottled beer. The stranger, seen by the dim light of a lantern, was wearing a trench coat and a Staff Officer's cap, so, the rules of the Service not being framed to encourage the free interchange of ideas between corporals and the Staff, Puggy carried on until he came to the sentry at the other end of the buildings.

"Oo's the brass 'at wot's pinchin' the Brigadier's pet noosance?" he said.

"Dunno," replied the sentry, who was not in any way a super-man. "'E come 'ere a couple o' nights ago abaht 10.30 pip emma—must be a pal o' the ole man's."

"Well," said Puggy doubtfully, "I never 'eard afore of a blinkin' Red Tab collectin' bottled beer, our beer too, on his 'own—'specially at this time o' night."

The corporal's suspicions were so strong that he sought out the mess sergeant, who, with the recent depredations still heavy on his mind, had no doubts about the matter.

When they reached the sentry the Staff Officer (also the beer) was a distant blur upon the shell-pocked road.

It was a long and arduous stalk, and a good deal of mixed country had been traversed before the mess sergeant laid his hand upon the cold unfriendly talons of a strand of barbed-wire—the only obstacle between himself and the General's beer.

At this juncture, strictly against regulations, he flashed an electric torch.

It exposed the form of Private Albert Whiffen, with a Staff cap on the back of his head, seated at his ease within the precincts of a small enclosure. He was holding aloft a bottle of familiar proportions, and the angle at which he held it appeared to give him entire satisfaction. Fastened firmly to a post above an inconspicuous hole in the ground that suggested possibilities as a beer-cellar was a small notice-board, upon which was inscribed in large and unmistakable letters the legend, "Unexploded shell."

Private Albert Whiffen is at present undergoing a term of fatigue which, though salutary, is both menial and unpleasant and in every way distasteful to the greatness of his soul.

TURKEY'S NEED.

[The new Turkish Grand Vizier, in a speech in Parliament last week, declared that Turkey "had sustained many shocks and now needed repose."]

"WEARY of pulling up our socks,
Of keeping time to German clocks,
Of German bullies and their "bocks,"
Their insults and their blows;
Weary of giving up our stocks
Of food to German fighting-cocks,
Who treat us as their punching-blocks,
We Turkmen need repose.

"WEARY of WILLIAM and the Fox
And ENVER the unorthodox,
Who ran us straight upon the rocks—
Authors of all our woes;
Weary of bombs upon our docks,
Of patching up our naval crocks,
Of ALLENBY's resistless shocks,
We Turkmen need repose."

Thus, longing vainly for the ease
That once was hers on land and seas,
Broken and beaten to her knees
By her indignant foes,
Enwrapped in ever-growing gloom
Turkey awaits the coming doom
Woven by Fate's remorseless loom,
And prattles of repose!

"The Commonwealth Statistician says that in the purchasing of food in Sydney 3/- goes only as far as £1 did in 1911."

Evening Herald (Dublin).

The Commonwealth Statistician seems rather hard to please.



First Lady Customer. "TWELVE-AND-SIXPENCE FOR A MELON! I CAN'T AFFORD THAT."

Second Lady Customer (War Profiteer species). "'ERE! AH 'LL 'AVE IT! 'OW D'YER COOK 'EM?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A VOLUME of reminiscences from Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD has long been among what one might call *les livres à faire*, and *A Writer's Recollections* (COLLINS) comes, for various reasons, at an opportune moment. Early memories of the ARNOLDS at Fox How, of Oxford during its turbulent period, of London in the eighties, and of the start and progress of her own literary career—these make the chief matter of Mrs. WARD's book; one that is always interesting and often (perhaps rather unexpectedly) entertaining. Pace Mr. MAX BEERBOHM, the writer's taste does not always confine her to the "wholly serious;" on more than one occasion she proves that she can even enjoy a joke against herself. To name half the literary, educational and ecclesiastic great who figure in Mrs. WARD's pageant would fill a formidable list (a list incidentally that should be added to future editions; without an index such a volume as this loses much of its value as a companion for reference); and of each she has some reminiscence, told with a skill that recalls them for a moment to life. Sometimes the slightest pictures are the most vivid; I shall not soon forget her sketch of SWINBURNE scorching through a Balliol dinner-party with his back to an over-generous fire. More tragic is the tale of the ignorant burning of a first-folio *Shakspeare*, once the property of Count GONDOMAR and "covered with notes in a seventeenth-century hand." The report of this folio, seen casually as marked for destruction in the weeding-out of a Spanish library, sent the messenger, who had been only half aware of its possible value, flying back from England to Spain on an errand of rescue, only to find a library swept and garnished and a librarian who peevishly refused to abide his

question. This is one of the stories for which no comfort exists. I should have congratulated Mrs. WARD without reserve upon her book if it had not been a little spoilt by the inclusion of too many "testimonials" to her own work.

MISS MARJORIE BOWEN's latest historical miniature is a vivid portrait of the unfortunate JULIE DE LESPINASSE. The queer title, *The Burning Glass* (COLLINS), is meant to indicate the consuming fire of such a passion as inspired and overwhelmed this wayward, generous and sometimes outrageous lady. Miss BOWEN has a conscience and gives us the results of eager and intelligent reading, embroidered with the workings of her own lively fancy. No doubt the rather too frequent and detailed descriptions of JULIE's dresses and furniture, suggesting a little too frankly the inventory and catalogue, are due to a very human desire not to waste authentic material laboriously gathered. The important thing is that the author has succeeded in giving life and movement (plenty of movement) to her heroine, surely the most pathetic lover in history, with her tainted birth, her disfigured face, her hurricane moods, her opium, her phthisis, but withal her genius for love and her instinct for friendship; and in a lesser degree to her betrothed, DE MORA the Spaniard, to her brilliant and something callous lover, DE GUIBERT, and her faithful credulous D'ALEMBERT. Miss BOWEN moves cleverly through the maze of this quadrilateral relationship, but she has not yet mastered the mystery of the behaviour of the transitive verb and the objective case.

There is a way of showing the action of a novel through the eyes of one of its characters which makes you sure from the beginning that nothing very bad can happen to

the people on whose side the author intends you to range yourself. Mr. H. C. BAILEY uses it with the effect of diminishing a little the interest of *The Pillar of Fire* (METHUEN), a brisk story of the days when it was PALMERSTON in England and GARIBALDI in Italy, with fighting in Italy and politics in both. *Lucius Dale*, whom it is all about, was one of PALMERSTON's secretaries and a Lieutenant of GARIBALDI's, and I admit that to know just what PALMERSTON said when *Lucius* told him that an Austrian spy had got himself murdered at a party at Cambridge House, and just how much the expedition to Sicily, was not GARIBALDI's idea but *Lucius's*, gave me a nice feeling, which history books do not always impart, of being allowed behind the scenes. All Mr. BAILEY's people are inclined to say clever things and deal each other crushing blows with quotations from the more accessible poets; but *Lucius* thinks cleverly too, and so rudely that, until you have mastered the fact that he speaks inside quotation marks and thinks without any, you will probably be as astonished as I was at the soft answers which he got from people whom he had apparently insulted. *The Pillar of Fire* is one of those books which have stilettoes and brigands and revolutions and revenge and a *rivederci* in them; but, in spite of that, in a quick competent fashion that allows of no lingering by the way, it offers very good entertainment.

Mr. J. W. T. LEY is a Dickensian. That is to say he is an ardent enthusiast for DICKENS and for everything and everybody nearly or remotely connected with that great man. If anyone smiles a smile or sneezes a sneeze in the manner of DICKENS, Mr. LEY will be certain sooner or later to hear of it and put him in his notebook. His ardour is invigorating and it has now resulted in a good stout book, *The Dickens Circle* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). In order to produce it and to make it as full and accurate as possible Mr. LEY—so his publishers tell us on the cover—has spent several years in studying carefully the biographies and autobiographies of all the great contemporaries of DICKENS. The labour must have been immense, but Mr. LEY has been equal to it. In this book he goes steadily through all DICKENS's friends and acquaintances, compiling little life-histories, in which he writes of them not so much in their characters as statesmen novelists or poets as from the point of view of their association with CHARLES DICKENS. And in this way, although the material he uses is not always new, yet he does manage here and there to throw new light on his hero. May I point out to Mr. LEY one little inaccuracy in his amiable and well-informed work? The lady he mentions on page 296 was the niece, and not, as he states, the sister of Mrs. WILLS.

Wings Triumphant (HUTCHINSON) is not a romance of the R.A.F. Its publishers describe it as a story telling "how the war ends the conflict between love and religion in a girl's heart." This is as may be; but since the conflict was that old one between Catholicism and the re-marriage of the divorced I should have said that the heroine's problems were more practically solved by the convenient demise of the previous wife, which takes place just in time to bring the novel to a happy ending. Really Miss CECILIA HILL has written a story in two parts, before and after August, 1914 (and if she should retort that the story of the entire world is so divided I shall attempt no denial), the first being concerned, originally enough, with *Theodora's* trials as an hotel-keeper; and the second, after she has married *John* in ignorance of the fact that he has a divorced wife still living, with her re-

generation by war-work as a nurse on active service. Of these two I found the hotel portion the more entertaining. *Theodora's* difficulties, especially her struggles to keep honest and untarnished in a calling that (I must take Miss HILL's word for it) seems to place exceptional obstacles in the way of this ideal, are well and freshly told. Perhaps it was my own fault that I found an unfortunate humour in her reluctance to tell her lover about the hotel business. He, you see, thought she was a poet—which in fact she was, though not exclusively. But as she for her part supposed him a bachelor, dishonours (such as they were) might be said to be even, till the death of Mrs. *John* and the sale of *Theodora's* on-licence permitted their trials to end with the significant line, "She walked upon a floor of gold towards him." I should add that the gold of this quotation was really the sand of Northern France, and has no reference to the emoluments of hotel-keeping in war-time.



UNRECORDED HISTORICAL EMOTIONS.

Nero. "DASH IT! THIS SMOKE'S A NUISANCE. I CAN HARDLY SEE THE MUSIC."

We have it on the authority of Miss F. MILLS YOUNG (who ought to know) that *Beatrice Ashleigh* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) accepted homage as her due and conferred her favours grudgingly. Otherwise I should never have believed it of so charming a woman. Of her various followers I always backed *Frederick Hurst* to win in the end, though a parson-cousin made the running for some time and at some pace. There was also a peer (*Beatrice* scratched him almost before he had entered his name) and a politician who never had a dog's chance. I rejoice that she put the politician in his right place, if there is a right place for a politician. It is difficult to know how it would have finished if *Hurst*, who had a past, had not fought himself clean. As it was, the War gave Miss Young a perfectly legitimate ending. Though her style still requires attention she can both construct a story and tell it with considerable power and charm.

CHARIVARIA.

"PEACE," says M. CLEMENCEAU, "is not as near as some people think." The CROWN PRINCE, for example, is still strongly opposed to the principle of self-extermination.

The *Berliner Tageblatt* calls upon the people to fight on. Several natives have been reprimanded for putting the question, "Fight on what?"

"The sale of eggs by weight," says a correspondent, "while giving a measure of justice to the householder, would entail no hardship to the producers." Before making the change, however, it would be no more than fair to allow the producers a cluck in the matter.

Simple but ingenious precautions have been taken to maintain the secrecy of the soldier's vote, says a political correspondent. Ingenious too was the suppression of any tangible reason for a General Election.

Officers attending the LORD MAYOR'S banquet were required to wear service dress without swords. Officers who have been in the habit of eating with their swords should familiarise themselves with the use of the fork.

"If you ask me to fix a date when the aeroplane will supplant the motor-car as a means of travel," says a writer in *The Dublin Evening-Mail*, "I confess myself at the limit of my resources." A very manly admission.

"I will not write a peace poem," says Mr. HENRY CHAPPELL, "until I see what peace is going to bring." We cannot help thinking that Mr. CHAPPELL is not made of the same dogged stuff as some of our minor poets.

According to *The Brisbane Argus* a young lady who was recently knocked down by a racing motorist has now married him. Nervous pedestrians are of the opinion that one or two sharp lessons like this should have a very good effect on motorists.

There is talk in London of setting up a Ministry of Armistice.

"Chimney sickness," says *Answers*, "is quite a common complaint." We are not surprised to hear this, for we have seen quite young chimneys smoking.

A correspondent writes to a weekly

paper asking where invisible ink can be obtained. "In the Post Office ink-pots," is the right answer.

According to an official notice a grocer is not bound to supply customers with the sort of jam they want. It is not known who has been spreading the foolish rumour that a grocer can't do as he likes.

With reference to the man charged at Lambeth Police Court with stealing a fur coat by walking out of a shop



Fearless but unsophisticated Padre. "TELL ME—ARE THE GERMANS SHELLING US?"

wearing the article in question, it is not true that he eluded observation by making a noise like a moth.

News from Amsterdam indicates that the KAISER will not after all bequeath the War to the CROWN PRINCE.

"There will be a strong demand for the 5d. egg," says a contemporary. Our own fear is that the supply will be every bit as strong as the demand.

There is no definite announcement yet as to whether Mr. HARRY LAUDER will be a Parliamentary Candidate at the forthcoming Election, but we gather that an attempt is being made to find a pocket borough for LITTLE TICH.

"In choosing a wife," says Mr. NAT GOODWIN, "make sure that the lady is a good cook." Personally we always do that.

Dulcigno has been occupied by the Italians. "*Dulcigno est desipere in loco*," as General DIAZ would say.

"The premonitory symptoms of rabies," says a writer to the Press, "are printed on all dog licences. If dog owners would read these the outbreak would soon be suppressed."

Surely the simple way would be to pin them up where the dog can read them.

Guildford Town Councillors have decided not to wait until the War is over, but to provide themselves at once with cocked hats. It seems a pity that the two things should clash like this.

A propos it appears that the KAISER is prepared to dispose of the cocked hat into which he was knocked recently by Austria's capitulation.

The Bolshevik Minister at Stockholm has started in business as a tailor. Only in this way, it appears, will he enjoy an opportunity of occasionally letting out a little gore.

Sans Souci.

"The Kaiser has ordered that sixty Imperial castles shall be used as hospitals or recreation homes for invalids. Among the castles is Sussocoussi."

Liverpool Paper.

The castle doesn't seem to have been as "careless" as the compositor.

"Since Henry Irving and Possart, has any face in its cynicism and cruelty, to the Vices shown the demon of darkness was, with such brain shining through it? If this episode were not in a revue, how much more would have been written of her in it!"—*Evening News*.

What a mercy that the episode was in a revue!

"Prince Yorihito of Higashi-Fushimi was given a farm welcome on his official visit to the Grand Fleet."—*Glasgow Herald*.

We presume his Highness was greeted with the chorus, "We plough the ocean blue," from *H.M.S. Pinafore*.

"This same name-part was most effectively played by Miss —, and our only word of criticism is that it is against the best traditions to receive the crowning reward of malignant kisses at the fall of the curtain with a charmingly brazen smile."—*Evening Paper*.

Still, it is so unusual for the audience to kiss the villainess that we think she may be excused for not knowing the appropriate tradition.

HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

THE following retrospective journal, which does not claim a precise accuracy about the order of events, represents a rough palimpsest of the impressions left on the brain of an average reader by the reports, anticipations and contradictions of the Press during the course of the last few weeks.

Monday.—The Wolff Bureau reports that the Allies have sustained the usual number of sanguinary repulses.

Tuesday.—LUDENDORFF urges the necessity for an armistice.

Wednesday.—Germany becomes a Democracy.

Thursday.—LUDENDORFF protests against the idea of an armistice.

Friday.—LUDENDORFF resigns. The KAISER accepts LUDENDORFF's resignation.

Saturday.—The KAISER abdicates. LUDENDORFF accepts the KAISER's abdication.

Sunday.—The Socialist party in the Reichstag demands the abdication of the KAISER. The KAISER says he will be damned first.

Monday.—The Socialist party in the Reichstag retorts that, whether the KAISER is damned first or last, he will be damned anyhow and had better get it over at once.

Tuesday.—The KAISER abdicates.

Wednesday.—The German Government informs President WILSON that it is now in a position to negotiate with him as a full-blown Democracy. President WILSON doesn't believe it.

Thursday.—The KAISER indicates that he is entirely at the People's disposal, and will abdicate or not according as it suits the wishes of the Fatherland.

Friday.—The Socialist party in the Reichstag replies that it is a matter of absolute indifference to the German Democracy whether the KAISER elects to abdicate or not.

Saturday.—The KAISER abdicates.

Sunday.—The German Democracy becomes a Limited Monarchy. Imperial Crown offered to the CROWN PRINCE's adolescent son. The CROWN PRINCE is not consulted in the matter.

Monday.—The KAISER announces that, if it would suit the convenience of the Reichstag, he will consent to keep on for a bit at whatever personal inconvenience.

Tuesday.—Kaiser KARL abdicates after removing the family jewels.

Wednesday.—Kaiser WILLIAM remarks that it was a dirty trick on the part of Kaiser KARL to desert a brother-monarch. He (Kaiser WILLIAM) would sooner perish at the head of his conquering army.

Thursday.—Tsar BORIS abdicates.

Friday.—Kaiser WILLIAM wires to TINO to secure for him the second-best Royal Suite at the Hotel des Rois en Exil, Switzerland. Kaiser KARL continues to abdicate.

Saturday.—Kaiser WILLIAM makes alternative arrangements to lease a château in Sweden.

Sunday.—The Higher Command declares that the Fatherland will fight to its last Hun. Uninterrupted continuation of Peace pourparlers.

Monday.—The KAISER abdicates.

Tuesday.—The Socialist party in the Reichstag reminds the KAISER that he has hitherto ignored its invitation to him to abdicate. The KAISER reminds the Socialist party in the Reichstag that he has already abdicated four times and that there must be a limit somewhere. Penultimate abdication of the KAISER.

Wednesday.—The KAISER withdraws by stealth to Headquarters in the dead of night.

Thursday.—The KAISER arrives openly at Headquarters in his capacity of War Lord. The Higher Command comments favourably on the robust and cheerful appearance of the ALL-HIGHEST.

Friday.—The KAISER compliments his Army on its recent triumphs and orders a white flag.

Saturday.—The KAISER abdicates for the last time.

Sunday.—The consensus of opinion among German financiers, anxious to cut their losses, is that it is high time the KAISER abdicated.

Monday.—The well-informed *Frankfurter Zeitung* states that in the matter of the KAISER's rumoured abdication nothing whatever has occurred beyond "suggestions by suitable persons with a view to procuring an expression of the KAISER's will."

Tuesday.—The KAISER announces that his will remains the supreme law and that while ready to do anything in reason to facilitate the establishment of a German Democracy he draws the line firmly at abdication.

Wednesday.—Positively final abdication of the KAISER.

Thursday.—Arrival of the German *parlementaires* under a white flag in the French lines. Armistice signed at London offices of a Press Agency.

Friday.—Armistice remains unsigned.

Saturday.—The War goes on as usual.

O. S.

"Alluding to Turkey, he [Mr. Asquith] said that, whatever epitaph was written upon its tombstone, it certainly would not be the word 'Resurgum.'"—*Newcastle Daily Journal*.

Meaning to imply, no doubt, that Turkey has lost all its sticking-power.

ATHLETIC PROWESS.

A PEREMPTORY intimation to the landlord that if he did not give the dining and drawing-rooms another coating of paper the walls would collapse brought Mr. Colver in person to investigate. As a rule he shrank from meeting his tenants, and in expansive moments was wont to boast that by avoiding them and "necessary repairs" he made enough every year to erect a new house.

The instant I saw him I knew that he had come prepared to offer a firm resistance, for his right hand was playing nervously over his waistcoat.

"Dear me," he murmured in his most benevolent tone, "I have forgotten my spectacles. I shan't be able to see without 'em."

It was an old dodge and my heart sank. How often had I heard of Mr. Colver's inability to detect unhealthy brickwork, damp corners and bulging window-frames because he had mislaid his glasses. Inexperienced tenants had hopefully accepted his promise to call the next day and had bitterly regretted their trust. Knowing all this I determined to insist upon conducting him round the house myself and explaining what I wished to be done.

"Nice lot of cups you've got there," he remarked as we stood in the dining-room and I was expatiating upon its demerits.

"Yes," I said carelessly, "they're not bad." I preferred to ignore his amazed surprise. The sideboard certainly was a blaze of silver.

"Runnin', racin' and all that?" said Mr. Colver, staring at me now.

"That big one," I answered deprecatingly, "was won by a record walk from London to Brighton. This is a trophy of the Kingston Regatta. Most of the others also commemorate aquatic triumphs. These two however," I added modestly, "signify that the holder was the champion of the rifle club during the years 1912 and 1913. The silver statuette was a second prize at the Basher Amateur Boxing Club's last assault-at-arms."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed my landlord. "If I may say so without givin' offence I suppose you must be quite forty?"

"Forty-four," I said, anxious to convey the impression that it was only my age that kept me out of khaki.

Half-dazed by his admiration for his athletic tenant, Mr. Colver was as clay in my hands. He agreed to everything, thanks to the presence of the glittering cups, and the bathroom and kitchen were deftly added by me to the list of repairs. When I told Daphne later



GERMANY'S FLAG DAY.



SURRENDER DE LUXE.

Tommy. "WOT THE DOOCE ARE YOU?"

Hun. "I VOS THE SERVANT OF LEUTNANT GRAF VON SPITSBURG. IN A MOMENT HE ARRIVE."

she declared that I was a wizard, but her surprise was nothing to that of Mr. Colver's other tenants. They positively gasped when the men came to do the work.

A year later I saw Mr. Colver again, but in vastly different circumstances. He was now sitting as chairman of the local tribunal, and I, called to the colours at the age of forty-five, was eloquently explaining to him and his fellow-members why I ought not to be sent into the army. I told how I had led a sedentary life for a quarter of a century, added various details of a distressing nature from my medical history, and, despite the fact that Mr. Colver's stare was one of pained surprise, affirmed that I should be an expensive wastrel if taken from civil life.

My landlord delivered the verdict of the tribunal.

"You must join up in a month," he said tersely.

I tried to gain time.

"Leave to appeal refused," he retorted, and the next case was called.

Returning from the station the following evening I saw Mr. Colver ambling ahead of me and I immediately accosted him.

"Why were you so emphatic about

my case?" I asked, brushing aside his apologies.

"I'm sorry," he answered, gradually becoming severe; "I didn't like to mention it openly at the tribunal because the information had reached me professionally as it were and you might have regarded it as a breach of confidence."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed.

"You've evidently forgotten," he said solemnly, "that you once showed me a dozen cups you'd won at walkin', rowin' and runnin'. Do you think I was goin' to keep out o' the army a chap what had won cups for shootin' a year or two before the War? Likewise a statoo for boxin'? You'll be a credit to the country, mister, and I don't regret havin' done more for your house than I intended to. It'll be easier to let if you want to get rid of it."

He passed on, leaving me to realise that it was now too late to explain to him or to anyone else that the cups had not been mine at all. I had merely taken care of them for my opposite neighbour whilst he and his family had been at Bournemouth.

LESSON FOR GERMANY.—He "strafes" longest who "strafes" last.

NATURE NOTES AT THE FRONT.

November 1st.—This morning, as I went through the garden of my billet, a gossamer thread touched my brow. It was that of the early-rising spider, and in the golden glimpse of the rising sun I could see his kindred busy in their strong points—each faëry web glittering with diamond dew—ready for any incursion by the errant autumnal midge or other adventurous and belated insect. Over the mud and wood-frame wall came the zephyrs of November. Another month was born! A yellow slug gaily traversed the path full of *joie de vivre*. A middle-aged cabbage shone dully green. A leaf fell from a tall tree with a dull sickening thud. A small fly squeaked in the toils. I must tell Carmelite House all about it.

A Cold Comforter.

"LOST, BLACK MARBLE STOLE, on Old Edinburgh Road."—*Scottish Paper*.

"If the Government concluded peace on the terms proposed this election was unnecessary. If this election was to decide pot-war policy it was premature."—*Mr. H. SAMUEL as reported by "The Daily Chronicle."*

The very last man we should have suspected of pot-valiance.



"OH, MUM, THIS IS A DELICIOUS EGG. IT MUST BE PRE-WAR."

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

THE War has broadened the horizon of musical art. Not only has the mouth-organ come into its own, but Mr. WELLS in his latest work, mainly designed to exhibit our educational breakdown, bears eloquent testimony to the humanizing influences of the pianola. But this is not all. In the past week reference has been made in the Press to the appearance in London of two distinguished foreign musicians—a North American Indian *prima donna* and a male performer from Hawaii, who elicits wonderful effects from the ukulele, an instrument resembling the guitar. The bala-laika, or Russian guitar, has long been acclimatised in our midst, but there is evidently a bright future for the ukulele. It has apparently all the banjoviality of the banjo with an added grace of its own. It is said moreover to be the favourite instrument of Sir HORACE PLUNKETT.

In this context it is worth noting that a concerto for the Burmese gong is to be produced at one of the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts. The name

of the composer is unfortunately incapable of correct transliteration, but we understand that he is a leading professor at the Mandalay Conservatoire, besides being a director of a Ruby Mine Company and a prominent Theosophist. For the performance of the concerto the Queen's Hall orchestra will be reinforced by a quartet of xylophones made of teak, which formerly belonged to the Court band of King THEEBAW. Sir HENRY WOOD will conduct from the interior of a model of the old Moulmein pagoda, kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING. At the same concert solos will be performed on the nose-flute by a native of Cuzco. The tone of this remarkable instrument is said to be extraordinarily penetrating and to have a most stimulating effect on the pineal gland and the pituitary body. We may also add the gratifying intelligence that the Princess Ranavalukavalona of Madagascar has been engaged to sing at one of the Royal Choral Society's concerts. This is the first instance of a princess appearing in oratorio at the Albert Hall. The Malagasy *diva's* voice is described by

experts as having a pronounced nutty flavour, combining the low range of Madame CLARA BUTT with the *voce di testa* of Madame TETRAZZINI. Her agility is phenomenal; she has been called the champion vocal sprinter of the universe, and has received decorations from the King of the Solomon Islands, the Begum of Bhopal and Mr. KENNEDY JONES.

Kaiser William's "Agony."

"Hoped to be in London, but so far impossible.—BILL."—*Daily Paper*.

VIRGIL ON THE HUN: *Procumbit humi Bosch*.

"General Allenby has been promoted to be a night Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath."—*Liverpool Echo*.

It is supposed that this unusual honour has been accorded him in order to mark "the end of a perfect day."

There is a Green Isle in the West
With abundance of provender blest,
Unscripted and pampered,
By rations unhampered,
Yet deeming herself most "distressed."

A WELL-CONDUCTED FAMILY.

Demetrius is a noble old fellow; there is something of dignity in his bearing, a stateliness of carriage that seems to belong to the courtly times that we of these unquiet days are leaving so far behind. The presence of Demetrius would quell the flippancy of even the gayest and brightest of our judges. He commands the respect of all who know him.

Demetrius is a hedgehog, and he has a wife, Boadicea, and an offspring, Peter. Their home is underneath the summer-house, and every evening during the summer they used to take the air upon the tennis-lawn, Demetrius leading, Boadicea a little behind him, and Peter trotting along a yard or so in the rear. They are a highly respectable family, and very strict with Peter. Demetrius is a parent of the stern old-fashioned school; I am sure Peter always addresses him as "Sir."

Peter is a dear little chap, full of fun and frolic, and though they never show it his parents are really very proud of him. They have taught him to roll up compactly into a bristly ball at the approach of suspected danger, and he does it extremely well for a youngster. They are very particular about his manners also. Peter, when quite a small hedge-pigling, was inclined to eat a trifle noisily—I suppose it is no light achievement to be able to masticate a black-beetle with the decorous silence becoming a well-bred hedgehog—and Demetrius was determined to eradicate this fault. He would lecture Peter austere; one could almost hear the severe terms in which he pointed out how this habit was not only a social depravity but also distinctly unpatriotic, as hinting at a leaning towards the manners and customs of the Central Empires. If Peter were recalcitrant he was made to go and stand in the corner of the lawn with his face to the garden roller in disgrace; but he quickly mastered his failing. Before long he could munch a May-bug in the most exemplary pianissimo.

Boadicea is a sweet but rather faded little woman, entirely devoted to her husband and son. She must have been very pretty as a girl, for even now there is a lissom grace about her figure that one does not see in many hedge-sows of her age. She is a great huntress and possessed of a considerable turn of speed. I have seen her run down a wire-worm on the level; and she is very quick at the kill. I don't remember having seen anything to beat her even at a Waterloo Cup meeting.

Every autumn Demetrius leads his family to bed under the summer-house

and we see nothing more of them until the following spring. This year Peter seemed very loth to go; I like to think of him as pleading to be allowed to sit up "just one more week, please, Mother." But he as well as his parents was beginning to look very sleepy towards the end of September, and soon the tennis-lawn knew them no more. I expect when they come down to breakfast next April Peter will be getting quite a big boy.

And what a surprise for them when they find the War over.

PRIVATE PEACE PLANS.

IN response to a circular request from Mr. Punch, asking various persons of eminence to state what they intended to do first on the arrival of Peace, the following replies have been anticipated:—

LORD NORTHCLIFFE.—I find it difficult at the present moment to answer your question with exactitude; but doubtless, whatever else I may do when Peace comes, I shall make my presence felt. A good deal, however, depends on whether or not Germany accepts my terms.

THE FUEL CONTROLLER.—I shall do my best to induce the War Office to get the miners back first of all. But it sounds too sensible.

PRESIDENT WILSON.—I think I shall be a little disappointed. I wanted the world made safe for Democrats, not for Republicans.

BERNHARDI.—I shall complete my book entitled *Mistakes of the War of 1914-18, and How they may be avoided in the Next*.

A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.—I shall go abroad for a change of air.

SIR HENRY DALZIEL.—I shall take another walk down Fleet Street with my pockets full of money.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT.—I will let you hear again as soon as I have made up my mind whether or not to refuse a title.

MR. ASQUITH.—The lessons of history, and there is, if I may say so, no better instructor, inform us that the inauguration of a lasting and equitable peace is invariably followed by a revival of partisan activity. In so far then as my other avocations permit I shall, with the valued co-operation of my political friends, fling myself once more and with renewed vigour into the clash of parties at Westminster.

MR. LYTTON STRACHEY.—I shall sharpen my pen, mix a little more acid with the old blue-black, and get to

work on some eminent Edwardians and Georgians.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.—I shall subject the works of Mr. H. G. WELLS and Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY to a delightful re-reading.

MR. BERNARD SHAW.—I shall at once take steps to get my name again, and more sympathetically, before the public.

SIR ALFRED BUTT.—I shall concentrate on the production of a new revue dealing with the new era, and having some such witty and original title as *What ho, Utopia!*

CAPTAIN P. F. WARNER.—I shall organise a grand spectacular irresponsible cricket match, with no wicket-keep and fourteen points.

A PACIFIST.—I shall find time hang very heavy on my hands.

CRAB-APPLE.

I DREAMED the Fairies wanted me
To spend my birth-night with them
all;

And I said, "Oh, but you're so wee
And I am so tremendous tall,
What could we do?"

"Crab-apple stem!"
Said they, and I was just like them.

And then, when we were all the same,
The party and the fun began;
They said they'd teach me a new game
Of "Dew-ponds." "I don't think I
can
Play that," I said.

"Crab-apple blue!"
Said they, and I could play it too.

And then, when we had played and
played,
The Fairies said that we would
dance;
And I said, "Oh, but I'm afraid
That I've no shoes." I gave a glance
At my bare toes.

"Crab-apple sweet!"
Said they, and shoes were on my feet.

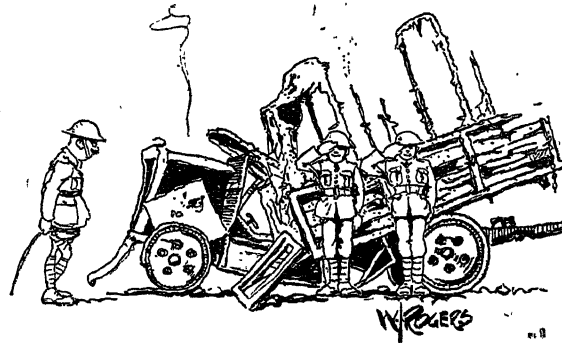
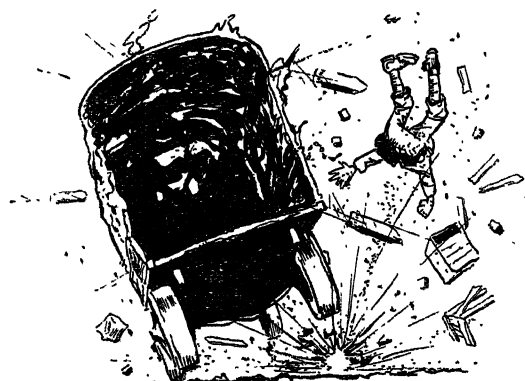
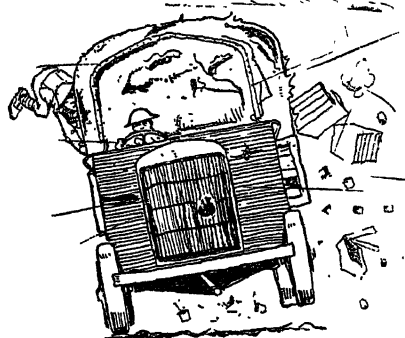
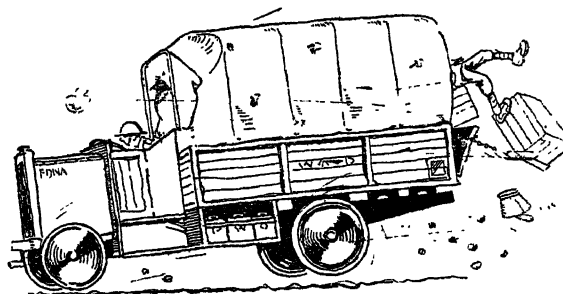
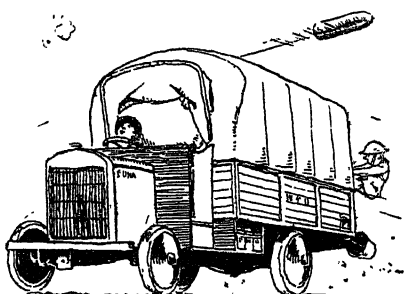
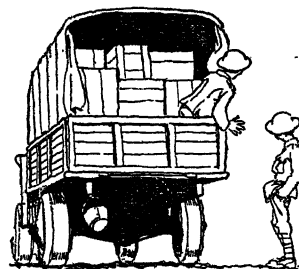
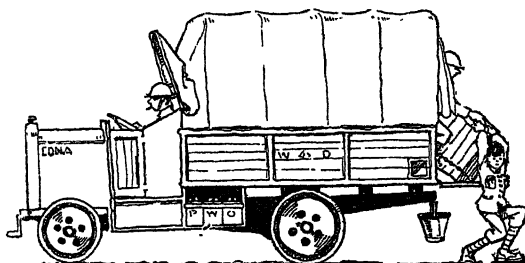
And then we danced away, away,
Until my birth-night all was done;
And I said, "I'll go home to-day;
And thank you for my lovely fun,
I'll come again."

"Crab-apple red!"
Said they, and I woke up in bed.

Another Impending Apology.

From the report of a Prisoners of War Committee:—

"We are now making a change in the packing arrangements, and instead of six 10lb. parcels per month, we shall send a weekly 15lb. parcel, this by special concession of the Postmaster-General, who has raised the weight limit in our favour. He tells me he is in the mental ward at present, but is quite all right."
Local Paper.



DELIVERING THE GOODS.

IMPRESSIONS OF A JOY-RIDE WITH THE M.T.



Newly-arrived Tommy. "LUMMY! YOU DO SEE SOME SIGHTS ON THIS ROAD. WHAT PRICE THAT ENGINE AFFAIR JUST GONE BY? DID YOU NOTICE IT?"

Old Hand. "NOTICE IT! WHY, IF A RHINOCEROS WAS TO COME ALONG IN A TIN 'AT, I SHOULDN'T PASS NO REMARKS."

GALLIPOLI.

Qui procul hinc ante diem perierunt.

YE unforgotten, that for a great dream died,
Whose failing sense darkened on peaks unwon,
Whose souls went forth upon the wine-dark tide
To seas beyond the sun,
Far off, far off, but ours and England's yet,
Know she has conquered! Live again, and let
The clamouring trumpets break oblivion!
Not as we dreamed, nor as you strove to do,
The strait is cloven, the crag is made our own;
The salt grey herbs have withered over you,
The stars of Spring gone down,
And your long loneliness has lain unstirred
By touch of home, unless some migrant bird
Flashed eastward from the white cliffs to the brown.
Hard by the nameless dust of Argive men,
Remembered and remote, like theirs of Troy,
Your sleep has been, nor can ye wake again
To any cry of joy;
Summers and snows have melted on the waves,
And past the noble silence of your graves
The merging waters narrow and deploy.
But not in vain, not all in vain, thank God,
All that you were and all you might have been
Was given to the cold effacing sod,
Unstrewn with garlands green;
The valour and the vision that were yours
Lie not with broken spears and fallen towers,
With glories perishable of all things seen.

Children of one dear land and every sea,
At last fulfilment comes—the night is o'er;
Now, as at Samothrace, swift Victory
Walks winged on the shore;
And England, deathless Mother of the dead,
Gathers, with lifted eyes and unbowed head,
Her silent sons into her arms once more.

For Services Rendered.

This is our Merchant Seamen's "Gift Week." The Silver Thimble Fund, which has already collected £47,000 for War Charities, is asking for gold and silver and all other kinds of jewellery to be sent to The Silver Thimble Depot, 160A, New Bond Street, W., in the hope of raising £10,000 to endow a ward in the Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich. Mr. Punch can think of no better way of celebrating a victorious Peace than by a practical proof of our gratitude to the Service that has done so much to bring it about.

Miss EVA MOORE has arranged a *Matinée*, to be given at the Alhambra on Sunday, November 17th, at 3 p.m., in aid of the Kensington War Hospital Supply Depot, to whose admirable work Mr. Punch has more than once paid tribute. Among those who have kindly promised to appear are Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, Lady TREE, Miss LOTTIE VENNE, Miss VIOLET LORAIN, Miss CISSIE LOFTUS, Mr. COURTICE POUNDS, Mr. OWEN NARES, Mr. LAURI DE FRECE, Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER. Tickets, which range in price from 21s. to 1s. 3d., can be obtained from Miss EVA MOORE, 13, Kensington Square, W. 8 (Telephone, Western 1807), or from the National Sunday League, 34, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. (Telephone, Holborn 1524).



THE SANDS RUN OUT.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 4th.—Both the **SPEAKER** and the **LEADER OF THE HOUSE** were again in their places, to the satisfaction of everybody, and particularly of the lady visitors, some of whom, it is reported, had threatened to sue the management if the star-performers continued to absent themselves.

The **FOOD-CONTROLLER** has decided to fix a maximum price for eggs. Some Members greeted this decision with derisive cries of "No more eggs!" but others considered it a timely precaution in view of the imminence of a General Election.

Another sign of the times is the offer of a certain Conservative Association to provide its subscribing members with free insurance against accidents in public vehicles. This was vehemently condemned as unfair by General **PAGE CROFT**, the leader of the "Nationals;" his objection, I understand, being that the insurance does not cover Third-Party risks.

The growing disrespect for established institutions is exciting alarm in Government circles. Lord **HENRY BENTINCK** actually had the temerity to ask this afternoon, "Is it not possible to take Lord **NORTHCLIFFE** a little too seriously?" and some Members laughed. Where is this sort of thing going to end?

The Bill to render women eligible for the House of Commons passed its second reading without a division. But more than one Member expressed fears lest the charms of public life should prove more alluring than matrimony to gifted women. Sir **HEDWORTH MEUX**'s picture of a future Prime Ministress, distracted between the rival claims of the Cradle and the Cabinet, was drawn with strokes so broad as to bring down upon him an austere rebuke from both Front Benches.

Tuesday, November 5th.—Though **GUY FAUX** be reckoned among the "has-beens" we shall still have reason to "remember, remember the 5th of November." For on this day the **PRIME MINISTER**, fresh from Versailles, read to the House the terms, stern but not vindictive, on which Austria-Hungary has been allowed to go out of the War.

It was the worst day in the year that the Irish Nationalists could

have chosen to put forward their amazing proposition that Britain should not be allowed to enter the Peace Conference until she had granted Home Rule to Ireland. Mr. **T. P. O'CONNOR** essayed the hopeless task of trying to rekindle in a thin House the dying embers of Liberal enthusiasm, damped almost to

their chastisement more quietly than is their wont. Mr. **DILLON** indeed seemed chiefly annoyed with Sir **EDWARD CARSON**'s silence, and declared that he was now "King **CARSON** and lord and master of Ireland." Whereupon the monarch uncoiled himself from the seat whence he had watched the debate and quietly observed, "May I say that this is the tenth year of my reign?"—a useful reminder that Liberals as well as Tories had failed to find a solution for the Ulster part of the Irish problem.

The Resolution was watered down in deference to the objections of some British Home Rulers, but even in its diluted form was supported by only 115 Members, including Nationalists, Pacifists, and a few Liberal ex-Ministers, and was defeated by a majority of 81.

Wednesday, November 6th.

—Woman's triumphant march continues. True, Mr. **MAC-**

PERSON said it was impossible, without legislation, to grant commissions to lady-doctors employed in military hospitals, and there was no use therefore in "camouflaging" them—his word, not mine—with pips. But as a *solatium* the House decided that, though Woman may not vote until she is thirty, she may write herself M.P. (if she can find an obliging constituency) at twenty-one. What is more, if she happens to be a Peeress in her own right—and her brother-Peers are willing—there is nothing to prevent her sitting in both Houses, a thing that no mere man can do.

Thursday, November 7th.—Lord **ROBERT CECIL** has invented a neat formula for dealing with the kind of questions that it is equally embarrassing to answer or ignore. "The points raised will not be forgotten," he tells his inquisitors, and leaves them speechless.

The Member who pleaded for the release of the Irish prisoners, because many of them—"perhaps all of them"—desired to be Candidates at the coming Election, must, I think, have been misinformed. For immediately afterwards another Member elicited the fact that in gaol they enjoy "a full, varied and most satisfying diet," which is more than they would get just now in the House of Commons' dining-room.

I am sure Colonel **BURGOYNE** meant well when he suggested the amendment of the Parliament (Qualification of Women) Bill by



KEEPING THE HOME RULE FIRES BURNING.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR.

extinction by Irish apathy about the War. But even with some perfunctory help from Mr. **ASQUITH** and Mr. **SAMUEL** he could not blow it into a flame. In fact such heat as the debate engendered was supplied by the **CHIEF SECRETARY** and Mr. **BONAR LAW**, who told the Irish home-truths about their conduct during the War in language almost as vehement and volcanic as their own.

On the whole the Nationalists took



KING CARSON.

(Fancy portrait by Mr. **DILLON**.)



Instructor. "NEVER MIND LOOKING AT YER WATCH, ME LAD. I'LL TELL YER WHEN THE WAR'S OVER."

the inclusion of clergymen within its scope. But the clergy will hardly thank him for the implied comparison. They are rather tired of jokes about "the clerical sex."

The mysterious relations of Lord NORTHCLIFFE to the Ministry of Information aroused the curiosity of many Members. Mr. PRINGLE, while praising his recent forecast of the peace terms as "reasonable and moderate," could not understand how he was allowed to put it forward as a private individual. Sir EDWARD CARSON inveighed against the impropriety of a subordinate official of one Ministry being allowed to attack the head of another, as Lord NORTHCLIFFE had done through his newspapers in the case of Lord MILNER; while Mr. DILLON declared that the Napoleon of journalism was at his old tricks and using private information to obtain the reputation of a prophet.

Mr. BALDWIN's defence was that "Napoleons will be Napoleons." Mr. DILLON, he said, seemed to desire the appointment of a "Northcliffe Controller"; but that was impracticable. All our bravest men are too busy to take on the job.

THE RUINED PARTY.

(No, not the Irish Party this time.)

His family, to mark the bard's
Blankth birthday, for his sake
Capitalised its sugar cards
And sent him out a cake—
A gift which very welcome comes
To armies marching on their tums.

And so I begged in friendship's name
Some kindred souls to meet
That eventide and wolf the same,
Washed down by coffee (neat);
Just now there is apparent here
A painful paucity of beer.

At noon there came—life *can* be
hard—

A sergeant to suggest
That I should do a quarter-guard;
I kindly acquiesced;
One does with those who wear the
three-
Striped emblem of authority.

The kindred spirits met that night,
But though I was not there
They did not bring *one* appetite
This absence could impair;
My health they cordially ate,
Leaving no heel-taps on the plate.

And when at last I graced the scene,
From sentry-go released,
The clasp-knife (left for me to clean)
With which they'd carved the feast
Bore on its blade my share (or lot),
One currant and a greasy spot.

Another Impending Apology.

"MILK SUPPLY.

It was decided to agree to pay to the Food Control Committee a portion of the cost of extending the water main to _____ Farm, Mr. _____ having agreed in that event to purchase twelve more cows."—*Essex Paper*.

"Colonel Roosevelt . . . wisely warns all whom it may concern: 'We should accept not controlled by Austrophils, nor is unconditional surrender of Germany and her vassal allies Austria and Turkey, and which does not free the subject races of Austria and Turkey from the yoke of Austrian, Magyar, and Turk.' This shows how much clearer some things are seen at a distance."—*Evening Paper*.
We infer that the writer keeps an English grammar at his elbow.

"During the past few days rumours of the abdication of the Kaiser have been as thick as 'autumnal leaves on the brooks of Ambrosia.'"—*Bristol Evening News*.

We are unable to trace the quotation, but we gather that the writer wishes us to understand that WILLIAM has got it in the nectar.

REPRISALS.

THAT ass Ellis has tried several times to prevent me from serving my King and country. At the time of writing he has failed. But I can't promise to be alive when you see this, because he is very persistent.

Why the authorities decided that I must do an anti-gas course I don't know. But they did; and the first person that I met at the local H.Q. (Gas) was Ellis.

H.Q. (Gas) is divided into two parts—the Gas Chamber and the Gas Ante-Chamber. Add to these the Gas Colour-Sergeant, the Gas Corporal, several different kinds of gases, two gas-masks, and finally, of course, Ellis and me, and you have the scenery, properties and cast complete. I am the hero and the Colour-Sergeant is the villain; the clown's part is naturally reserved for Ellis.

The first scene is laid in the Gas Ante-Chamber, and when the curtain rises we see the Gas Colour-Sergeant, ably assisted by the Gas Corporal, generating the Ante-Chamber gas for all he is worth. This form of frightfulness need not necessarily prove fatal if taken in moderate doses; in fact, as far as I know, its worst symptoms are yawning and an intense desire to sleep. It includes a short description of the gases affected by Fritz, a ghastly attempt at the scientific nomenclature of their component parts, and a vast mass of undigested facts concerning their whims and habits. When the Colour-Sergeant had to stop for more oxygen the Corporal carried on, until Ellis floored him with some more than usually impossible question. On the whole I think Ellis generated more gas than either of them; but I am not sure, because I succumbed to the very first whiff, and only woke up at lunch-time.

At lunch, feeling that Ellis had made a bigger fool of himself than usual, I determined to read him a lesson. I began as follows:—

"Ellis, old man, have you made your will?"

"No," said Ellis in a startled voice. "Why?"

"Really," I answered seriously, "I'm afraid you don't grasp the dangers we are called upon to face. If you are

feeling particularly strong I'll tell you what happened at my last course."

Ellis blanched. "Go on," he murmured between clenched teeth.

"Well," I continued, "you know how important it is that one's gas-mask should be a perfect fit?"

Ellis only nodded. He was beyond words.

"So important is it," I went on, "that they will only test your mask while you are actually in a strong concentration of gas; in short, in the Gas Chamber itself. Masks were served out and we were thrust at the bayonet's point into the fatal room. When the Colour-Sergeant and the Corporal came in to see how we were getting on, they found me pale but confident, for luckily

apples; also several other facts which I have mislaid. Once or twice I caught Ellis looking at me in that spiteful way of his, and he seemed to be pretty thick with the Colour-Sergeant. By the occasional nods and winks that I intercepted I judged they were enjoying some futile joke together. Just like Ellis to demean himself with his inferiors in rank."

At length the day arrived for the grand *finale*—the actual test of five minutes all alone with one's fears and one's mask in the Gas Chamber. "A concentration of chlorine," said the Colour-Sergeant, "that would kill you in a minute but for the gas-mask."

Ellis went first. He had to be half-pushed through the fatal door that led

from the Gas Ante-chamber to the lethal apartment. Personally I didn't think he took it at all well; but then what could one expect from a fellow like Ellis?

Five minutes passed—ten minutes. I was just wondering whether I had not better boldly enter and extract the erring Ellis ere it was too late, when in came the Gas Colour-Sergeant and hustled me rudely towards the door.

"Your turn, Sir," he said grimly.

Cool though I was, I hesitated a moment before I took the plunge. But only for a moment. Murmuring the words,

"An officer and a gentleman!" I took a deep breath through my respirator—"the last pure air," I thought, "that I may ever breathe on earth." Then I proudly flung open the portal, entered, and with equal firmness closed the door behind me.

I was in a small and barely-furnished room. It was but dimly lit by a sloping skylight in the roof. A plain deal table and two wooden chairs stood against one wall, while opposite, on a steel platform in shape not unlike an ordinary kitchen range, stood the gas-cylinder, a stumpy iron affair, from which the venomous gas was hissing through a small hole near the top.

And that was all. But horror! what was that dark bundle in the corner that lay so still? Even before I rolled it over, instinct told me the whole dreadful truth. It was Ellis!

I rushed for the door. It was locked. I banged on it and yelled. My voice sounded hollow, being muffled by the



Burglar (disturbed in the course of business). "NOW YOU 'AVE WOKE UP, DOCTOR, YER MIGHT 'AVE A LOOK AT MY TONGUE. MY REGLER MAN'S DAHN WIV THE FLU."

my mask fitted me. But when they came to the other man, 'Corporal,' said the Colour-Sergeant, 'I'm afraid you've been careless again. This man's mask doesn't fit properly. There must be a leak somewhere.' 'Sorry, Sir,' replied the Corporal, 'but 'e 'ad such a funny 'ead I couldn't do nuffink wiv it.' Now I come to think of it, Ellis, the slope of his forehead and chin was just like yours. . . He was as dead as mutton," I added sadly.

Ellis swooned.

That afternoon they fitted us with gas-masks in the open air. Even Ellis was satisfied with the fit of his. Still, the lesson had done him good, for he seemed very thoughtful and talked far less than usual.

During the next few days we sniffed at mustard gas, wept at tear-gas and sneezed at sneezing gas. We learnt that phosgene smells of lilac, mustard gas of onions and lachrymatory of pine-

rubber nozzle in my mouth. I yelled again, thereby filling the mask with air and blowing off the nose cap.

And then, faint and subtle, came the smell. Gently, irresistibly, it forced its way through rubber and chemicals and all. So I was done for—cut off in the prime of my health and beauty. I sobbed aloud, then grew strangely calm. I knew now there had been some hideous mistake. This was no chlorine. It was the deadly mustard gas; for the smell was the smell of onions.

"They have lied to me," I murmured. "The mask will not save me here."

So saying, I sank to the ground and knew no more.

* * * * *

A roar of laughter woke me. I opened my eyes. Ellis was standing in the middle of the room, braying like the silly ass he is. The Colour-Sergeant and the Corporal were sitting by the table. A white cloth had been spread and on the centre reposed the gas cylinder, open now but still emitting fumes.

Then it burst upon me that this couldn't be the Gas Chamber after all.

"The Chamber!" I gasped. "Where is it?"

The Colour-Sergeant pointed his well-loaded knife towards the door I had entered by.

"The little room on the other side of the Ante-Chamber," he said, and deftly flicked the knife-load into his mouth.

"I wish they'd give us tripe and onions every day," sighed the Corporal.

THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

XVIII.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XCIV.

George. There are two things I don't quite understand. How is it that Switzerland, which has always been a republic, was full of kings and emperors at this time? And why did they have such funny names—"Tino" and "Ferdie" and so on?

Mrs. M. Your perplexity, my dear George, is quite intelligible. Switzerland was invaded by sovereigns, but they did not reign in Switzerland. They were attracted by the salubrity of the climate and other potent considerations, in which the instinct of self-preservation predominated. As I remarked to you on a former occasion there is an involuntary sympathy which one feels for the unfortunate, and the sufferings of exiled families naturally appeal to the generous instincts of ingenuous youth. But compassion needs to be tempered with justice, and few of these sovereigns were worthy of unstinted



"I'LL BET THE OLD KAISER'S FAIR MAD WITH OUR JOHNNIE! THEM GERMANS 'AVE 'AD FOUR YEARS TO 'IT HIM, AND THEY AIN'T DONE IT YET—AND 'E COMES HOME ON LEAVE TO-MORRER!"

commiseration. Their very names prove this, for kings and eminent persons who are habitually spoken of by derogatory nicknames or abbreviations are seldom, if ever, deserving of our respect. CHARLEMAGNE was never called "Charlie," nor was our great sovereign, ALFRED THE GREAT, ever referred to as "Alf."

Richard. But how about "Bluff King Hal" and "Good Queen Bess"?

Mrs. M. KING HENRY VIII., as I think I impressed upon you in dealing with his reign, was not in all respects an estimable character. Indeed in one of our conversations you yourself, Richard, alluded to him as "that good-for-nothing king." The rapidity with which he contracted, and the unscrupulousness with which he terminated, his matrimonial alliances must always be regarded as a blot on his record. And QUEEN ELIZABETH was a mistress of dissimulation, arbitrary in her ways,

haughty in her manners and addicted to sad extravagance in her toilet.

Mary. Please tell us something about the Court jesters in this reign.

Mrs. M. The office of Court jester had long been abolished, but public buffoons still flourished, whose business it was to rove about and exhibit their talents at public meetings or to indulge in intellectual gymnastics in the newspapers. They no longer wore a special uniform, but were generally recognisable by eccentricities of dress or of appearance. As one of the writers of the time, Dr. WELLS, observes, "None of them had the dignity and restraint of the great Victorians, the Corinthian elegance of RUSKIN, the Teutonic hammer-blows of CARLYLE;" and he goes on to mention two who "thrust a shameless obesity upon the public attention." And this was, of course, all the more reprehensible at a time when there was a considerable shortage of food.

MY DIARY.

It is absurd to say that we were unaffected by the War. I myself, for instance, had become a Volunteer quite early in the revived career of this particular branch of His Majesty's service. I had suffered the slings and arrows of an outrageous sergeant-major, who dealt with us on the square at Chelsea Barracks as if we were a pack of small boys in our first term at school.

"Don't touch your face!" he would roar. "Don't touch it, I tell you. It's marked out for the beauty prize, and you can't improve it, no matter what you do."

This was perhaps one of the mildest pieces of well-studied sarcasm that Sergeant-Major Batten hurled at his squad of Volunteer Officers. Those who enjoyed the amenities of the Chelsea Barrack square were supposed to go back to the centres from which they came and spread the latest military knowledge over the rural districts of England.

But it was not to talk of Volunteering that I began this article. It was in order to draw your attention to my diary, and to show you how this inanimate thing gradually wrapped itself up in the War and ceased to take an interest in anything else. I can only explain what I mean by telling you that it became infused with a sort of life of its own, and many a time I caught it nudging me when I wished to set down any of the ordinary bald statements that are to be found in every self-respecting diary. It tried, I am sure, to withdraw itself from my writing-table, or, failing that, to get itself lost under an accumulation of papers, or to cross the nibs of my favourite pens, or commit some other perversity. At the time I tried to explain these actions on rationalistic theories. Now I know better and am sure that my diary was absorbed in the War, and was trying to prevent me from writing about anything else.

So matters went on until the Spring of this year, when the great German offensive was being pushed with what then seemed to us overwhelming force. I remember one particular evening when I was trying to write in the diary something about ration books. My diary protested. I tried it with one shortage after another. It refused every one of them and kept me strictly to military affairs, showing a particular delight in the expert optimism of "D." of *The Westminster Gazette*.

Then one evening arrived the glorious news of Marshal Foch's counter-offensive. My diary showed great agitation and insisted on having the details, meagre enough at the moment, written into it. The pages simply crackled with emotion as I obeyed the command. Thenceforth there was no contest between my diary and me. Wherever it led, I followed, and so together, under the impulse of the British and their gallant Allies, we rolled up and swallowed as it were mile upon mile of the devastated land of France.

From that moment we never looked back, but kept steadily eastward all the time. Then came Bulgaria's defection; then Turkey fell out, and Austria-Hungary was in convulsions; and at last the great Panjandrum himself, with the little round button on top, began to crack and collapse and talk of an armistice. In my joyful revulsion of feeling my diary shared to the full. Indeed I noticed with some apprehension that it was swelling visibly, though this may have been due to its absorption of some particularly succulent newspaper articles recording our victories.

Yesterday, when I went to take it from its shelf I could not find it. I have searched for it high and low and still it is in the ranks of the missing. I can only attribute its loss to the fever of delight to which it was stirred by recent glorious events. The reaction from gloom must have been too sudden, and I assume that it did away with itself in a spasm of spiritual ecstasy.

A TRUE TWISTER.

A SHORT time ago I was the happy possessor of three boxes of wooden matches. They were not like war-time matches. They were of the best pine—long, large, square-cut and actually capable of being ignited. I was proud of such possessions and guarded them jealously from the predatory fingers of Jane and her mistress. I hid them in a little drawer behind three pairs of old gardening gloves. Sometimes, when my mood was prodigal, I would strike one to light a cigarette. It gave me a feeling of reckless egotism which, some say, comes only to Emperors. I had my moments of happiness in those days.

It was the forenoon of Wednesday the thirtieth day of October of this year and I was adjusting the set of the celery bed when my attention was diverted by a clamour in the house.

"That's Turkey," I said to myself as I cast down the spade and prepared to join the carnival. "Of course," I mused, "it may be Austria—or both."

As I entered the dim portion of the hall which leads to the garden I was aware of many figures gyrating in front of me. They were flinging their arms about enthusiastically.

"Hurrah!" I shouted. "Is it Austria?" My foot grated on something.

I picked it up. It was a match—large, long, square-cut and of the best pine.

I skated over another one. The hall was covered with them.

"Hello! Here's Uncle Harry," cried my worst nephew, flapping his unbuckled Sam Browne. "Come along, old bean, and try a twister."

"A 'twister'?" I said, still fascinated by the sea of matches.

"Yes," they exclaimed severally and in chorus. "Haven't you read to-day's *Punch*? How the Scotsman flipped the matches—they went ping—like a spent bullet—the rotary movement does it."

I stared at them blankly.

"It's an excellent leg-pull," remarked the Colonel, callously striking three successive matches to light his pipe.

"I've been bowling googlies with 'em and they didn't even murmur," said my second-worst nephew. "But," he added, producing a cavernous wallet, "they're very useful little firesticks all the same."

"I said it couldn't be done," exclaimed Margery; "I said it before we found the matches."

"Found the matches?" I repeated dully, and instantly knew the worst without going any further into the matter.

I picked up the remnant joylessly.

I hesitate to cast aspersions upon my own kin, nor do I like my thoughts to dwell suspiciously upon the Colonel, who is an old and valued friend, but nevertheless it is a fact that the matches we gathered up filled indifferently but one box.

At present I am waiting patiently; waiting until Mr. Punch, following his usual custom, publishes the index to his volume which is now in the making. I shall then become acquainted with my enemy and denounce him for the fraud he is.

I know he is one because I, in privacy, have lost or mutilated the remaining matches without the faintest semblance of success.

Our Heroes on the Home Front.

"The Chairman of the Council, passing along Queen Street yesterday, noticed a man struggling to get an oil barrel on a high waggon. Without hesitation, he took off his coat and assisted."—*Local Paper*.



Lady. "BUT YOUR HORSE LOOKS TIRED. PERHAPS I'D BETTER TAKE THE TUBE?"

Cabby. "'E'S IN THE BEST OF 'EALTH, MUM, BUT ALWAYS WAS A BIT OF A DREAMER—WILL DWELL ON THE TIME WHEN 'E WON THE DERBY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Camilla (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is to my thinking a singularly difficult story to get hold of. When *Camilla*, a young American recuperating from the fatigues of divorcing her husband, was plunged into the *Nancarrow* family circle, her confusion of mind was only equalled by my own. Perhaps this effect was the deliberate intent of Miss ELIZABETH ROBINS; if so her success was certainly complete. As for the *Nancarrow*s, for whom she seemed to claim admiration, frankly I found them detestable. The one member who had any vitality was definitely a bad lot, the others were inane, and the whole family snobs unmitigated. But while I understood and shared *Camilla's* feelings towards this unattractive household her other difficulties seemed to lack probability. Such insularities, for example, as "laces" for shoes, or what one might call the come-and-find-me arrangement of breakfast dishes on a side table, presented problems for which I should have expected to find her better equipped. Has American literature no books of travel and exploration that might have prepared her for these emergencies? Anyhow, having overcome the shoe and sausage obstacles and got herself engaged to the least intelligent *Nancarrow*, *Camilla* felt that she had earned a rest, and went back to America to enjoy it. But it was too late. Not even the purer air of her native land, where "strings" are strings and you can see what they are giving you for breakfast, could restore a spirit bemused with *Nancarrow*s. In the end, after an encounter with her former husband, we leave *Camilla* disengaged, sinking between two stools into (ap-

parently) a permanently astonished celibacy. Somehow I cannot think that so clever a writer as Miss ROBINS can have found her very inspiring company.

Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, pursuing his tour among the industries of England, takes us in *The Spinners* (HEINEMANN) to the district of Bridport. Although he gives us some information about spinning, he is more concerned with the spinners, and especially with one, *Sabina Dinnett*. The tale is a tragedy, and in its concluding scenes is very real and powerful; but it suffers from Mr. PHILLPOTTS' growing habit of deserting his main theme for matters of relatively trivial importance. His quaint pictures of the love affairs of three middle-aged people would be well enough in their proper place, but here we are concerned with a serious problem, and he loses grip when he leaves it. The question whether a man of education, whose passion is dead, ought to marry a working-class girl by whom he has had a child is not a new one, but Mr. PHILLPOTTS handles it with great skill. Among the minor characters I give the badge of merit to *Mr. Churchouse*, a dear old local author who admitted on his death-bed that books which he professed to have received from anonymous admirers had been sent by himself. And the medal for idiocy ought certainly to be handed to a *Mr. Waldron*, a person with no ideas outside sport, whose conversation, as usual with this type, was insufferably tiresome.

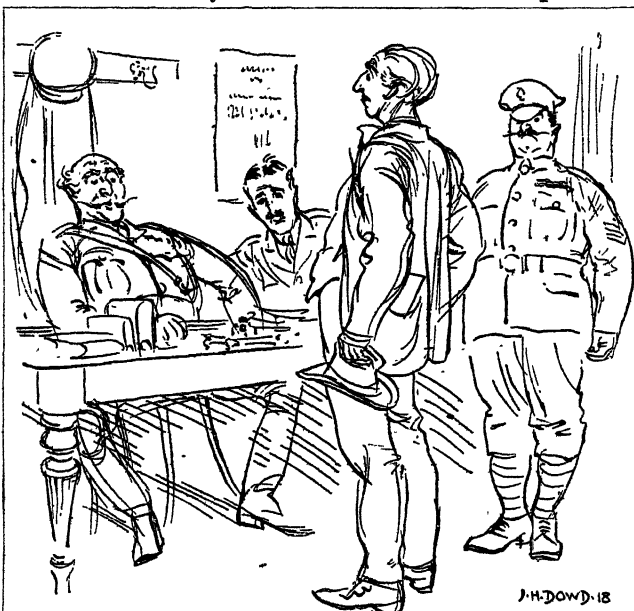
Many a student at the Bar and many an embryo policeman must have entered upon his career with the high criminological ideals which form the thesis of Miss

JEANETTE LEE'S *The Green Jacket* (SKEFFINGTON), but few can have been long in the business before they lost her illusion that the prevention of crime or the reform of the criminal can be "all done by kindness." Even after reading this fascinating story of the disappearance of the Mason emeralds and the detection of the thief by *Millicent Newberry*, the lady sleuth, and after paying due attention to the deductive arguments of the latter, I still think that existing systems are quite kind enough to felons and misdemeanants and that enough latitude is provided for them by the Borstal and similar systems. But perhaps in America, where the events take place, human nature is different and better. Again, however rude it may seem to criticise coldly and harshly so polite and warm-hearted a book, there are two questions I must put to the author: If *Oswald Mason* and his wife really loved each other with the concentrated passion which is suggested, how on earth did they manage to keep secret from each other those very actions upon which the whole mystery depends? And, if they did not love each other, what did the mystery matter, since the crime did nobody any harm and was never meant to? But let the reader not trouble himself with these nice points or question too closely whether *Miss Newberry* actually displays those gifts of deduction and manipulation which her advertised title of "a lady Sherlock Holmes" would indicate; let him read the story for himself, taking up the challenge of the same advertisement, which proclaims that "the impenetrable mystery will baffle him until the very sentence in which the secret is revealed."

Monte Covington, as good a sort as ever did nothing but amuse his lordly American self all round the world and all the year round (how incredible that sounds to-day!), married pretty *Marjory Stockton* at a moment's notice, merely to convenience her in her plans for having a good care-free time likewise. No obligations or responsibilities on either side, you understand. I betray none of Mr. FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT'S secrets in telling you this much, because the event occurs within the first hundred pages of *The Triflers* (METHUEN); and really there can be no secrecy about the further fact that they spent the remaining chapters of an agreeable story in learning to wish for and finally attaining precisely that hampering element which they had so flouted at first—namely, love. Frankly, they were rather a pair of noodles to be so slow about it, and one felt inclined to give them an occasional shove along the right way; but they get there all right—long before the back cover is reached, the wad of advertisements being thick. This summary hardly does the book justice, since both hero and heroine are really desirable people, and the author is concerned delicately and cheerfully to show the seriousness of things that are serious. None the less his characters and their actions are not honestly in accord, and one's war-time impatience with insincerity does stir a little at times. But the book ends on a note of war as well as of honeymoon, and I have no doubt that by now *Monte*

has done a thoroughly good bit under General PERSHING, with *Marjory* hard at work as near him as she could get.

There appears no special reason (other than the general difficulty of finding a title for anything) why Miss DOROTHY PERCIVAL should have given to her story of life in a Canary Island the name *Footsteps* (LANE). Because the special footsteps, the sound of which made the heroine sit up—literally, you can see her doing it on the illustrated wrapper—only came once, and that to the ultimate regret of the wicked owner, who got nothing by his intrusion but a blow on the head from the heroine's candlestick. *Daphne* was the lady's name, and she had migrated to the Canaries with a father whose morals (and footsteps) were both of them unsteady by alcohol. To such an extent indeed that when an affluent but (in two senses) impossible suitor, with the rightly handicapping name of *Gonsalves*, petitioned for the lady's hand, papa professed to see no just impediment to the union. Not so however *Daphne*; nor the handsome young English engineer with the ready fist and general *Ralph Rackstraw* manner. But, to save her father, *Daphne* temporised, till *Gonsalves* lost patience, and behaved in the ungentelemanly fashion and with the humiliating result indicated above. All of which goes to prove that if you must read in bed it is as well to do so by the light of a large-size candle. Also that life in the Canaries is not (so to speak) all groundsel. To sum up, Miss PERCIVAL has written a lively story, with a touch of real originality about the relations of the father and daughter, but otherwise following conventional lines, as these are understood in fiction rather than every-day life.



CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR VOLUNTEERS FOR THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION TO ESCAPE THE PERILS OF PEACE AT HOME.

Mr. LOUIS WILKINSON has committed the fault common to clever young novelists of putting into what reads like a first book—*A Chaste Man* (HEINEMANN)—all sorts of things that happen to be in his imagination or experience, without any particular regard for their pertinence to his theme. But clever the book undoubtedly is, and interesting throughout, which, after all, leaves one little to grumble at. *Oliver Lawrence*, a journalist publisher, has married a suburban and grown tired of her. He consoles himself for his lack of judgment in this supreme matter by philandering with the virginal *Olga*. The dangerous game of the chaste flirtation is made unbearable by the girl's awakening; and I should like to testify to the skill and charm of this portrait of an adorable adolescent. *Oliver* breaks his new chain and goes back to make the best of his old bondage in a sensible disillusioned way. There are other good cartoons and caricatures, and I will prophesy Mr. WILKINSON a notable future if he won't put all his rough sketch-book jottings to date into every picture he tackles. There are two profound puzzles: where did old *Flynn*, *Olga*'s putative father, get all the whiskey that he and *Oliver* drank together; and where did *Oliver* get the ten half-sovereigns he paid out to his little contributor? I haven't mentioned that there is a murder as part of the pot-pourri. Quite a nice and appropriate one.

CHARIVARIA.

MUCH satisfaction is felt that, as a result of the armistice, the War will not, after all, interfere with the General Election.

During the Peace celebrations in London a costermonger placed his donkey in the cart and himself pushed it through the streets, afterwards leaving it in the road and going home. It is supposed that he was excited.

"Not long ago," says the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "the Kaiser clearly declared that he hated war." If this is not true it is certainly a very clever invention.

An Amsterdam message stated that the Ex-Crown Prince of Germany was lying ill at Maastricht with brain fever. We have the best reason for doubting this.

Charged with beating his wife, a Bermondsey packer alleged that he was celebrating the end of the War. Upon his promising not to do th's sort of thing at the end of the next war he was discharged.

Several of the experts who had been busy telling us that the War would last till next Spring complain that Germany capitulated on purpose.

"Ireland," says a Dublin paper, "will not be slow to take up the work of reconstruction." In this connection we are informed that Sligo's October recruit has written to know if he can have the five pounds in cash, instead of putting the Recruiting Committee to all that trouble.

"In one London club," says a gossip writer, "they charged me a shilling for a spot of whiskey." Some people don't seem to recognise that there's a peace on.

"All German vessels," ran a radio message sent out by the German Government, "should make for the nearest port." A number of our own merchantmen, on hearing that the armistice had been signed, did precisely the same thing and drank the KING's health in it.

It is expected that some sections of the Defence of the Realm Regulations will be modified at once. It is therefore possible that our newspapers will shortly be able to tell us what sort of weather we had the week before.

"Germany," says Field-Marshal HINDENBURG in a proclamation, "has up to now used her arms with honour." Nothing, you will observe, is said about her legs.

We understand that, with the view of giving his attention to more important matters, Herr EBERT has decided to accept abdications only on alternate Fridays.

The KAISER has promised the Dutch authorities not to foster counter-revolutionary ideas, and we understand that the Dutch authorities are of the opinion



Sergeant. "'ERE, SAMSON, YOU TROT ALONG TO THE REGIMENTAL BARBER AN' LET 'IM GIVE YOU THE DELILAH CUT."

that the promise is fully worth the paper it was written on.

The price of blood sausages has been fixed at a shilling a pound. We are still of opinion that the only proper course was to intern them all.

The result of the War was foretold centuries ago, says *The Christian Science Monitor*. A reference, of course, to the famous *mot*, "*Parturit Mons et exit ridiculus Pruss.*"

Master plumbers at Ashton-under-Lyne have decided to charge by the hour. The old custom, in the profession generally, was to charge by the amount of damage done.

"It is to be hoped," writes a correspondent in the Press, "that the Food-

Controller will take the first opportunity of placing whaleflesh on the market." We know a number of distinguished anglers who would be happy to place their private herds of pedigree whales at Mr. CLYNES' disposal.

The Canino Defence League has announced its intention of providing a home for unwanted dogs. Some premature excitement was caused in dog circles by a short-sighted bull-terrier who read "ham" instead of "home."

An unfortunate incident happened in a grocer's shop last week. It seems that upon being served with his jam ration a City gentleman mistook it for an ink blot and tried to erase it with india-rubber.

The American elections, after all, appear to have been rather tame. At Denver only twenty-six people were injured and three motor-cars smashed.

We are authorised to state that at their recent meeting Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and the Liberal Party recognised each other quite easily.

At a recent Red Cross sale a Blenheim Orange apple was sold for twenty-one pounds. It is pointed out however that people should not attend Red Cross sales with the idea of picking up bargains like this.

A contemporary remarks that the sale of eggs by weight is not the best of methods. Some of the eggs one meets nowadays might well have been sold by sound.

First Fruits of Peace.

"Lost, Brown Cat, plump, since Wednesday."—*Provincial Paper*.

From a report of Mr. BALFOUR's speech at the Guildhall:—

"The Serbian soldiers were assured of having their mead of fame."—*Sunday Paper*.

Whatever their favourite beverage may be they have certainly earned it.

"Hepublics have evidently arisen in Vienna and Budapest."—*Evening Paper*.

And it looks as if we might have a shepublic in this country soon.

There was an old lady of Crewe
Who was horribly frightened of flu;
She spoilt her complexion
Through fear of infection,
Having fixed on a gas-mask with glue.

COALS OF FIRE.

WHEN Fritz had worked his various spells,
Murder and arson, loot and ravage,
His poisoned gas and poisoned wells
And all the other Teuton hells

That tend to make a Tommy savage;

When through the smoke of reeking lands,
Of plundered shrine and tortured city,
He saw the bright avenging brands
And, lifting up his dirty hands,
Cried "Kamerad!" and whined for pity;

T. Atkins, of the generous soul
(Purple till now with raging passion),
Would bind his wounds and make him whole
And let the blighter share his dole
Of fags and rum and bully ration.

O fair ensample, far too high
For all but saints (you'd think) to imitate!
Yet, lest my enemy should die,
I must curtail the meals that I
Within the FOOD-CONTROLLER'S limit ate.

I too, it seems, must show sublime,
And let my fare by Huns be eaten
Who whooped for WILLIAM all the time
And gloried in his every crime
(Barring the sin of being beaten).

I must accept, to serve their need,
The humour of the whole position;
Must further stint my frugal feed
And, to revive the Prussian breed,
Endure the pangs of inanition;

Go short of fat and shy of lean,
Reduce the pot I hoard my jam in,
From lust of lard my spirit wean
And prune my slab of margarine
To save the gentle foe from famine.

Well, if I choose to treat his case
As though he were my heart's own jewel,
And with a sweet and smiling grace
Heap coals of fire upon his face
(Rare in the present dearth of fuel);

If thus I let the Bosch go shares
And for his loaf subscribe my leaven,
Though I may give myself no airs
I am an angel (unawares)
And ought by rights to be in heaven. O. S.

Renaissance.

"New-laid eggs reappeared at Covent Garden this morning after a rather lengthy absence."—*Evening Paper*.

"Would Young Man in Blue Car arriving at Cowcaddens Subway on Monday evening, 21st Oct., 6 p.m., who lit matches to assist woman to find three-penny piece, or any other person who heard conductress's remarks, would be very much appreciated by referring to 9,799, News Office."—*Glasgow Evening News*.

We like the opening of the story very much, and hope that 9,799 will give us the sequel with the same clarity of style.

"People stood still with the papers in their hands, gazing into vacancy, soping—there is no other word—with the stern and splendid news."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

Surely there must be another word, if one could only think of it.

THE TOUCH OF NATURE.

(Being a leaf from the diary of Professor Septimus Fust, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., etc.)

November 11th.—Armistice signed. An end at last of the Titanic struggle. I hope the population will comport itself becomingly over this. Enthusiasm there must be, but I have always maintained that victory should be celebrated in a quiet and dignified manner, befitting the prestige of a great nation. It should be a period of *recueillement*, of retrospect.

I have been rather rudely interrupted just now by the abrupt entrance of my landlady. She is, or was, a sedate woman and her behaviour has somewhat shocked and offended me. She dashed into my sanctum and nearly swept off the table some of my Oolitic fossils which I was rearranging to include a new specimen (*Cerithium sub-scalariforme*). A coloured streamer was pinned on her chest and a small Union Jack was stuck in the coils of her coiffure. Decidedly grotesque.

"Oh, Sir," she said, "have you heard the noos? Do you know?" She then billowed up to me (she is a woman of large proportions), seized my hand and for one dizzy moment I feared that she would embrace me.

"You refer, of course," I said, releasing myself from her moist palm as quickly as possible, "to the cessation of hostilities. We have, indeed, every cause for gratitude that the unleashed forces of the world are checked—"

"I suppose you won't be in for lunch an' dinner, Sir?" she broke in.

"Why not?" I inquired coldly.

"Cos I'm going to be out," she snapped; "and p'raps I won't be home till morning, neither."

I stared. And then it occurred to me that probably the poor creature's mind, never calculated to bear much strain, had become temporarily unhinged. I decided to humour her.

"Why, of course," I said soothingly. "But do you think," I added with tact, "that you ought to go out in your present condition? Try a little repose, bathing of the temples and palms of the hands with some restorative—"

I am sorry to say that she interrupted me again, this time by bouncing out of the room and slamming the door. And I have just heard the front-door slam too. *Ira furor brevis est*. But her departure makes it rather awkward for me, as I must go out and take my meals at a restaurant—a thing I have always disliked. As I have to go out I might call and see one of my colleagues and show him the new Oolite fossil. It should interest him.

November 12th.—I wish to record here at once that it was all McQuirk's doing. Had I not come across him—But I had better tabulate the events in the order of their occurrence.

On leaving home yesterday morning I arrived at my colleague's house (after much difficulty, owing to the extreme congestion of the traffic), only to discover that everyone was out and the place completely deserted. As I retraced my steps, intending to find some quiet corner for luncheon, McQuirk came upon me. I have never cultivated his friendship, as I always resented his boisterous manner, and I was not at all pleased to meet him now. But directly he saw me he seized me by the arm and shouted out, "Hello, Septimus, what about the Huns, eh?"

I looked round, apprehensive that some acquaintance might see me in company with such a maniac. He was bedecked from head to foot with the flags of most nations; in one hand he carried a small bell and in the other a varicoloured hooter, upon which he blew loud blasts with unremitting fervour. "Come along with me, old chap," he



HIS OWN AGAIN.

TO THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.



J.H. DOWD. 18

- Reveller. "SAY, MATE, YER HAT'S ON STRAIGHT!"

went on, still holding me by the arm, "and I'll wake you up."

I would have explained my views to him on *recueillement* and retrospect but for the hooter, which was a bar to any sustained conversation. He swept me along till we came to a house where some friends of his resided. Here light refreshment was being circulated. Though inclined to temperance I was persuaded to celebrate the occasion.

I do not know how long we stayed (continuing to celebrate the occasion), but, on someone's suggestion, we all went out ultimately in a body and secured a conveyance. I do not remember thinking it singular at the time that fifteen of us got into one taximeter-cab; I do recall, however, that I was very insistent about going on to the top, I cannot think why, for in that position it is difficult to retain one's equilibrium. McQuirk was on the top with me, and someone kept making ear-splitting noises with a hooter. I discovered later that it was myself.

About the following events I cannot be quite clear. I have only a general impression of noise and cheering and laughter; of many times slipping off the top of the conveyance and as many times being replaced; of being the centre of a group of young officers and singing as loudly as any of them, "What are we when we're out of a job? Bow-wow!" Also of an exuberant dinner somewhere, and of McQuirk's accompanying me home at a very late hour, while I was conscious of assuring him that he had always been my best, my very best friend, and shaking hands with him repeatedly.

All this happened yesterday. Only this morning am I beginning to realise it with growing horror. I note that my landlady is less respectful—though perhaps more friendly—in her attitude. I fear I may never get her back to her former footing. Further, on looking over my Oolite fossils I suddenly remember giving the *Cerithium sub-scalariforme* to the cab-driver and imploring him to keep it for my sake.

My landlady has just been in, and said with what approximated to a snigger, "I suppose you won't be going out again to-day, Sir?" The woman has nettled me. Why shouldn't I go out? I can prepare my lecture on the Affinities of the *Tænioglossa* to-morrow. Am I to sit here calmly writing while outside there are celebrations of the greatest victory in history, the most colossal—Where's my hat? There it is, and—ah, yes, the hooter. I think I'll step round to McQuirk's and see if he has made any plans to-day for a further celebration of the occasion.

A Study in Irish "Detachment."

"TURF TOPICS."

Phoenix Park, coming at the tail-end of an unutterably dull week, was a sort of pipe-opener."—*Sunday Independent* (Dublin), Nov. 10th.

"The American Wireless learns that the German authorities in Belgium have given notice to the coal-mining companies that all men and animals should be brought out of the pits, that all raw materials should be delivered to Germans, and that the mines will be destroyed. This is in flagrant violation of Germany's Note of October 20."

"The offence is rank; it smells to Heaven." *Daily Paper.*



CARRYING ON IN GERMANY.

SYNDICATE OF POTSDAM PUBLISHERS CALL ON GENERAL FRIEDRICH VON BERNHARDI TO COMMISSION HIM TO WRITE A BOOK ENTITLED "GERMANY AND THE NEXT WAR."

CROOKED ANSWERS.

A CALAMITY has occurred and I am undone. In the first place I had been overworked all the week; on top of that my old wound began to worry me, and then I started a bad day by having a row with my stenographer. She said nothing at the time.

After some discourtesies on my part I dictated replies to two letters; I was already badly rattled. The letters to be answered were as follows:—

(A) *To Deputy-Director of Telepathic Services.*

SIR,—I am commanded by the Army Council to bring to your notice the fact that a conference on points arising out of Schedule K of A.C.I. 057431 (1918), in reference to instructional personnel for telepathic schools, will be held on the 20th inst., at 3.30 p.m., in Room 1197, War Office.

I am to ask if a representative of your branch can attend this conference at the hour stated above.

I have the honour to be, Sir, Your obedient Servant,
S—, Major G.S.,

For Director of Psychological Research.

(B) *From Captain X.*

DEAR OLD THING,—Feed with me on Wednesday night, 7.0, at Luigi's, and we'll go to a show afterwards.

Yours ever, JACK.

I signed the replies to these letters automatically. On reading the carbon copies after the letters had gone this is what I found:—

(A) *Captain X. 2317, Jermyn Street.*

SIR,—I am instructed by the Deputy Director of Telepathic Services to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. I am to say that, as representing the D.D.T.S.,

I will attend at the Restaurant Luigi as required at 7.0 p.m. on the 16th inst. It is regretted that, owing to curtailment of traffic facilities to the suburbs, I shall be unable to attend a Psychological Research performance at a later hour.

Yours, Z—, Captain,

For Deputy Director of Telepathic Services.

(B) *Director of Psychological Research.*

DEAR OLD BEAN,—Right-o! I'll be there at your pow-wow in the War House on the 20th, on behalf of this bally old branch. Cheerio!

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant, REGGIE.

MR. PUNCH'S APPEAL FOR "OUR DAY."

FROM the Hon. Sir ARTHUR STANLEY:—

"I should like to express to the Proprietors of *Punch* the cordial appreciation and gratitude of the Joint War Committee of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John for their very practical interest in our work on behalf of the sick and wounded.

"The appeal which you have made to your subscribers has received a very gratifying response and I hope you will find some means of conveying the thanks of the Joint War Committee to the contributors whose names are in the list you kindly enclosed.

"I note that your list is still open and that we may expect to receive a further remittance from you before your wonderful effort on our behalf is concluded.

"Yours very faithfully,

"ARTHUR STANLEY, *Chairman.*"

Mr. Punch understands that his list of subscriptions will appear, if it has not already appeared, in *The Times*.

THE MUD LARKS.

I CAN readily believe that war as performed by Messieurs our ancestors was quite good fun. You dressed up in feathers and hardware—like something between an Indian game-cock and a tank—and caracoled about the country on a cart-horse, kissing your hand to balconies and making very liberal expenses out of any fat (and unarmed) burgesses that happened along.

With the first frost you went into winter quarters—i.e. you turned into the most convenient castle and wiled away the dark months roasting chest-nuts at a log fire, entertaining the ladies with quips, conundrums and selections on the harpsichord and vying with the jester in the composition of Limericks.

The profession of arms in those spacious days was both pleasant and profitable. Nowadays it is neither; it is a dreary *mélange* of mud, blood, boredom and blue-funk (I speak for myself).

Yet even it, miserable calamity that it is (or was), has produced its piquant situations, its high moments; and one manages to squeeze a sly smile out of it all, here and there, now and again.

I have heard the skirl of the Argyll and Sutherland battle-pipes in the Borghese Gardens and seen a Highlander dance the sword-dance before applauding Rome. I have seen the love-locks of a *matinée* idol being trimmed with horse-clippers (weep, O ye flappers of Suburbia!) and a Royal Academician set to whitewash a pig-sty. I have seen American aviators in spurs, Royal Marines a-horse, and a free-born Australian eating rabbit. All these things have I seen.

And of high moments I have experienced plenty of late, for it has been my happy lot to be in the front of the hunt that has swept the unspeakable Bosch back off a broad strip of France and Belgium, and the memory of the welcome accorded to us, the first British, by the liberated inhabitants will remain with us until the last "Lights Out." The procedure was practically the same throughout.

There would come a crackle of wild rifle fire from the front of a village; then, as we worked round to the flank, a dozen or so blue-cloaked Uhlans would scamper out of the rear and disappear at a non-stop gallop for home. In a second the street would be full of people, emptying out of houses and cellars, pressing about us, shaking hands, kissing us and our horses even, smothering us with flowers, cheering "Vivent les Anglais!" "Vive la France!" clamouring, laughing, crying, mad with joy.

Grandmères would appear at attic windows waving calico tricolors (hidden for four long years) while others plastered up tricolor hand-bills—"Homage à nos Libérateurs," "God's blessings unto Tommy."

However, touching and delightful though it all might be, it was not getting on with the war; this *embarras des amis* was saving the Uhlans' hide.

Furthermore, though I can bring myself to bear with a certain amount of embracing from attractive young things, I do not enjoy the salutations of unshorn old men; and when Mayors and Corporations got busy my native modesty rebelled, and I would tear myself loose and, with my steed decorated from ears to croup with flowers, so that I looked more like a perambulating hot-house than a poor soldier-man, take up the pursuit once more.

In due course we came to the considerable town of X. All happened as before. As we popped in at one flank the bold Uhlan popped out at the other, and the townsfolk flooded the streets. I was dragged out of the saddle, kissed, pump-handled and cheered while my bewildered charger was led aside and festooned with pink roses. Tricolors appeared at every window; handbills of welcome were distributed broadcast. The Mayor and Corporation arrived at the double, and we struggled together for some moments while they rasped me with their stubbly beards. When the first wild ecstasies had somewhat abated I gathered my troop and prepared to move again.

"Whither away?" the Mayor enquired, a fine old veteran he, wearing two 1870 medals and the ribbon of the Legion.

"To Z.," said I.

"*Ecoutez, donc*," he warned. "They are waiting for you there in force, machine-guns and cannon."

I intimated that nevertheless I must go and have a look-see, at any rate, and so rode out of town, the vast crowd accompanying us to the outskirts cheering, shouting advice, warnings and blessings. In sight of Z. we shed our floral tributes and, debouching off the highway into the open, worked forwards on the look-out for trouble.

It came. A dozen pip-squeaks shrilled overhead to cause considerable casualties among some neighbouring cabbages, and shortly afterwards rifle-fire opened from outlying cottages. I swung round and tried for an opening to the north, but a couple of machine-guns promptly gave tongue on that flank. Another flock of pip-squeaks kicked up the mould in front of us and some fresh rifles and machine-guns joined in. Too hot altogether.

I was just deciding to give it best and cut for cover when all hostile fire suddenly switched off, and a few minutes later I beheld light guns on lorries, machine-guns in motor-cars and Uhlans on horses stampeding out of the village by all roads east.

The day was mine. Yip, Yip! Bonza! Skookum! Hurroosh! Nevertheless I was properly bewildered, for it was absurd to suppose that an overwhelming force of heavily-armed Huns could have been bluffed out of a strong position by the merest handful of unsupported cavalry. Manifestly absurd!

I turned about, and in so doing my eye lit on the poplar-lined highway from X., and I understood. Along the road poured the hordes of an advancing army, advancing in somewhat irregular column of route, with banners flying. The head of the column was not a mile distant. The Infantry must be on my heels, thought I. Stout marching! I grabbed up my glasses, took a long look and bellowed with laughter. It was not the Infantry at all; it was the liberated population of X., headed by the Mayor and Corporation, come out to see the fun, the *grandmères* and *grand-pères*, the girls and boys, the dogs and babies, marching, hobbling, skipping, toddling down the *pavé*, waving their calico tricolors and singing the *Marseillaise*. I thought of the Bosch fleeing eastward with the fear of God in his soul, and rolled about in my saddle drunk with joy. PATLANDER.

REMEMBER, REMEMBER!

H. C. writes to *The Times* to suggest that in future November 11th, the day on which the armistice began, shall be an additional Bank Holiday, to be called Thanksgiving Day. Mr. Punch thinks this a very good idea; but he goes farther and proposes that the 11th shall not only be celebrated as a national holiday, but shall absorb (without any ecclesiastical bearing) its neighbour, the 5th—now rapidly becoming obsolete—and that fireworks shall be associated with it and, if need be, guys.

Remember, remember

The eleventh of November!

Let that be the new refrain. No prize is offered for the best suggestion as to whose effigy should be burned.

Another Sex-Problem.

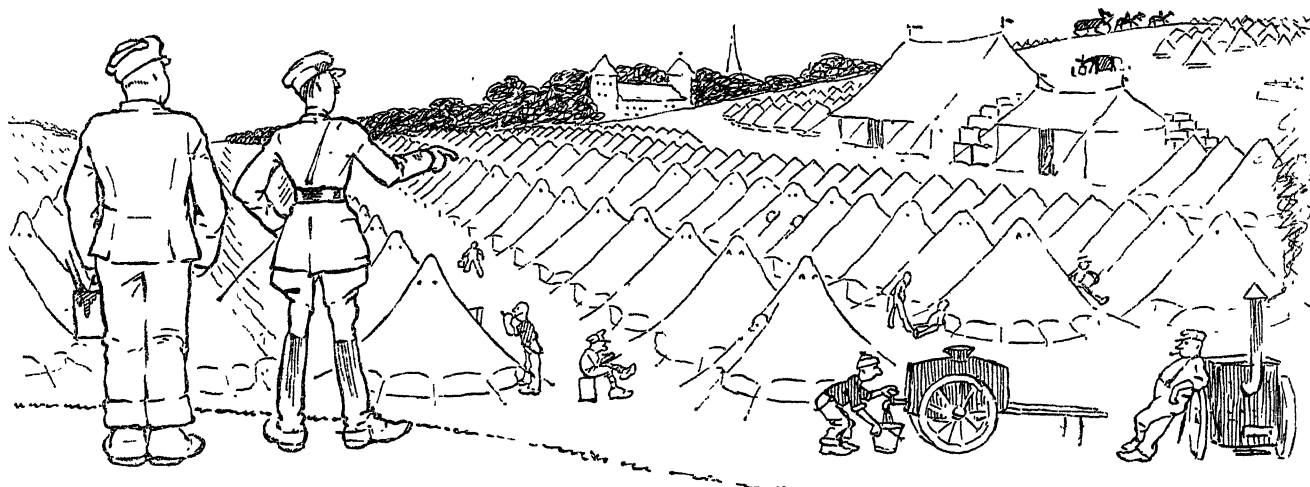
"YOUNG GESEB, suitable for breeders: parents laid over 30 eggs each last season."

Kingsbridge Gazette.

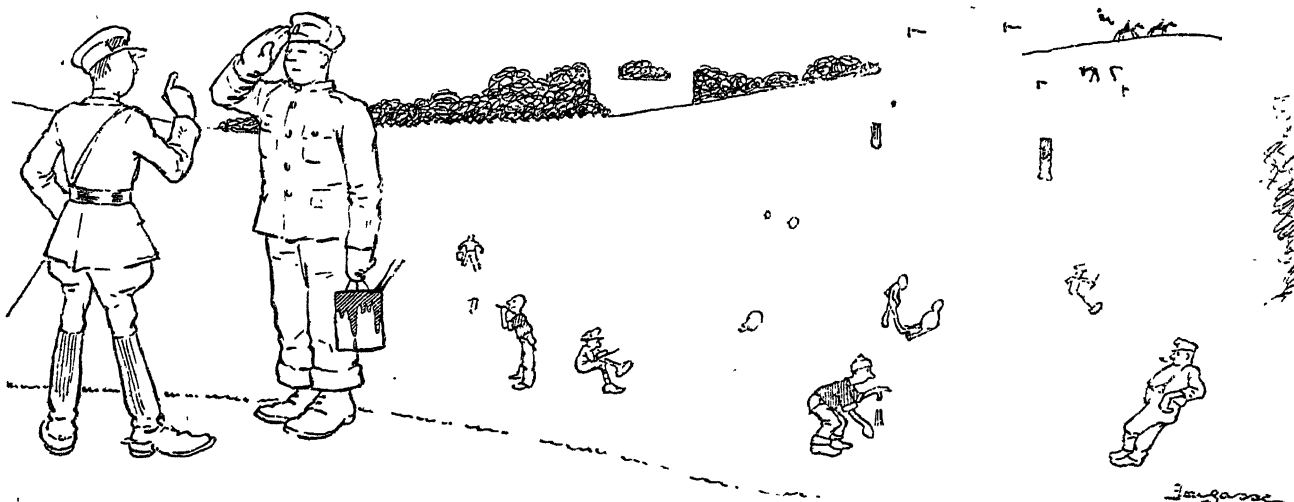
"Tuesday, Nov. 11, 1918, will, of course, live for ever in history."—*Daily News.*

Provided that it can first get into the calendar.

THE PERFECT CAMOUFLAGE ARTIST.



BEFORE.



AFTER.

A NOTE ON MR. D——.

The pictorial sequence form of advertisement, which is an innovation of our own day, undoubtedly renders certain of our periodicals more entertaining. One, at any rate, of our most illustrious statesmen, now regrettably *emeritus*, rejoices in each variation on the activities of that elderly buck who comments upon the excellence of a certain accessory of horseless vehicles, and whom for the moment we may call Mr. D——; and others less exalted would probably confess, perplexedly, to the same attractions. The commanding height, the knowing air, the confident smile, the tilted hat—and the hat of a glossiness too!—the swinging

cane, the trousering and the tailoring—all exert their spell. One laughs, but one looks. This well-groomed *dégage* patriarch is indeed rapidly becoming one of the best known figures in the British Isles and bids fair soon to be more familiar than either of the Georges—Rex or Lloyd. Every town now has him in its windows; sometimes in drawings; sometimes cut out in cardboard, viewing with affectionate regard his own portrait held in the left hand; sometimes even in plaster statuettes, coloured to the life.

There is peril perhaps in such universal publicity. One foresees the danger of John Bull losing identity. It will not be Mr. D——'s fault if his own form and lineaments do not come to be taken

by foreigners as typically national—if he does not, in fact, oust John Bull. The normal Briton of course resembles neither; he is not so solid and apoplectic and agricultural as our ancient symbol, nor so complacent and raffish and urbane as this new one. But certain it is that in years to come one of the tasks of antiquaries will be to analyse and determine the body of myth attaching to Mr. D——'s personality.

According to *The Daily Chronicle*, "the ex-Crown Prince had a lot of luggage with him. It was all carefully examined by the Dutch guards, and was found to consist entirely of personal effects." Yes, but *whose*?



ARMISTICE DAY.

Small Child (excitedly). "OH, MOTHER, WHAT DO YOU THINK? THEY'VE GIVEN US A WHOLE HOLIDAY TO-DAY IN AID OF THE WAR."

EX-KINGS AT PLAY.

At the general meeting of the ex-King's Club at Berne last Wednesday the claims of several new candidates for election were considered. We are indebted for the following account of the proceedings to Mr. Paul Pryor, the celebrated correspondent, who was present (on the roof) at the meeting.

The first candidate proposed was the ex-Kaiser WILHELM. In moving his election ex-King CONSTANTINE observed that he was not actuated solely by family reasons. He preferred to base the candidate's claim on the broader grounds of his versatile gifts, his great conversational powers, his musical attainments and his prowess in the chase, which, he added, might be of great value to the commissariat department if the native chamois could be persuaded to collaborate.

Ex-Tsar FERDINAND seconded in a brief speech. The ex-Kaiser, he pointed out, was interested in everything, including botany. In his company stagnation was impossible, and his reminiscences would be an unfailing source of stimulation.

The ex-Mpret of ALBANIA said that he was sorry to strike a jarring note in this duet of eulogy, but he felt bound to oppose the election on the ground that what they wanted above all was a quiet life, and to live with the ex-Kaiser WILHELM would be like living in a railway station.

The ex-Khedive ABBAS supported the ex-Mpret. The climate of Switzerland was bracing enough to supply them with all necessary stimulus, and, whatever might be said of the ex-Kaiser, he could not be truthfully described as a nice man for a small tea-party.

As the voting was equal the candidate was withdrawn.

Ex-Tsar FERDINAND then proposed his son, ex-Tsar BORIS. Setting paternal bias aside he was quite sure that his son would prove a most eligible member of the club. He had himself instructed him in natural history and taken a deep interest in his conversion to the creed professed by ex-King CONSTANTINE.

Ex-King CONSTANTINE expressed a lively regret in having to oppose the candidature of this estimable young man, but he thought it a bad precedent.

Ex-Tsar BORIS had only reigned for a few weeks, or was it days? He was convinced that it was desirable in the best interests of the club that a rule should be passed making it obligatory for a candidate to have occupied the throne for a minimum period of two years.

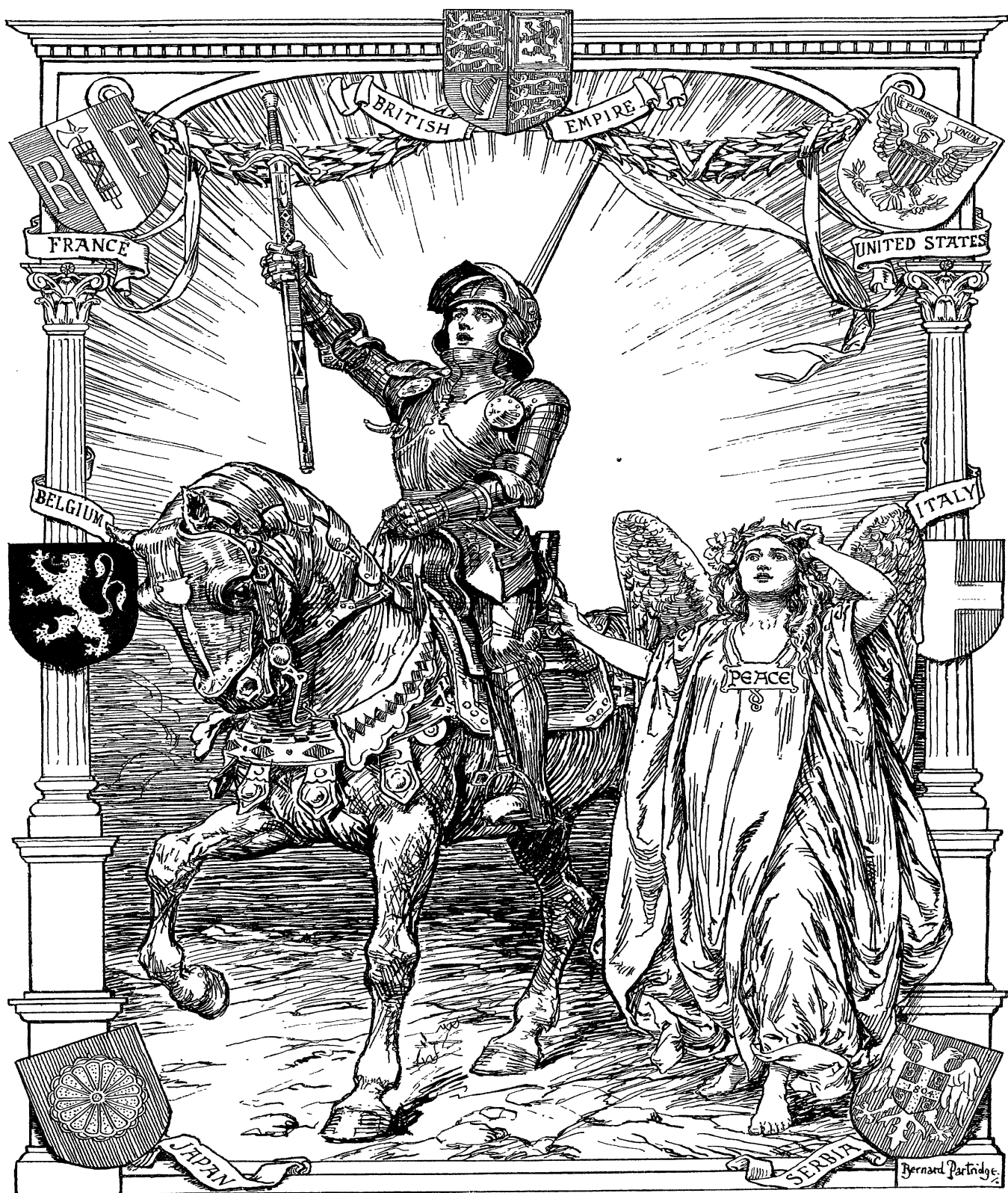
Ex-Tsar FERDINAND here interposed to protest against the enforcement of a rule borrowed from English county cricket—a gross slur on kingship as he interpreted it.

Ex-King CONSTANTINE retorted that ex-kings might learn even from their enemies. BORIS might be an excellent young man, but his Slavonic name was suspicious. He might for all they knew be a crypto-Bolshevist.

Ex-Tsar FERDINAND replied with some heat that ex-King CONSTANTINE's own mother was a Slav.

Whereon ex-King CONSTANTINE rejoined, "And you are the great-grandson of a regicide."

At this point the meeting broke up in disorder, the waiters intervening, and the claims of nineteen other candidates were unavoidably postponed till the next meeting.



VICTORY!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 11th.—As the PRIME MINISTER entered the crowded House of Commons to announce the terms of the armistice Members in nearly every part of the House rose to acclaim him. Even "the ranks of Tuscany" on the Front Opposition Bench joined in the general cheering. Only Mr. DILLON and his half-dozen supporters remained moody and silent. To them the great day came as an anti-climax, for Nationalist Ireland gave up fighting months ago.

The rest of the House listened eagerly while Mr. LLOYD GEORGE recited the conditions to which the German plenipotentiaries had put their unwilling hands at five o'clock that cold grey morning. He read so fast that Members had scarcely time to endorse with their applause one outstanding item in the bill of costs before another equally notable claimed their attention. Alsace-Lorraine to be freed at once, without waiting for the Peace Congress; the Watch on the Rhine to be kept in future by the Allies; cannons, machine-guns and locomotives to be surrendered by the thousand; all U-boats fit for sea to be handed over, and the rest of the German Navy to be interned or disarmed; all the gold stolen from Belgium, Russia and Roumania to be delivered in trust to the Allies—these were some of the thirty-five points with which Marshal Foch and Admiral WEMYSS have penetrated the German cuticle.

Well might Mr. ASQUITH say that the terms made it clear that not only was the War at an end, but that it could not be resumed.

Then Mr. SPEAKER, in his gold-embroidered joy-robcs, headed a great procession to St. Margaret's Church. The ex-PREMIER and his successor—the man who drew the sword of Britain in the War for freedom and the man whose good fortune it has been to replace it in its sheath—fell in side by side; and behind them walked the representatives of every party save one. Mr. DILLON and his associates had more urgent business in one of the side-lobbies—to consider, perhaps, why Lord GREY of Fallodon in his eve-of-war speech had referred to Ireland as "the one bright spot."

Tuesday, November 12th.—By the irony of fate Russia, the first of the

belligerents to sue for peace, is the only country now in the war; and so long as she retains in her Government the personages described by Mr. BALFOUR as "conscious agents of the German military autocracy," she cannot expect to get out of it.



ENTHUSIASM OF MR. DILLON ON HEARING THE NEWS OF VICTORY.

Demobilization is the order of the day; and several Members endeavoured to assist the Government by suggesting that preference should be given to various classes of their constituents; miners, the owners of one-man businesses, industrial "key-men," agriculturists, and married men being the most favoured. The House was glad to find that these points had not es-

caped the eagle glance of the MINISTER OF RECONSTRUCTION, who in a long and detailed statement outlined the proposals by which the Government hoped to mitigate the horrors of peace.

Dr. ADDISON's remark that in the disposal of war-stores the Government would endeavour "not to incur more scandals than could be avoided" was especially welcome to persons with memories reaching back to the South African war.

As the stores in question are estimated to be worth a trifle of five hundred millions they will be a useful set-off to the amount of the war-debt, now standing, according to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, at a figure approaching seven thousand millions. Yet he rightly considers that no one will grumble at the expenditure since it has enabled us to put "paid" to a long-outstanding BILL.

The disappearance of one autocrat will, it is hoped, soon be followed by the dethronement of another. "Dora" must soon think about abdicating. Already

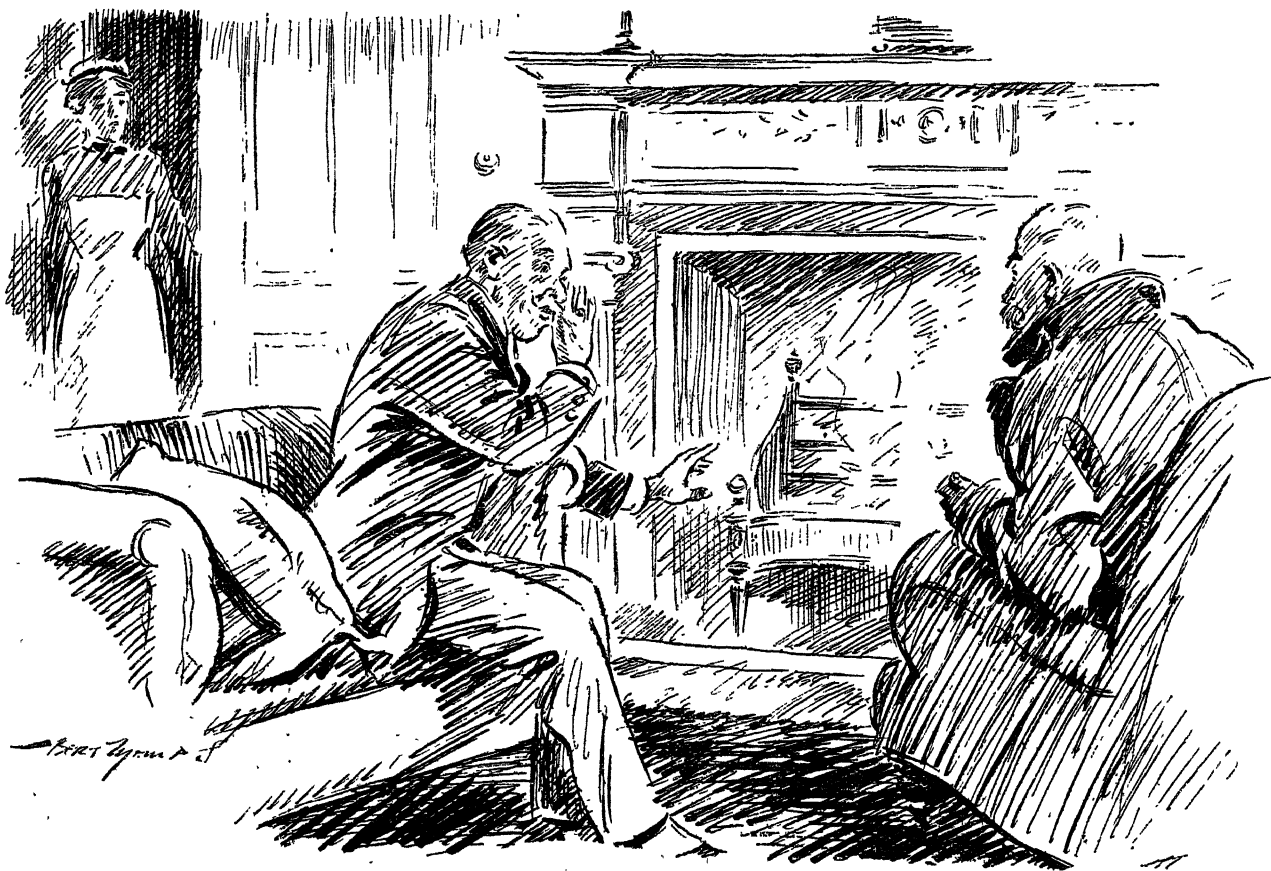
she has consented to give us more light in our streets. The next thing wanted is more light in our Press; but for that, Mr. BONAR LAW says, we must wait a while.

Perhaps it was prejudice against Dora's petticoat Government that caused Lord CHAPLIN to utter so fervent a protest against the Bill for enabling women to sit in Parliament. The ladies found a devoted champion in Lord HALDANE, but were nevertheless temporarily balked of their desire, for before a vote could be taken the House, most ungallantly, counted itself out.

Wednesday, November 13th.—The Lords having recovered their good manners gave way to the ladies and passed the second reading of their Bill without further demur. Possibly a long discussion on that trite topic, the distribution of honours, had taken the starch out of them. Lord SELBORNE declared that the size of the lists, now swollen to a condition of positive obesity, made it impossible for the PRIME MINISTER to exercise any proper supervision and urged the appointment of a Committee of the Privy Council to act as a filter for the fountain of honour. Lord CRAWFORD threw scorn upon the suggestion and warmly resented the comments made by persons "of high standing and full of honours" upon the



DORA STARTS CLEANING UP.



SCENE.—Doctor's Waiting-room.

First Stranger. "I THINK IT'S YOUR TURN TO GO IN, SIR."

Second Stranger (sotto voce). "ER—AS A MATTER OF FACT I ONLY CAME IN TO GET WARM."

First Stranger. "SAME HERE."

"humble people" who got the O.B.E., some of whom, I fancy, will not thank him for the description. Lord LANSDOWNE, too, objected to the notion of turning the Privy Council into a private inquiry office. The motion was negatived without a division. Lord SELBORNE may comfort himself with the reflection that the evil, such as it is, will cure itself, for "when everyone's somebody then no one's anybody."

In the Commons a lively attack upon the FOOD-CONTROLLER was made by Mr. CAUTLEY, the late Director of Pig Production, who narrated how his efforts had been nullified by the vacillating behaviour of the Government. Mr. CLYNES protested that it was not his fault. Members might possibly remember that there was formerly a war on, that at one time it was going rather badly for us, and that the shipping intended to carry pig-food had brought gallant American soldiers instead.

The shortage of food is still serious, for we now have to "feed the Huns" instead of the guns; but there are signs of improvement. It may soon be possible to mill white flour, and that will mean more offal for Mr. CAUTLEY'S

protégés; and there is a prospect that a few apples and oranges may be procurable at Christmas-time even by non-millionaires.

Thursday, November 14th.—Amid the crash of falling thrones and exploding empires Mr. FRENCH of Wexford keeps an unfaltering gaze upon the parish pump. The pump in question ought to be, but isn't, at Cullenstown in his constituency, and he sternly called upon the CHIEF SECRETARY to supply the deficiency. Mr. SHORTT considered this to be a case where the local authority might usefully apply the principles of *Sinn Féin*—"ourselves alone."

Though "the mad dog of Europe" is now more or less safely kennelled in the Netherlands his congeners in Devon and Cornwall have not yet been completely destroyed. But Mr. PROTHERO has good hopes that the pest will not spread any further, in spite of a shortage of muzzles. Mr. TREVELYAN'S suggestion that the muzzles should be taken off the newspapers and applied to the dogs was not favourably received.

VENDOR OF ALLIES' FLAGS: "Here you are. Penny each. All the winners!"

THE PROBLEM.

No more the busy search-lights scrawl
Their diagrams across the stars—
Lines, angles, intersections, all
The grim geometry of Mars.

To-day these portents are removed
And the invaded sky is free,
Now that the proposition's proved,
And we have written, "Q.E.D."

NELSON ON HIS MONUMENT (Night of November 13th): "I was often under fire, but it was nothing like so bad as being over it."

"A new world will arise, pelican fashion, out of the ashes of the world which is now burning."—*Provincial Paper*.

After reading this paragraph the phoenix retired, broken-hearted, to take the pelican's place in the wilderness.

"Remember that though its teeth and claws may be cut, the nature of the tiger is the same."—*Spectator*.

But for our contemporary's unrivalled reputation as an authority upon natural history we should have ventured to suggest that it is generally found better to let the tiger cut its own teeth.

THE RIVAL.

Horse and foot, balloons and wings,
Tanks and guns are we,
Straight from doing desperate things;
Jones is A.S.C.

All can tell of toil and fight
Freeing glorious France,
Exploits such as most delight
Maidens in romance.

But, behold, when Jones appears
All our yarns are vain;
He usurps the pretty ears
We so want to gain.

Does he talk of how the Hun
Bombs his moon-lit dumps?
How his reckless lorries run
Through the whooping crumps?

No, such talk of war's alarms
Subtly he ignores,
Weaving more effective charms
Chatting of his stores.

As some venturer of old
Back from Southern seas
Filled his talk with tales of gold,
Ancient treasures,

Perfumes, dyes of mystic art,
Jewels flame-possessed,
Till he roused the listener's heart
To a fierce unrest;

So this cunning lad dilates
On his piles of jam,
Tons of raisins, sugar, dates,
Pyramids of ham;

Till the eyes that pass us o'er
Yearning on him dwell;
Hungry hearts resist no more,
Caught in Jones's spell.

SCARS AND STRIPES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I hope you have not forgotten me. I am the dog who wrote to you at the beginning of the War about going to the Front with my master. I was a VERY SAD DOG then; I feel better and more hopeful now. You will be pleased to hear that my master has come through it all right, though he carries the marks of three nasty bites on his left arm, all in a row.

I thought at first that he had been bitten three times in the same place, and it struck me as very remarkable; but another dog, whose master works in the War Office, told me that these bite-marks are called wound-stripes and do not indicate the exact situation of the bite. I think that is a pity, don't you? It would be so much more interesting if they did.

My master is at present in hospital with a fourth bite, and my mistress tells me she thinks he will not be asked to fight any more because of something



"CAN YOU PLAY BRIDGE TO-NIGHT?"
"WHAT!—DO YOU LIKE THE STUFF?"
BEST AUTHORITY THAT HIS MUSIC'S VERY MUCH BETTER THAN IT SOUNDS."

"SORRY. GOING TO HEAR SOME WAGNER."
"FRANKLY, NO; BUT I'VE HEARD ON THE
BEST AUTHORITY THAT HIS MUSIC'S VERY MUCH BETTER THAN IT SOUNDS."

called an armistice which the Germans wanted, so as to stop the fight. Of course I am glad for my master's sake, but, speaking as a dog of some experience, I do not understand it at all. When I fight another dog I don't allow an armistice or anything else to interfere until I've made him wish he had never been born, and I don't think the Germans deserve to be treated any better than a dog; do you?

My mistress and I have been to see my master in the hospital several times and his bite seems to be healing rapidly. I am not allowed inside the place; my mistress goes in by herself, leaving me chained up in the hall. But oh, Mr. Punch, I had such sport the first time

we went. I happened to be wearing an old collar a size too large for me, so the moment the hall-porter's back was turned I was out of that collar and into the hospital and had managed to lick my master's face thoroughly before they could turn me out. The nurses were very kind and wanted to let me stop, but there was a disagreeable person called a Commandant who wouldn't hear of it. She reminded me of our cat.

Needless to say I have not been able to play that trick again, but unless my master comes home soon I'm going to get at him somehow.

Yours sincerely,
A VERY DETERMINED DOG.

CLARENCE AND THE N.C.O.

FOR months Clarence had suffered a sort of humorous vivisection at the hands of sergeant-majors, sergeants and corporals. He had been called in front of his platoon "a funny-looking thing;" he had been told (with that air of deliberate gusto which the British N.C.O. adopts when he is palming off old army jokes as the product of his own fertile wit) that he resembled a soldier less than a wet sock or a broken-down cab-horse. Sparkling little impersonations of his more salient characteristics had been given with immense effect by the Company Sergeant-Major, who dwelt lovingly but with obvious exaggeration on his method of presenting arms. A lance-corporal had pointed out to him with sweet-tempered patience the essential points wherein a cravat differs from a rifle, the explanation appearing to him necessary in view of the fact that Clarence would persist in his efforts to tie his "D.P." in a knot round his neck when sloping arms. He had been exhorted in public places "to 'old his 'ead up," as all available fag-ends had already been collected by the local boy scouts in whose ranks he appeared to consider he had enlisted when passed fit for service by a doctor who was obviously intoxicated at the time.

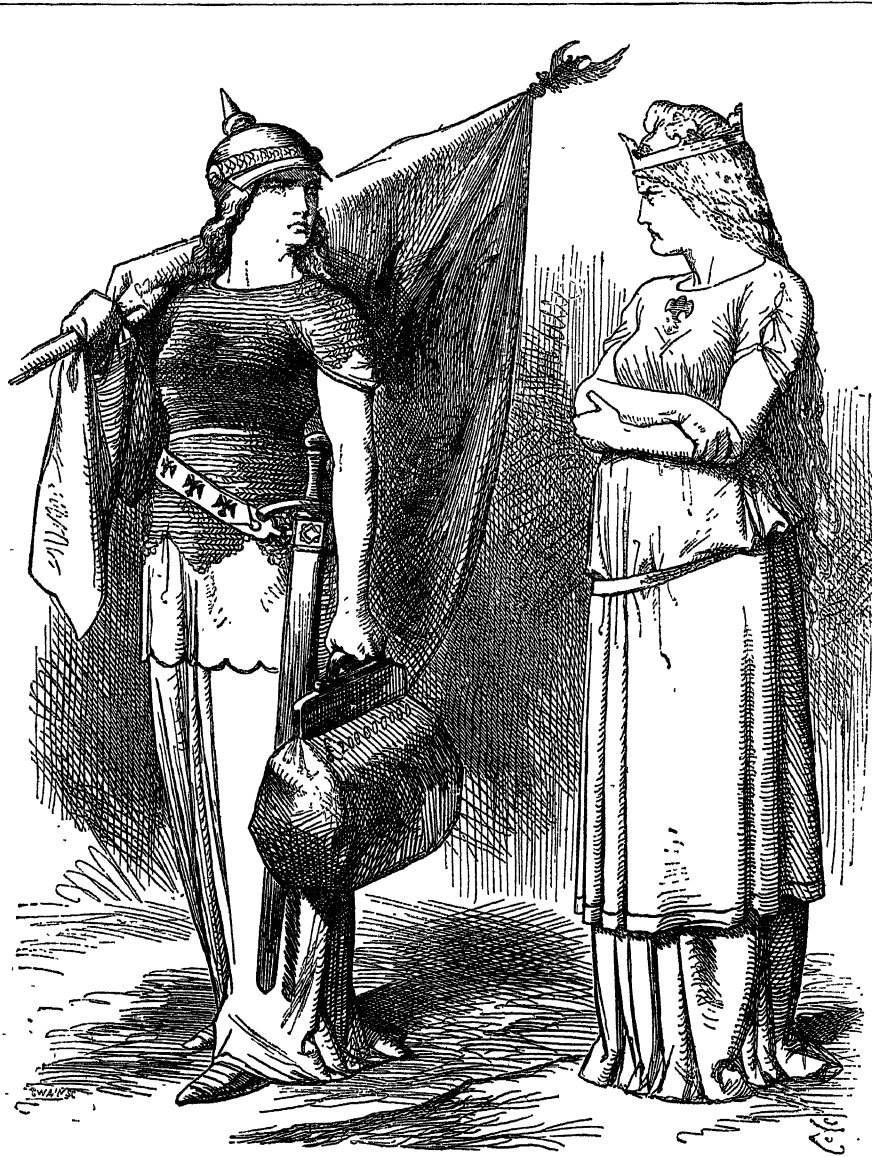
He had been advised to try to look like the "Arch-dook of Canterbury" instead of like a man who had lost sixpence and caught a cold in looking for it. On more than one occasion he had been brought before his Company Commander for minor offences. His cap

had been snatched from his head. "Private Fielder, Sir."

"Private Fielder, improperly dressed on parade," the Company Commander would say, and then call for evidence.

"Sir," the evidence would remark, "one o'clock parade this morning the

himself but to the whole barrack-room where he slept, as, for instance, that there were thieves about, that he had left his cap—— But it was never any good. The Sergeant-Major always chipped in, "Idle excooses, Sir. This man is very careless, Sir. 'E——" And then the



"AU REVOIR!"

GERMANY. "FAREWELL, MADAME, AND IF——"
FRANCE. "HA! WE SHALL MEET AGAIN!"

[Reproduced from TENNIEL'S Cartoon, September 27th, 1873.]

accused came on parade without a cap-badge."

Then the Officer would ask some leading question, such as, "Where's your cap-badge?" And Clarence would begin a speech, a prepared speech, mind you, not just a rambling discourse—a speech which began by touching lightly on essential and undisputed facts concerning the case, as known not only to

geant sobbing at his feet and asking forgiveness. . . .

And now Clarence had an overdraft at Cox's, a sword he was not allowed to wear and a revolver he did not know how to fire. In short he was an officer. He put on a Sam Browne which he would not be allowed to wear at the Front, cricked his neck in his efforts to see in the mirror how his Bedford cords looked

Officer would say, "All right, Sergeant-Major, that will do," just to show that he was independent of sergeant-majors, and proceed to do what the Sergeant-Major told him, and give Clarence three days' C.B. And before Clarence could begin a second speech, of restrained and disciplined protest this time, the Sergeant-Major would say, "Dismiss," in a voice like a dog-fight, and Clarence would dismiss, and go away and talk mutinously of officers who were under the thumbs of their N.C.O.'s and hadn't got the—well, the stomach, let us say, to act on their own initiative.

It was very hard. Clarence knew that if he had been an officer himself he would long ago have put a stop to many evils, including strong language to the men. Bullying, that's what it was, in Clarence's estimation. He would tell his sergeants off if he were an officer. He had often imagined himself standing before his men, their adored hero, with his platoon-ser-



"YOU OUGHT TO HAVE PULLED UP—THE POLICEMAN WAVED HIS HAND."

"I NEVER TAKE ANY NOTICE OF THEIR FAMILIARITY."

from behind, buttoned up some twenty-three pockets all over him which had contrived to come unbuttoned while he was not looking, took a deep breath and went out on to the parade ground. Having saluted the Regimental Sergeant-Major under the impression that he was the Adjutant, and apologised profusely for his mistake, he presently found himself facing a platoon of recruits which had been given into his hands by his Company Commander to "put through some squad drill or movements of arms." Clarence had decided on squad-drill.

He had often laughed inwardly at nervous officers. He understood them a little better now. Sixty pairs of eyes watched him. The Platoon-Sergeant came up and saluted. "Squad-drill, Sir," he said.

Clarence was a little annoyed. This should have come from him.

"No," he said; "movements of arms. I will take them myself."

"Very good, Sir," said the Sergeant.

"Platoon!" said Clarence.

The platoon looked at him oddly.

"Platoon, *shun!*" said Clarence.

Somehow it did not sound quite right; it had not the authoritative ring he had imagined for his own voice when he was in the ranks. It lacked con-

viction. However the platoon came to attention, and Clarence told it to slope hipe. It sloped hipe. Clarence's spirits began to rise. He was controlling men. He told the platoon to present hipe. It presented hipe, but it did so very, very badly. Clarence brought them back to the slope and started over again. This time they did it worse than before. As in a dream he heard the Sergeant addressing the platoon.

"Come along," the Sergeant was saying, "you're more like wet socks than soldiers. Number Three in the rear rank, 'old your 'ead up. There ain't no fag-ends about there. You ain't in the boy scouts now. Private Bennett, that there's a rifle, not a neck-tie."

Clarence smiled. How excellent was this man's wit. "Carry on for a bit, will you, Sergeant?" he said.

The Sergeant carried on. He gave what was in Clarence's opinion an excellent imitation of Number Five of the front rank attempting to present arms. In ten minutes he had the platoon doing "movements of arms" with a sort of frightened dexterity.

"Excellent fellows, these N.C.O.'s," reflected Clarence. But he remembered his exalted part and tried to steel himself to a public reprimand which should

put him on good terms with the men. And presently his opportunity came. The Sergeant was, in Clarence's estimation, a little too severe on a certain fool of a recruit. Clarence rebuked him. There was an awful silence. The Sergeant saluted.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," he said stiffly, "but I should like to refer you to Para. 437 in K.R."

Clarence felt giddy. He did not attempt to recall to his mind the contents of "Para. 437 in K.R." because he knew that he had never read Para. 437. In some guilty and furtive fashion he managed to get through the morning parade, and when he had dismissed the platoon, with its icily hostile sergeant, he rushed to his room and seized his "King's Regulations." With trembling fingers he turned the pages. Para. 437 swam before his eyes.

"An officer," said Para. 437, "is not to reprove a N.C.O. in the presence or hearing of private soldiers. . . ."

He read no further. With a groan he buried his white face in his shaking hands. He thought of his useless and expensive sword, of his overdraft at Cox's, of the revolver which he did not know how to use, and he broke down and sobbed like a child.

THE LONG ARM.

"TALKING about coincidences," said the Sergeant, "did I ever tell you about my brother-in-law? That was a coincidence if you like. There's been a lot of coincidences in this War."

In the entrance-hall of the hospital the Sergeant had met a chum with whom he enlisted in 1914, and he had come to the ward to tell us about it and discourse on coincidences.

"What's a coincidence, Sergeant?" asked Ginger.

Ginger is a hardened veteran of twenty-four, one of the old army, and he considers that the chief advantage of being in hospital is that one can be rude to sergeants without fear of unpleasant consequences.

The Sergeant, who had been the victim of one of Ginger's "leg-pulling" exploits on the previous day, regarded his questioner with stern suspicion.

"It would be a coincidence if there was two ginger blokes as ugly and as ignorant as you in the same hospital," he answered. "That'd be a coincidence."

"I see," said Ginger; "and if two ginger blokes both set about you and gave you two thick ears, that would be a coincidence."

"No, that would be a mutiny," snapped the Sergeant. "You'd find yourself in clink, p.d.q. Now shut up and don't show your ignorance. I was going to tell these other chaps about my brother-in-law, Jimmy Hart. That was the funniest coincidence I ever knew."

"I don't believe you know what a coincidence is yerself," remarked the irrepressible Ginger. "First you say it's two ginger blokes, then you say it's your brother-in-law. Is he a ginger bloke?"

"No, he ain't," responded the Sergeant angrily. "A coincidence is something that happens what you don't expect."

"Like having a sergeant be polite to you, or getting two lots o' pay, or strawberry jam instead of plum-and-apple, or finding that the Quartermaster ain't watered the rum ration?" queried Ginger with an expression of guileless innocence.

We threw things at Ginger, who subsided, and we then begged the Sergeant to tell his story, having first mollified him with a cigarette.

"Jimmy Hart's in the Middlesex, and he's got the Military Medal," the Sergeant began. "Before the War he was a carman, and he lived in Islington. He's an ignorant sort of bloke—nearly as bad as Ginger—and he had a lodger in his house."

"Was the lodger a coincidence?" inquired Ginger.

"He was," said the Sergeant with a threatening glance; "and don't you keep making noises like a damaged gramophone. Jimmy's lodger was a German—a waiter he was in a restaurant—and just before August Bank Holiday in 1914 he did a guy; bolted without payin' his rent. Went back to Germany and left a saucy letter saying he'd be back with the German Army to square accounts and ended up by calling Jimmy a pig-dog."

"Jimmy wasn't half wild. He went to the police about it, and when war was declared the next week I reckon he thought it was on account of his lodger having bilked him of his rent. I never saw a man madder against the Germans—except a Scotsman once at Poperinghe that had a smuggled bottle of whisky smashed in his hand by a sniper's bullet. Jimmy said he'd make the Germans pay, and he joined up with me in the first week of the War."

"I see," remarked Ginger, as the Sergeant paused to light another cigarette. "The coincidence comes in that it was your brother-in-law that got this war started because his German lodger did him out of his rent?"

The Sergeant snorted, turned his back on Ginger and continued his yarn.

"It was at Beaumont Hamel that Jimmy Hart won the M.M., and that's where the coincidence comes in. His company was held up by a Bosch machine-gun and was getting cut to bits. Jimmy was one of the best shots, and he borrowed the officer's glasses to have a look through when he was trying to pick off the gunners. 'Gimme a couple o' Mills's,' he says; 'I'll get 'im. This is what I've been waiting for,' he says."

"Out he goes on his own, crawling along the ground, and the officer lost sight of him and thought he was hit. But Jimmy wasn't hit, nothing to speak of. Presently the officer sees him jump up, chuck his bombs, then start chasing a big Fritz that was running away. Jimmy had put the machine-gun out all right, and when the rest of his crush gets up to him he was kneeling on the chest of the Fritz he'd been chasing, trying to choke him and cursing like hell."

"The officer thought perhaps the Bosch was trying to kill Jimmy, and he shoves his revolver in his face. 'Don't kill him, Sir,' Jimmy shouts out. 'He's my lodger. Make him pay me my rent.' And with that he grabs hold of Fritz's throat again. 'Pay me wot you owes or I'll strangle yer,' he says. 'Who's a pig-dog now?' 'I'll pay, I'll pay!' the Bosch cries, and pulls

out some notes, when Jimmy lets him get up. Then Jimmy explains things to the officer and his pals; tells 'em that the German use ter be his lodger and had bolted without paying his rent; and everybody laughed except the German.

"I recognised him through your glasses, Sir," said Jimmy, "and that was why I come out on my own. I got him, and now I got my rent I don't care how soon the War's over," he says.

"Jimmy might ha' got the V.C., I reckon, if he had shut up about his rent," the Sergeant concluded; "as it was he got the Military Medal for rushing the machine-gun. But he was more pleased to get his rent out of that German than he was about the medal."

The Sergeant sighed and re-lit the end of his cigarette.

"That's what I meant by coincidence," he resumed. "My brother-in-law joined the army just because of that German waiter, and he found him."

He glanced round at Ginger, who was sitting with a thoughtful look on his face.

"Now you know what a coincidence is, my lad," he said with a smile.

"Yes, I know," said Ginger. "A coincidence is a bloomin' lie about his brother-in-law, told by a sergeant."

PEACE IN THE VILLAGE.

THE day that brought our village news of peace,

Monday, that day of days,
We duly celebrated our release
In two noteworthy ways.

The church bells clanged and clashed:
that made us feel

That war at last was done;
But those who pulled the ropes and
rang the peal

Were women—all but one.

Then the church clock, long silent in
its tower,

Awoke to tell the time
And cheer us at the quarter and the
hour

With its melodious chime.

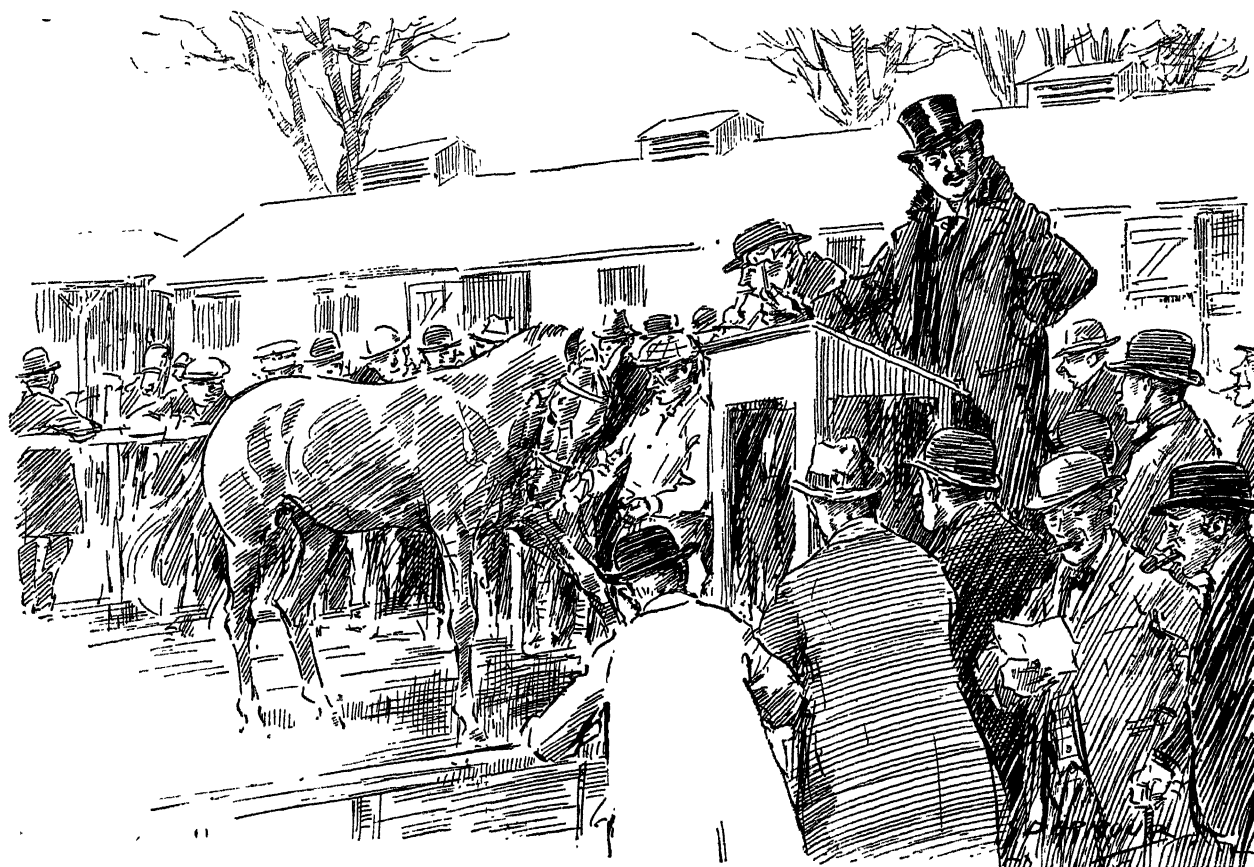
Gone are the days when sleep alone
could break

War's grim and tyrannous spells;
Now it is rest and joy to lie awake
And listen to the bells.

The Great Alternative.

Notice given out in a provincial chapel on Sunday, November 10th, 1918:—

"If an Armistice is signed to-morrow, there will be a Thanksgiving Service in this church at 8 p.m. If not, there will be a lecture on 'Hay-box Cookery' at the same hour."



Furniture Auctioneer (officiating in absence of live-stock expert). "HOW MUCH FOR THIS LOT?"

Racing Man. "I'LL GIVE YOU A PONY FOR HIM."

Auctioneer (disregarding bid). "WILL ANYONE START THE BIDDING FOR THIS LOT?"

Racing Man. "I'LL GIVE YOU A PONY."

Auctioneer. "LOOK 'ERE, SIR, I AIN'T 'ERE TO SWAP ANIMALS; I'M 'ERE TO SELL 'EM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AMONG the numerous persons who, unwittingly, have earned my fervent gratitude there are not many towards whom it is more fervent than the good kind people who have collected and written down and published in attractive shape the tales which, handed on from generation to generation, fed the world's fancy before the present era of printed fiction began. Captain CYRUS MACMILLAN, who has collected and edited *Canadian Wonder Tales* (LANE), is such an one; and, as Sir WILLIAM PETERSEN says in a foreword, the stories, seen from different points of view, will entertain alike the folk-lore student and the devotee of "once upon a time." Some of the tales were told to Captain MACMILLAN by Canadian Indians, some by French *habitants*. There are giants in them, and strong magics, and animals who talk, and birds who build boats, and mermaids, and fairy gifts and at least one tin with sardines in it. With a thrill of excitement, if you know your GRIMMS, you may discover *Dummling* of the magic goose in the baker who made the *tiens-bon là* (but you don't know what that is any more than the wicked lawyer did who invented it), and *Hiawatha* in *Glooskap*, and the warrior who fought *Red Plume* and won corn for the Indians. When you read that the editor corrected his proofs on Vimy Ridge you will perhaps discover another stronger magic still tying East and West and Past and Present and War and Peace in a knot together. Mr. GEORGE SHERINGHAM has drawn

some delightful pictures in colour for the volume. They remind me of tapestry; but I gathered from the attitude of a competent critic of six years old that they will probably appeal most to the older reader. Now, please, will somebody collect the *Wonder Tales* of Australia and New Zealand and all the other Dominions as quickly as possible?

Undeniably there are few literary tasks more difficult than that of conveying to paper the thrill and fascination of stage traffic. To pack the emotions of the theatre within the covers of a book remains as hard as to bring the scent of hay across the footlights—that oft-quoted achievement than which to a modern audience nothing could be more disconcerting. This is why I have the warmer welcome for *Buzz! Buzz!* (COLLINS), a volume in which Captain J. E. AGATE has combined some reprinted dramatic criticism with a collection of papers bearing generally upon the art of the theatre; all of them both pleasant to read and stimulating to reflect upon. I have no room to number the gods of the writer's dramatic idolatry, among whom you will find a high place given to Sir FRANK BENSON. They range from Mme. BERNHARDT to ARTHUR SINCLAIR (I should have liked, by the way, more than a passing phrase of approval for one who was to my mind incomparably the greatest of recent English comedians, the late JAMES WELSH; interesting to see what impression this most delicate of players made upon a critic so receptive of precisely his qualities). There is special value in the appreciation, by one who knew and shared his early environment, of poor

STANLEY HOUGHTON, that victim of success too roughly handled, whose art withered so tragically in an alien soil. I can do no more than suggest others of Captain AGATE's most fertile themes; some witty and provoking studies of the Repertory in action; a poignant anecdote of the perils of excessive appreciation; and, as make-weight, the parable of *Mr. Cleever*, a grotesquerie, rather in the Chestertonian mode, of the evolution of the artist. *Buzz! Buzz!* (perhaps a needlessly baffling title) is a book which I shall keep for frequent enjoyment; not even Manchester, where alone they seem to preserve the secret of such matters, has produced anything better.

Colonel JAMES MORRIS MORGAN, the gallant author of *Recollections of a Rebel Reefer* (CONSTABLE), was born in 1845, in the extreme south of Louisiana. To a lady who once doubted whether he was a genuine Southerner he replied, "Madam, I can assure you that had I been born any farther south than I was, I would have had to come into this world either as a pompino or a soft-shell crab, for the hard ground stops where I was born, in the southern part of Louisiana." A soft-shell crab I know—properly cooked with an appropriate sauce it is a delicious food—but as to a pompino I must plead ignorance. When the great Civil War broke out Colonel MORGAN was barely sixteen years old, but he was soon in the thick of some very pretty water-fighting on the Confederate side, one combat in particular in the James River, seven miles south of Richmond, being narrated, as it was fought, in a very workmanlike way. Thenceforward young MORGAN had as much fighting as he wanted, and there seem to have been very few scraps that he did not bear a part in. Blockade-running, commerce-raiding on the *Georgia*—nothing came amiss to him, and whatever the fight was he seems to have had great gusto for it. Eventually, however, the Confederate power declined, leaving Colonel MORGAN, not yet, by the way, a colonel, a scarred and battered veteran of twenty-one. His next service was in the Egyptian army, and it was in this that he rose to be a colonel. His knack of attracting adventures did not cease, and he was probably enjoying a full-blooded one less than a fortnight ago. Readers who like more than a dash of excitement with their reading will find this book very much to their mind.

The Flaming Sword of France (DENT) is a translation of M. HENRY MALHERBE's *La Flamme au Poing*, a book which has already had a considerable and well-deserved success. Miss LUCY MENZIES has done her work as a translator with care and skill, and it is not her fault if beautiful words in the one language sometimes refuse to be expressed beautifully in the other. It was an act of courage as well as of wisdom to place this book at the disposal of English readers who don't happen to have the French tongue, for it contains qualities in which our own war-literature is rather conspicuously lacking. Whether his way of ming-

ling the physically terrible with what is in its essence spiritual will make a popular appeal to the ordinary British mind I cannot pretend to guess, but it is safe to say that both in imaginative intensity and realistic power M. MALHERBE has few, if any, equals among those who have written on the War. Indeed these sketches, which tell, in unforgettable language, of things seen and felt, and reveal amidst the horrors of war the soul of a man seeking after the light, are stamped by the mark of something nearly related to genius.

Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT is again digging among the sagas for material. He now reconstructs the story of *Gudrid the Fair* (CONSTABLE), whose doom it was to survive three husbands. This sounds unromantic, but, believe me, isn't. For in Iceland and Greenland death came swiftly to men by weather and war, and a noble-hearted beautiful lady like *Gudrid* was esteemed a great prize among a chivalrous people. As to the story, a saga is much what the perceptive American defined life

itself to be—just one dam thing after another; with much too many folk in it, their names mostly beginning with "Thor," which is apt to be confusing. It was Mr. HEWLETT's job to enrich the tale with the colour and circumstance which modern weakness demands, and he has done it well. Some great simple folk pass before you: old *Eric the Red*, *Thorston* the poet and sailor, *Leif* and *Karlsfene* the pioneers. Most interesting of all is the fact of the three sailings of the Greenlanders to Newfoundland and the mainland of America, in what I guess to be (Mr. HEWLETT offers no dates) the eleventh century—or so. I hope you share my ignor-

ance of, and therefore enhanced interest in, this egregious fact. . . . A keen wind of adventure and primitive human simplicity blows through this refreshing book.

WIDOWED.

At last the dawn creeps in with golden fingers
Seeking my eyes, to bid them open wide
Upon a world at peace, where Sweetness lingers,
Where Terror is at rest and Hate has died.
Loud soon shall sound a pean of thanksgiving
From happy women, welcoming their men,
Life born anew of joy to see them living.
Mother of Pity, what shall I do then?

A Children's Cause.

A special Matinée of *The Chinese Puzzle* will be given, in the presence of the QUEEN, at the New Theatre, on Monday, November 25th, in support of the Jubilee Fund of the East London Hospital for Children, Shadwell. Some time ago Mr. Punch appealed for this noble charity and received a most generous response from his friends. The present appeal is, he believes, the first that the Hospital has made in particular to the Other End of London.



First Pessimist. "I'M GLAD IT'S OVER; IT'S BEEN A TERRIBLE TIME.
BUT THINK WHAT THE NEXT WAR WILL BE LIKE!"

Second Pessimist. "YES—AND THE NEXT PEACE!"

CHARIVARIA.

MATTERS have so far settled down in Berlin that the banks are not now guarded by soldiers. This is the first official intimation that the CROWN PRINCE has left the neighbourhood.

"No one," says the GERMAN CHANCELLOR, "can deprive the German people of their brains." We know; but EBERT need not have rubbed it into them like that.

German papers recently announced that Admiral TIRPITZ had fled into Switzerland. The report that he was whiskered across the border in a motor-car may account for the further rumour that his face-hair has come off.

A gossip writer is of the opinion that ex-King FERDINAND need not have abdicated quite so soon. Our information is that he started early to avoid the rush.

Chicago pork-packers now admit that their method of handling pigs has been wasteful. In Germany, as we gather from the appeals for modification of the armistice, even the squeal of the pig is utilized.

There was a keen competition among our troops to be the first to re-enter Mons. A Canadian corporal won the race. Several German soldiers "also ran."

The Commissioner of Police deprecates the action of some people in doing damage during the armistice celebrations. Indeed, if this sort of thing happens again, wars will have to be conducted in private.

"Magistrates," says *The Weekly Dispatch*, "sometimes say funny things." The use of the word "sometimes" is said to have caused much annoyance in certain magisterial quarters.

1,770,000 acres of land are to be afforested by the Ministry of Reconstruction. With the view of securing the nation's food-supply, experiments with an arboreal rabbit are well in hand.

A stage journal anticipates a revival of ragtime songs this winter. A sorry blow to those who have been looking forward to a millennium of peace.

When recently the premises of a

Regent Street jeweller were ransacked and some three thousand pounds' worth of jewellery taken away, a crowbar, a brace, a file and a lantern were left behind. This was excusably resented. Nobody likes to have his premises littered with burglars' implements.

The veto on winter racing is withdrawn, but not, we understand, in the case of slate-club secretaries.

An Austrian provision merchant at Stepney has been fined for selling cheese at excess prices and with attempting to bribe a Food Inspector. The report that he threatened to set the cheese on the Inspector is denied.

It is credibly reported that on one day last week there was no mention of

been reported in Scotland. This time it is said to have been contracted by a haggis which has since broken loose and taken to the woods.

A sale of camels is announced by the military authorities in Egypt. The departure of white troops makes it impossible to provide the animals with their customary diet.

"The smoking of women," says a Parish Magazine, "is a deplorable thing." And not half so nice as tobacco.

Commercial Candour.

"BE CAREFUL.
If you order '—' Whisky you are sure to want another one."—*Egyptian Gazette*.

"In order to save fuel Swansea workhouse inmates may stay in bed 45 minutes later each day."—*The People*.

So that after a fortnight they can stay in bed all day and save all the fuel.

"KAISER REACHES HIS DESTINATION."

Evening Paper.

But not, it is generally believed, his final one.

"DEMobilISATION.

PLANS FOR EASING THE PROBLEM.

Thinning Out the Mutinoners."
Liverpool Paper.

The process has apparently been begun.

"It may be recalled that the announcement that there would be a General Election in the late autumn was first made in *The Times* on July 18—the historic date, by a curious chance, on

which Marshal Foch began the Allied counter-attack against the German forces on the Marne."—*Times*.

But it is only fair to say that there is no reason to suspect the gallant Marshal of collusion.

"It is when difficulties seem greatest, and when the outlook seems blackest, that British grit and determination have shown that it is when difficulties M7wl mw mw mw mw mw m their fixity of purpose cannot be overthrown.
So it will be with the printers of Britain."

Caxton Magazine.

But they must be careful that the grit does not get into the linotype machine.

"MATRIMONY.

ENGLISH Gentleman, 44, irreproachable character, educated, musical, refined, affectionate, abstainer, good appearance, Protestant, good permanent position, also £3,000 cash, desires companionship lady of means, view above."—*Melbourne Argus*.

What ever were the eligible spinsters of Old Blighty thinking about to allow such a prize to emigrate to Australia?



"PEACE! AND JUST WHEN I HAD SUCCEEDED IN INVENTING A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SEEDS USED IN RASPBERRY JAM."

Lord NORTHCLIFFE in *The Daily News*. We understand that this was due to an oversight.

In answer to many inquiries we have pleasure in stating that the word "armistice" is derived from the French *armistice*, which means "an armistice."

A youth charged at Marylebone with stealing a motor-car produced a doctor's certificate which said, "This must be due to the after-effects of influenza." The doctor, it seems, had carelessly advised him to take something for it.

Pig-keepers, says an official of the Food Ministry, may regard their troubles as at an end. Not so the pigs, who point out that practically nothing is being done to stamp out the bacon-and-eggs habit.

A case of sleeping sickness has again

OUTLAWED.

You spoke too soon, who asked a generous nation
To staunch the tears that contrite Teutons shed,
To spare a fallen foe's humiliation
And let the past lie buried with its dead;

To love our former enemies and feed 'em,
Welcome their "change of heart" as true amends,
And save them from the bloodier forms of freedom
They preached in Russia when it served their ends.

For in the very act of loud appealing
For Christian mercy in a moving strain,
Right on the top-note of his abject squealing
The beast began his devilish work again.

Tortured and starved, with spirit and body broken,
He loosed his captives from their long years' hell,
And left them there, for hatred's crowning token,
To die like dogs of hunger where they fell.

This is your Hun. You'd have us still reprieve him?
Though "Peace" be signed on paper with a pen,
Let Pity steel her lips, I say, and leave him
Where he belongs—outside the law of men. O.S.

TRAGEDY OF A WAR-TIME EGG.

Violet (fifteen-year-old daughter, who does the shopping, to Mother, wife of business man). What about breakfast to-morrow?

Mother. It's been an expensive week. What do you say to bread-and-margarine? It satisfies me perfectly.

Violet (heroically). So it does me.

Mother. And I don't think Billy and Betty and Baby really require anything more.

Violet (with conviction). Certainly not. If it's enough for me it's enough for little kiddies.

Mother. But we can't set your father down to it. He's doing the work of three men. He must have an egg.

Violet. They're eightpence each.

Mother. We mustn't grudge eightpence for your father's nourishment.

Violet. Bacon works out cheaper.

Mother. He can't bear war-bacon.

Violet. And he hates kippers.

Mother. Sardines make him bilious.

Violet. There's nothing for it but an egg.

[Exit to buy one.

* * * * *
[Breakfast-table next morning. Mother dispenses coffee. Billy, Betty and Baby contentedly munch bread-and-margarine. Father does the same while reading aloud bits from the newspaper.

Enter Violet with poached egg, which she places in front of Father.

Father. Hulló! What's this?

Violet. I hope it's new laid (*sits and helps herself to bread-and-margarine*).

Father. Where's yours?

Violet (flushing). I don't care for eggs.

Father (glancing behind coffee urn). Aren't you having one, Mother?

Mother (flushing). Not this morning.

Father. How's that?

Mother (flushing deeper). I don't seem to want one, somehow.

Billy (imperiously). Where's my egg?

Mother. Little boys mustn't ask for eggs in war-time.

Billy. Why not?

Violet (severely). Don't ask questions. Eat your breakfast.

Billy. Shan't for you! (*makes faces*).

Father. You shall have Daddy's, old son.

Mother (sharply). He'll have nothing of the kind. If Betty and Baby don't have an egg, why should Billy?

Father. But why don't they?

Mother (with mild exasperation). You can hardly expect the weekly allowance to cover eggs for the family, dear.

Father (with asperity). Then why give me one?

Mother. Because your strength must be kept up. You're doing the work of three men.

Father. Fiddle-de-dee!

Mother (bristling). You said so yourself. That's all I have to go by.

Father. And you're always driving it into me that you do the work of six women. You have the egg.

Mother (frigidly). No, thank you. I shouldn't think of it.

Father. Then we'll divide it between the three kids; that settles it.

Violet (hotly). I don't see why they should have eggs when I don't.

Father. But you said you didn't care for eggs.

Violet. Not at eightpence each.

Father (aghast). Eightpence! You mean to say you paid eightpence for this egg for me?

Betty (suddenly). I want an egg.

Baby (hammering table with spoon). Egg! Egg! Want egg.

Father (in a voice of thunder). Silence! Nobody in this house shall eat an eightpenny egg.

Mother. Are you going to put it in the dustbin?

Father. Preposterous, disgraceful extravagance.

Mother. Extravagance! When I've only done my duty and provided you with a nourishing meal (*breaks down*).

Violet (hysterically). When I looked out the brownest and biggest! Oh! it's not fair (*sobs*).

Father (flourishing plate in their faces). But look at it. It's eating money. Can you justify paying eightpence for a thing of that size?

[Egg slips from plate into Violet's coffee.

Mother (tragically). Now it's wasted.

Father (brazening it out). Pooh! What's a little coffee on an egg? (*Fishes for egg with fork.*)

Billy (excitedly as egg is harpooned for third time). Nearly landed him, Father!

Mother (with set teeth). You'll break the yolk in a minute.

Father (murderously). Suppose I do.

[Breaks it. Egg and coffee mingle in a ghastly fusion.

Mother. There's eightpence gone.

Father. WHO CARES?

For our Blinded Soldiers and Sailors.

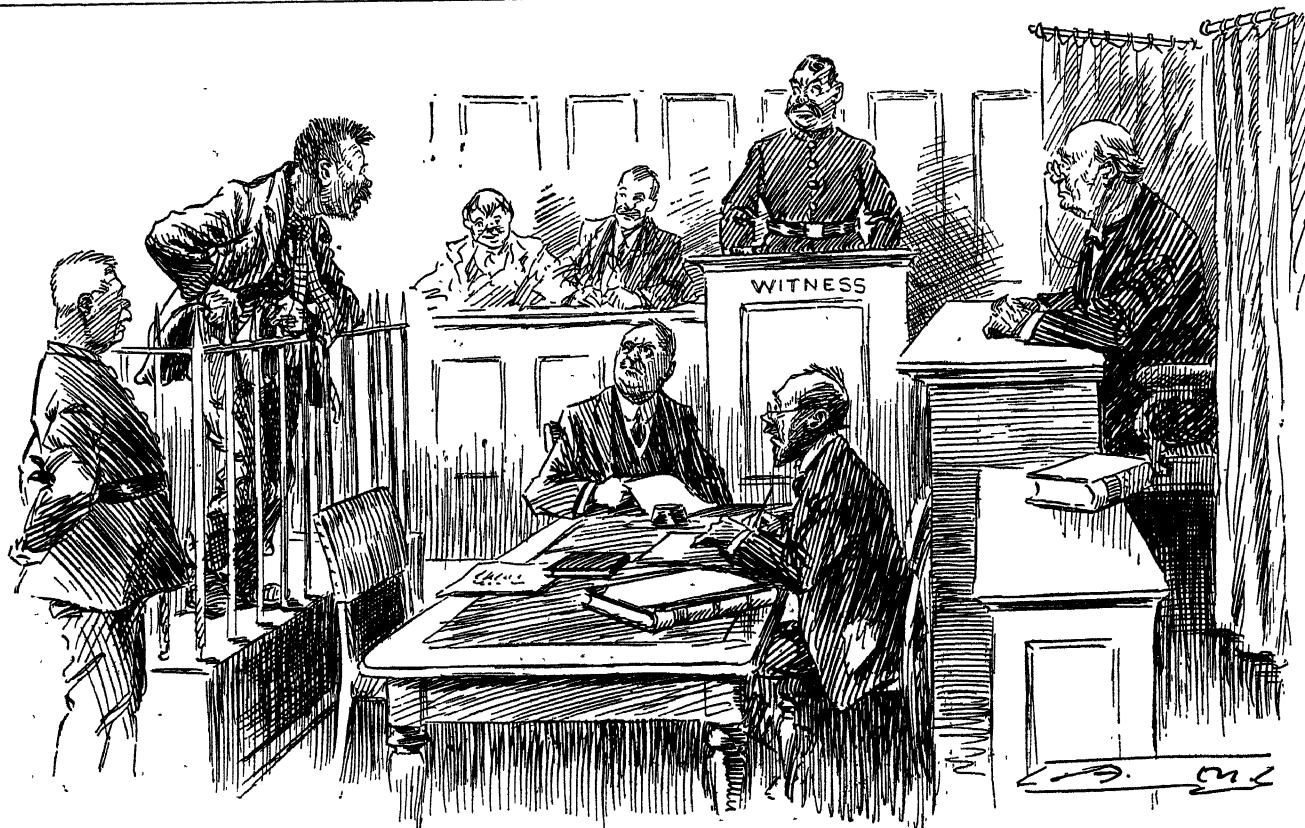
A concert, which QUEEN ALEXANDRA has promised to attend, will be given at the Queen's Hall on Friday, November 29th, at 8 o'clock, in aid of St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors. The programme will be carried out entirely by a party of Blind Musicians, who for two years have been giving concerts about the country on behalf of the same splendid cause—for which they have raised nearly £50,000—and are now to make their first appearance in London. Mr. Punch begs to express the hope that they may receive a hearty welcome from his readers.

EPITAPH FOR GERMANY: I was well; I would be better; I am bust.



A FORLORN APPEAL.

MR. ASQUITH. "COALITION, ERE WE PART, GIVE, O GIVE ME BACK MY—ER—PARTY!"



Prisoner. "WELL, SIR, THERE WAS A LOT OF LARKIN' GOIN' ON, CELEBRATIN' THE HARMISTICE, BUT I DON'T THINK AS I SO FAR FORGOT MYSELF AS TO KISS 'IM. IF I DID, YOUR WASHUP, I DESERVES SIX MONTHS."

"CEREMONIAL."

THERE is no greater stimulus to discipline than a Ceremonial Parade; a regular soldier told me this one day as we chatted amicably after he had ticked me off for some trifle. It is true; I know now. It is there that the difficulties which beset the Staff are made evident to those who foolishly seem to imagine that the Staff have nothing to do but ask awkward questions and remain imperturbable in motor-cars.

We had a Ceremonial last month on the occasion of a distribution of medals, and it was really a bon affair; you would have enjoyed it. The battalions marched on to the parade-ground shepherded by wild-eyed Company Commanders, who knew that what they had done was wrong, but that it was not nearly so wrong as the things they were going to do in their endeavours to get into a hollow square. However, the Regimental Sergeant-Major was there and all was well.

Every movement of the Junior Staff in the centre of the square was watched critically. When the Divisional Commander's flagstaff was erected men began talking of maypole dances they had witnessed in the Old Country. When the flag stuck halfway up those with relatives in the Navy took a pro-

minent part in the conversation. It was a most impressive spectacle. All the officers lined up in front of their battalions, sized like the pipes of an organ, some with gloves, some with their hands well behind the seams of their trousers. And the fun of it was to get everything arranged so that it should go without a hitch, for of course in Ceremonial everything must be absolutely right and absolutely uniform throughout—it is the Adjutant's day out.

Nothing was left to chance. I don't know how many times I walked along the line of officers and made cheery remarks to encourage them, now saying, "Remember, at the General Salute you will all salute on the *third* motion of the 'Present' and cut away the hand on the *first* motion of the 'Slope Arms.'" Or, if I wasn't saying that, I was telling them "Of course you will salute on the *first* motion of the 'Present' and cut away the hand on the *second* motion of the 'Slope Arms,'" and yet, would you believe it, after all the trouble I had taken to make each alteration quite clear, when the General arrived everybody saluted on the second motion and cut away in their own time—all except the Staff Captain, who was so overcome at the moment of saluting, through just remembering he had forgotten some-

thing, that he stood up there mesmerised in the centre of the square, with his right hand blinding his right eye long after everybody else had stood at ease.

As soon as the Brigade Major had side-kicked the Staff Captain back to consciousness we got right on with the business at once. All the recipients of the medals had been lined up most carefully beforehand in the order in which their names were to be read out, and they stood there looking aghast at the distance they would have to walk to the table. It was a fearful ordeal to have to walk fifty yards or more, fully conscious of being improperly dressed, possessing a blue nose and repugnant appearance generally, certain to trip up and miss the outstretched hand altogether and likely enough to salute before the handshake was over and carry the General's hand to their forehead as well.

The Staff Captain got busy at once, happy now in remembering he had forgotten what it was he had remembered having forgotten. Pulling out his lists of recipients and their deeds he read out in a loud voice the name of No. 1, and looked expectantly at No. 1 of the squad of braves. No. 35 stepped out. The air was torn by a frightful rustling of papers as the Staff Captain rushed through his lists to see what had

happened. However, No. 35 got there, halted nervously some five yards from the General, heard with a blush what he had done to deserve this horror—honour, I mean—shook hands with the General, who very kindly advanced towards him; turned to the right; realised that was wrong; turned about; turned half left, and wandered off stiffly—for ever, in his own mind, a fool.

No. 2 (No. 17 popped out) was also overcome with bashfulness, and the General again advanced to pin on the ribbon. By the time No. 4 (No. 29) came out the General was yards away from the table and the Staff were busy running to and fro, handing up D.S.O.'s instead of M.C.'s and running back to the table again.

It was then that a brainstorm came over the Brigade Major, and he picked up the table and triumphantly carried the whole thing up behind the advancing General. Everybody was so glad he had thought of this, for everybody had seen the necessity of it long ago and was just itching to give advice. If we had been civilians we should have applauded the act.

The rest was simple. Whenever the General advanced out of range the table came up in close support—no fuss, no bother; it was a wonderfully well-executed manœuvre and ought to have a place in every well-conducted Cere-monial of this kind.

I don't know what the Staff Captain felt like after reading from his own handwriting some fifty-five accounts of the deeds done, but he looked like death. He was only just in time too on one occasion to nip off the D.S.O. from a wrong tunic and replace it with the M.C., and even then it turned out that the owner was due to receive both. And he heard with impassive face the General say to a brawny Scot who had just been up for the D.C.M. and had come back for his Military Medal, "I'm sure I've seen you before some-where."

When the distribution was over we settled down expectantly for the speech. Peace talk had loomed large the last few days and we had it definitely from a gunner, who knew a man in a water-column, who had a friend who was a friend of someone who knew, that peace had just been declared. And when the General began we made sure he was keeping the best news of all to the last. It was a jolly fine speech, all about the British army, our battalions in particular, and what they had done in the past. But we were rather surprised to hear how much remained to be done and learned with fortitude that we ourselves were going to have the chance to do it—and in the near



"I SAY, DEAR OLD BEAN, WILL YOU LEND ME YOUR MOTOR-BIKE?"
 "OF COURSE. WHY ASK?"
 "WELL, I COULDN'T FIND THE BEASTLY THING."

future too. It was a great speech, and we all felt very bucked up and determined to see it through; but, when we see the gunner again who knows a man in a water-column who has it from the friend of a friend of someone who knows, we are going to say a few things to him.

"For this relief . . ."

"As none of the public works in Lisburn suspended operations on the declaration of the surrender of Germany, the employes were all given a half-holiday from the

UNITED THANKSGIVING SERVICE."
Belfast Telegraph.

We thought better of Lisburn.

"GILGIT BOOTS FOR COLD FEET.

Send a pair to your Friend at the Front. He will appreciate the gift."—*Indian Paper.*
 Some advertisers have no tact.

Le Mot Juste.

"Political conditions at the present moment depend largely upon food conditions. Any Government which can supply the people with food will be agreeable to the Viennese, and probably could pass any measures it desires. The whole position is provisional."—*Times.*

"EXCITED HOLLAND.

'NASTY FEATURES WORRYING THE DUTCH PEOPLE.'

Evening Standard.

It is anticipated that the Netherlands Government will request the ex-Kaiser to wear a mask.

"'Seaways of Empire' does not, as its title perhaps suggests, relate such episodes as the singeing of the King of Spain's Beard at the Battle of the Nile."—*Daily News.*

Nor, we understand, does it refer to the clipping of VON TIRPITZ's whiskers by JELlicoe at the Battle of Trafalgar.

THE MUD LARKS.

CONCERNING WILFRID WILCOX WILBUR,
MINOR POET, OF THE BRITISH SECRET
SERVICE.

ONCE upon a time, when the world was wrong and there was still a war on, I put my head into the Mess and discovered Albert Edward alone there, cheating himself at Patience.

"My leave warrant has come and I'm off to Rome," said I. "If Foch should ring up tell him he'll have to struggle along by himself for a fortnight. Cheerio!"

"Cheerio!" said Albert Edward. "Give my regards to Nero, Borgia and all the boys."

I shut the door upon him and took the road to Rome.

Arrived there I attempted to shed a card on the Pope, but was repulsed by a halberdier in fancy-dress; visited the Catacombs (by the way, in the art of catacombing we latter-day sinners have nothing to learn from the early saints. Why, at Arras in 1917 we—oh, well, never mind now!); kept a solemn face while bands solemnly intoned "Tipperary" under the impression it was the British National Anthem; bought a bushel of mosaic brooches and several thousand picture-postcards and acted the perfect little tripper throughout.

Then one day, while stepping into a hotel lift, I bumped full into Wilfrid Wilcox Wilbur stepping forth. You have all of you read the works of Wilfrid Wilcox Wilbur ("Passion Flowers," "Purple Patches," etc.). If you haven't you should, for Wilfrid is the lad to handle the heart-throb.

In pre-war days he was to be met with in London drawing-rooms about tea-time, wearing his mane rather longer than is done in the best menageries. And now behold him in military disguise parading the Eternal City!

"What may you be doing here?" I gasped.

He put his fingers to his lips. "Pist!" Then, pushing me into the lift, he ejected the attendant, turned a handle and we shot aloft. Half-way between earth and heaven he stopped the conveyance and, having made quite sure we were not being overheard by either men or angels, leaned up against my ear and whispered, "Secret Service! That's why I have to be so careful; they have agents everywhere listening, watching, taking notes."

I felt for my pocket-case, momentarily fearful that *They* (whoever *They* were) might have taken it.

"And do you also have agents listening, noting, taking watches?" I asked.

Wilbur said he had, and went on to

explain that so perfect was his system that a cat could hardly kitten anywhere between Yildiz Kiosk and the Wilhelmstrasse without his full knowledge and approval.

I was greatly thrilled, for I had previously imagined all the cloak-and-dagger spy business to be an invention of the magazine-writer.

"Look here," I implored, "if you are going to pull off a *coup* at any time, do let me come too."

Wilbur demurred. The profession wasn't keen on amateurs, he explained; they were too impetuous, lacked subtlety. Still, if the opportunity occurred, he might—perhaps. I wrung his hand, then, seeing that bells on every landing had been in a state of uproar for some fifteen minutes and that the attendant was commencing to swarm the cable after his lift, we dropped back to earth again, returned it to him and went out to lunch.

"And now tell me something of your methods," said I, as we sat down to meat.

Wilbur promptly grabbed me by the collar and dragged me after him under the table.

"What's the matter now?" I gulped.

"Fool!" he hissed. "The waiter is a Bulgarian spy."

"Let's arrest him then," said I.

Wilbur groaned. "Oh, you amateurs! You would stampede everything and ruin all."

I apologised meekly and we issued from cover again and resumed our meal—silently, because (according to Wilbur) the peroxide blonde doing snake-charming tricks with spaghetti at the next table was a Hungarian agent, and there was a Turk concealed in the potted palms near by.

I thrilled and thrilled.

Then followed stirring days. Rome at that time, I gathered, was the centre of the spy industry and at the height of the sleuthing season, for they hemmed us in on every hand, according to Wilbur. I was continually being dragged aside into the shadow of dark arcades to dodge Austrian admirals disguised as dustmen, rushed up black alleys to escape the machinations of Bolshevik adventuresses parading as parish priests, and submerged in fountains to avoid the evil eyes of German diplomats camouflaged as flower-girls, according to Wilbur.

I thrilled and thrilled and thrilled. Also I bought myself a stiletto and a false nose.

However, after about a week of playing trusty *Watson* to Wilbur's *Sherlock* without having effected a single arrest, drugged one courier, stilettoed a solitary waistcoat or been allowed to wear my false nose once, I gave Wilbur

the slip one afternoon and went on the prowl alone.

About four of the clock my investigations took me to Vermicelli's. At a small marble table, lapping up ices as a kitten laps cream, I beheld Temporary Second-Lieutenant Mervyn Esmond.

You all of you remember Mervyn Esmond, him of the spats, the eyeglass and grey top-hat, who used to gambol so gracefully among the Frivolity Beauty Chorus singing "Billy of Piccadilly." You *must* remember Mervyn Esmond.

But that was the Esmond of old days; for a long time past he has been doing sterling work in command of an army pierrot troupe.

I sat down beside him, stole his ice and finished it for him.

"And now what are you doing here?" I asked.

"I've come down from the line to get some new dresses for Queenie," he replied. "She—he, that is—is absolutely in rags, bursts his corsets and a pair of silk stockings every performance—very expensive item."

I had better explain here and now that Queenie is the leading lady in Mervyn's troupe. She—he, that is—started her—his—military career as an artillery driver, but was discovered to be the possessor of a very shrill falsetto voice and dedicated to female impersonations forthwith.

"She—he—is round at the dress-maker's now," Mervyn went on, "wrestling with half-a-dozen hysterical mannequins. I'm getting him up regardless. Listen. Dainty ninon georgette outlined with chenille stitching. Charmeuse over-tunic embroidered with musquash and skunk pom-poms. Crêpe de Chine undies interwoven with blue baby ribbon; camis—"

"Stop!" I thundered; "I am but a rough soldier."

Mervyn apologised, wrapped himself round another ice and asked me how I was amusing myself in Tibertown.

Having first ascertained that there were no enemy agents secreted under the table, I unburdened my soul to him concerning Wilbur and the *coups* that never came off.

He stared at me for a few moments, his eyes twinkling; then he leaned over the table.

"My active brain has evolved a beautiful plan," said he. "It's yours for another ice."

I bought it.

I found Wilbur sleuthing the crowd from behind a tall tumbler in the Excelsior lounge, and, dragging him into the lift, hung it up half-way between here and hereafter, and whispered my great news.



ARMISTICE DAY IN THE NORTH.

Dugal. "THE NEWS IS NO SAE BAAD THE DAY."

Donal'. "AY—IT'S IMPROVIN'."

"Where—when?" he cried.

"In my hotel at midnight," I replied. "I hid in a clothes-basket and heard all. We will frustrate their knavish tricks, thou and I."

Wilbur did not appear to be as keen as I had expected; he hummed and hawed and chatted about my amateurishness and impetuosity; but I was obdurate and, taking him firmly by the arm, led him off to dinner.

I hardly let go of his arm at all for the next four hours, judging it safer so.

Five minutes before midnight I led him up the stairs of my hotel and, tiptoeing into a certain room, clicked on the light.

"See that door over there," I whispered, pointing, "'tis the bathroom. Hide there. I shall be concealed in the wardrobe. In three minutes the conspirators will appear. The moment you hear me shout, 'Hands up, Otto von Schweinhund, *le jeu est fait*,' or words to that effect, burst out and collar the lady."

I pushed Wilbur into the bathroom (he was trembling slightly—excitement, no doubt) and closed the door.

I had no sooner shut myself into the wardrobe than a man and a woman entered the room. They were both in full evening dress. The man was a handsome rascal, the woman a tall languid beauty gorgeously dressed. She flung herself down in a chair and lit a cigarette. The man carefully

locked the door and crossed the room towards her.

"Hausa," he hissed, "did you get the plans of the fortress?"

She laughed and, taking a packet of papers from the bosom of her dress, flung it on the table.

"'Twas easy, *mon cher*."

He caught it and held it aloft. "Victory!" he cried. "The Vaterland is saved."

He passed round the table and stood before her, his eyes glittering.

"You beautiful devil," he muttered through clenched teeth, "I know you could do it. I knew you would bewitch the young attaché. All men are puppets in your hands, beautiful, beautiful fiend!"

The moment had come. Hastily donning my false nose I flung open the wardrobe, shouted the signal and covered the pair with my stiletto. The woman screamed and flung herself into the arms of her accomplice.

"Ah ha, foiled again! Curse you!" he snarled, and covered me with the plans of the fortress.

I grappled with him, he grappled with me, the beautiful devil grappled with both of us, we all grappled. There was no movement from the bathroom door. We grappled some more, we grappled all over the table, over the washstand and a brace of chairs. The villain lost his whiskers, the villainess lost her lovely golden wig, the hero

(me) lost his false nose. I shouted the signal once more, the villain shouted it, the villainess shouted it, we all shouted it. There was no movement from the bathroom door. We grappled some more, we grappled over the chest-of-drawers, under the carpet and in and out of the towel-horse.

"Let's go and grapple on the bed," panted the villain in my right ear. "It's softer."

A muffled report rang out from somewhere about the "beautiful devil."

"For Heaven's sake, go easy!" she wheezed in my left ear. "My corsets have vent."

Then, as there was still no movement from the bathroom door and we none of us had a grapple left in us, we called "Time!"

Mervyn sat up on the edge of the bed sourly regarding the bedraggled Queenie.

"In rags once more, twenty pounds' worth of georgette charmeuse and ninon what's-his-name torn to shreds!" he groaned. "Oh, you tom-boy, you!"

"Come and dig these damn whale-bones out of my ribs," said she.

I staggered across the room and, opening the bath-room door, peered within.

"Any sign of our friend *Sherlock*, the spy-hound?" Mervyn inquired.

"Yes," said I. "He's tumbled into the bath in a dead faint."

RATLANDER.



Tommy (to pal, whose feet have become entangled in ground bait). 'LOOK OUT, DIGGER; CAN'T YOU SEE YOU'RE A-STANDIN' ON THE GENTLEMAN'S PROPAGANDA?'

VALEDICTORY.

(Being epitaphs on some prominent M.P.'s who are not seeking re-election.)

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BURNS.

"THE soldier's friend" and handy with your fists,
Oh, here was irony of Fate indeed
That made you join up with Pacificists
In Britain's hour of need.

THE RIGHT HON. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL,
K.C.

In a black hour you swapped the ease
of letters
For politics and Ministerial fetters.
Bristol installed you safely in a seat
And Norfolk furnished you a snug retreat,
Till Ireland whelmed you in the Sinn
Fein pit,
Conspicuous by your absence and your wit.

THE RIGHT HON. EUGENE WASON.

O genial and gigantic Scot,
O man of Brobdingnagian build,
A "stalwart Radical," yet not
By party acrimony filled;
Of all the Members who no more,
After the great Election scrap,
Will at St. Stephen's take the floor,
No one will leave a huger gap.

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET THE HON. SIR
HEDWORTH MEUX.

A sailor with no axe to grind
You always frankly spoke your mind;
And so your speeches and confessions
Blazed with delightful indiscretions.
The House will miss your breezy ways,
Your unexpected turns of phrase;
But, at your passing, WINSTON'S eye
Will be unquestionably dry.

ON THE HOME FRONT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Cheerio! as my master would say. He is allowed out of the hospital at last and goes for a ride every day in what is called a bath-chair, and of course my mistress and I go with him. I wanted to drag it at first, but my teeth are not strong enough, so I sit in it and keep guard, because even in armistice time you never know. There are lots of Germans about over here, and I don't trust them.

To begin with I sat on my master's knee with my head sticking out over the apron and my ears cocked ready for trouble; but I soon saw that this formation would not do. Only my head was free and I could not rise to any sudden emergency quickly enough; so now I lie on his feet outside the apron. It is colder, but I don't mind that as long as I feel I am doing my bit.

We meet lots of my master's friends, and all the ladies persist in petting me and calling me a nice little dog. I don't so much mind being petted and called nice, but I do object to that word "little." How big do they expect a fox-terrier to be?

I notice that my master doesn't talk about ditches any more, but about tanks. I am not quite sure what a tank is, but as far as I can make out it seems to be a sort of cross between a bull-dog and a bloodhound, which can go anywhere and do anything. I should like to meet one.

It is perfectly splendid to be with my master again; still, do you know, Mr. Punch, I find this nursing work rather wearing. You see there are several dogs of my acquaintance with whom I have always had regular appointments for purposes of mutual exercise. They now come and sniff at my bath-chair in a supercilious way, and yesterday a cat sat down right in front of it and yawned in my face.

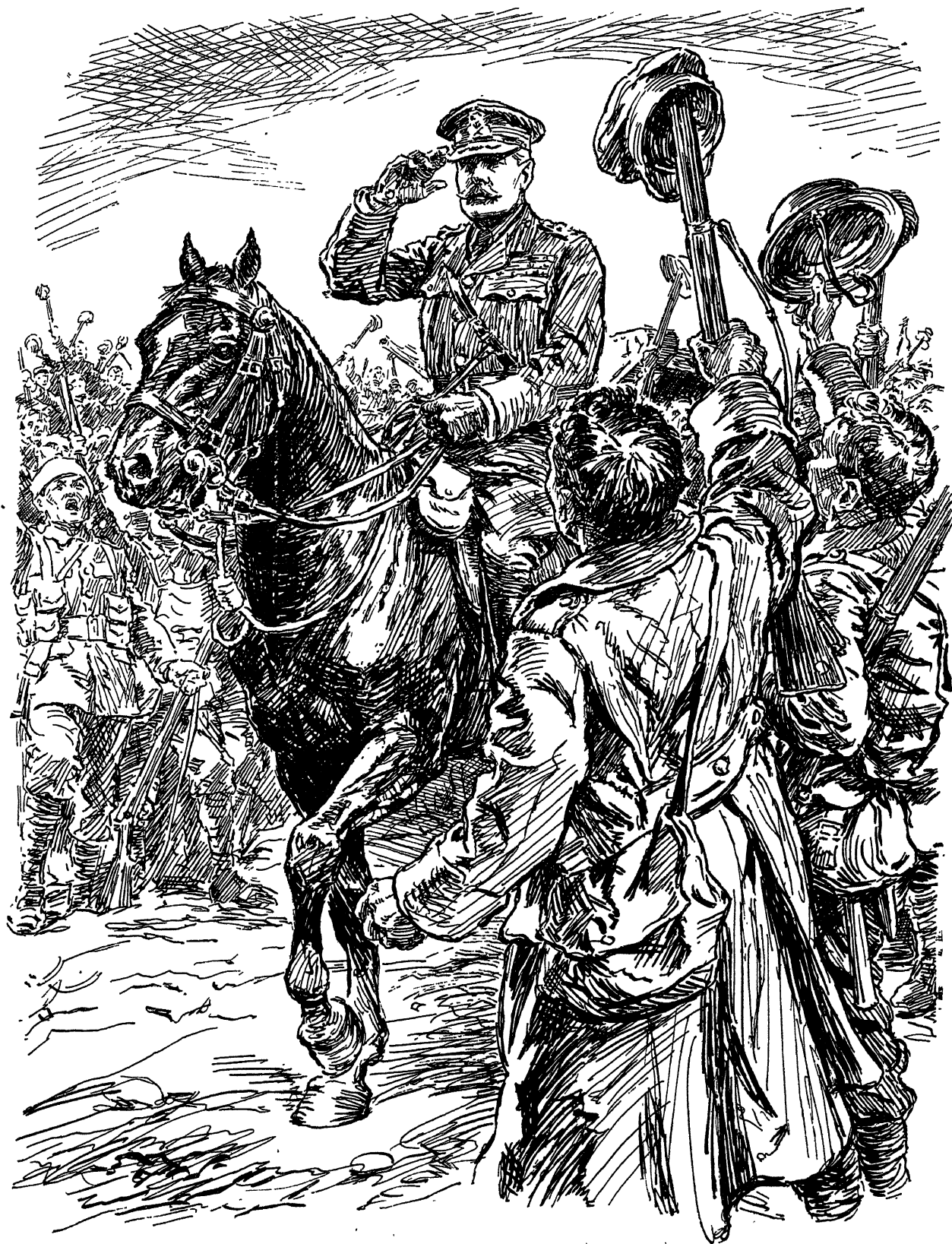
They know they're safe because I'm on duty; but it's a great strain on my nervous system and I'm longing for the time when my master will be out of his bath-chair and able to join me in celebrating the occasion.

Yours sincerely,

A MORE-DETERMINED-THAN-EVER DOG.



IN HONOUR OF THE BRITISH NAVY.
TO COMMEMORATE THE SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN FLEET.



OUR MAN.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S GRATEFUL COMPLIMENTS TO FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 18th.—In both Houses an Address congratulating His Majesty on the conclusion of the Armistice and the prospect of a victorious Peace was passed by acclamation. The note of all the speeches was the security of the British Throne and the popularity of its present occupant. Dilating upon the democratic character of our monarchy Lord CURZON actually permitted himself to speak of the KING as "the spokesman of his fellow-subjects throughout the Empire;" and one pardoned the technical inaccuracy of the phrase for the sake of its essential truth.

The approach of the General Election has produced that uncommon phenomenon, an anxious desire on the part of Scotsmen to return to their native land. Loud complaint was made of the inadequacy of the railway accommodation. Mr. EUGENE WASON was understood to say that he had been obliged to travel with a couple of Highlanders on the luggage-rack—a remarkable tribute to the solidity of a structure intended "for light articles only."

In view of the impending Dissolution Mr. WATT is redoubling his efforts to win the Interrogation Stakes, though his chance of catching Mr. KING on the post is but slender. His latest inquiries covered a wide field, ranging from the refusal of the Ministry of Munitions to enable Glasgow to manufacture clog-soles, to the excessive cost of the lovely uniform worn by the officers of the Women's Royal Air Force and the enormous salaries drawn by Scottish sheriffs.

Already there is a crack in the Coalition. Sir LEO CHIOZZA MONEY has withdrawn his powerful support from it. In a "personal explanation," which in length and character strongly resembled an Election Address, he challenged the PRIME MINISTER's scheme of reform and put forward an alternative programme of his own, drawn on the lines of full-blooded Socialism. Members generally bore up very well under their impending bereavement, but Mr. HOUSTON was deeply moved at the prospect of having to forgo his daily duel with the representative of the Shipping Controller.

Mr. BURNS, having declined to take

the Labour pledge, has bid adieu to Battersea. "No Conscription" is still his motto.

Tuesday, November 19th.—Seventeen years ago a Royal Prince, fresh from a voyage round the world, made a memorable appeal to his fellow-countrymen



MR. HOUSTON'S BEREAVEMENT.
Sir LEO CHIOZZA MONEY retires.

on the text, "Wake up, England!" This afternoon, in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords, the same speaker, now Sovereign of these islands, delivered another address to the Members of both Houses and the representatives of the Dominions, the gist of which was that England, and not England only, but the whole British Empire, had waked up to some purpose. His



MR. JOHN BURNS REFUSES TO BE A
CONSCRIPT CANDIDATE.

Majesty, in well-chosen words, gave thanks for the devotion of the Fleet, the Army, the workers at home and abroad, the Allies, and not least to our cousins from America, who have helped to consummate our victory. It was Britain's Bidding-Prayer, and it was listened to in reverent silence. But the cheers were in our hearts.

After this solemn interlude the two Houses resumed their prosaic business. The Lords heard Lord BUCKMASTER, in his zeal for freedom, declare that even Bolshevik literature should be distributed without let or hindrance. Lord CAVE (who is still acting as Home Secretary) is all for the restoration of our liberties within reasonable limits, but has no intention of giving free rein to Bolshevism.

In the Commons Mr. BALFOUR modestly declined Sir JOHN JARDINE's suggestion that he should give the House a résumé of all the results, military, political and economic, of our Eastern campaigns.

That, he indicated, was a task for a leisurely historian, not for a jaded Minister.

The House was rather disappointed to hear that, though our soldiers on demobilisation would be allowed to retain their uniform, their great-coats and helmets would not be included. Surely the "tin hat" would be the most prized memento of this unique war, and should hang in every cottage and tenement from which a soldier went forth. How many millions they were we do not yet know, but we know that three millions of them have suffered death or wounds or the imprisonment that is almost worse than death.

For the first time in its history, I suppose, the House received a new Member in the uniform of a private soldier. As the son of a former Member, and the successor of Captain CAWLEY, whose name is on the Parliamentary Roll of Honour, Trooper HOPKINSON would in any case have received a warm welcome. But I think that the special vigour of the cheers that greeted him was due to the proud garb he wore.

Wednesday, November 20th.—The Lords, turning themselves into a Salvage Corps, did a lot of cleaning-up work necessitated by the sudden cessation of hostilities. Among other things they passed a Bill dealing with that most indefinable of abstractions, the

"duration." It was finally decided that the question when the War should be deemed to be really over should be left to the Government. Only Ministers who have refrained from making private bets on the subject will be allowed, I understand, to take part in the decision.

The ignorant attacks upon Lord NEWTON for his alleged inattention to the welfare of our prisoners were warmly resented by several Peers, who testified to his unwearying efforts in their behalf. But I think Lord NEWTON could have done without the assistance of the noble Lord who, with the kindest intention, no doubt, described him as "a gramophone for other Departments."

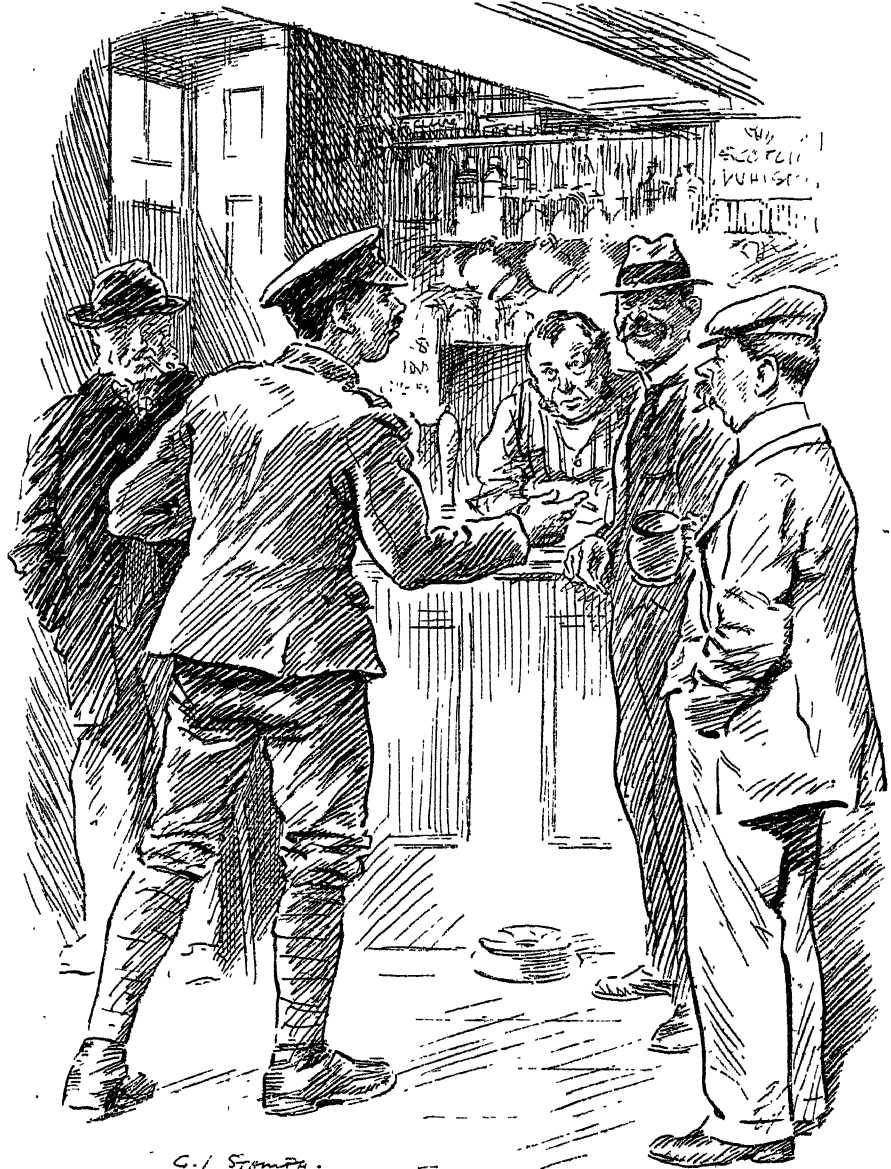
This country is no longer to be the dumping-ground for undesirable aliens that it has been in the past. As Lord CAVE put it, there is no good in repatriating the Germans after the War if they can come back by the next ship.

The FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS is a good deal in the limelight just now. The latest items in our *Nouvelles Mondaines* are that he did not take part in the discussion of the Armistice at Versailles, and that, far from commandeering any more hotels, he has actually surrendered one to its former owners. This looks as if Peace really were in sight.

Now that the invasion of the German Fleet has actually taken place—Beatty *possidente*—the trenches on which the London Volunteers expended so much muscular tissue are to be filled in. Also devout ladies may use their motors to attend divine service whenever the spirit moves them—provided that it does not move them more than thirty miles.

Thursday, November 21st.—I hope our good friends on the Continent will not imagine that John Bull is going to revert to his old habit of thinking too much about his creature comforts. But it is a little suspicious that of the eight Questions on the paper in the House of Commons this afternoon the first four should have referred respectively to bacon, salt, sugar and wine; while in the fifth, put by private notice, the irrepressible Mr. WATT, who does not appear to be suffering from malnutrition, complained that London was receiving all the good Scottish beef and that Glasgow was being fed on "cows of the worst description."

And so, with the reading of the King's Speech and its appeal for unity in peace as well as war, ended the longest Parliament since CHARLES II.'s time. Its declining years have done a good deal to atone for the excesses of its youth. Still, as the American showman said when his pet lion absorbed his better-half, "I kinder think the old insect has outlived its usefulness."



THE FINAL.

Tommy (ex-footballer). "WE WAS JUST WIPIN' THEM OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH WHEN FOCH BLOWS HIS WHISTLE AND SHOUTS 'TEMPS!'"

A Gilded Pill.

"The text of the Ministry of Health Pill, issued to-day, states that the Minister's salary will be £5,000."—*Evening Paper*.

"TIGHT SKIRTS COMING."
Daily Mail.

"CRINOLINES TO RETURN."
Daily Mirror.

We presume the crinolines will be worn over the tight skirts.

"Washington.
The long-suspected belief that Lenin and Trotsky were German gents is now conclusively proved."—*Egyptian Gazette*.

It is supposed that they were overheard while drinking their soup.

The Bitterness of Defeat.

"When the conference was interrupted for luncheon and dinner, the Germans ate alone in the quarters of the Captain of the Fleet."
Daily Mail.

That's the stuff to give them.

"Well over £,000 was raised for the British Red Cross Society by the sale on Manchester Royal Exchange yesterday afternoon of a bale of cotton. The same bale was recently sold in Liverpool for £2,670."—*Daily Paper*.
Liverpool will be pleased.

"Elderly people need encouragement. A little gentle tack persuades them to accept the easy chair, the cosy corner, or the sunny window-seat."—*Provincial Paper*.
And then to vacate it with juveniles sprightliness.



"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR 'ERBERT?'"

"'E'S NOT BEEN 'IMSELF LATELY—NOT TAKING ANY INTEREST IN LIFE NOW THERE'S NO CHANCE OF AIR-RAIDS. YOU SEE, 'E USED TO BLOW THE 'ALL CLEAR.'"

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATES.

1. STATE your theory of perorations. If you get entangled in a peroration do you consider it better to sit down at once without finishing it, or to struggle on while your audience begins to shuffle its feet and your Chairman ostentatiously looks at his watch.
2. "The Candidate will now be delighted to answer any questions that may be put to him from the meeting." (*Statement of any Chairman of any meeting at the end of the Candidate's speech.*) Examine the truth of this statement in the light of your own experience and that of your friends.
3. "Will the Candidate pledge himself to refuse to accept a peerage or any other honour that may be offered to him?" (*Question put from the body of the meeting.*) Give three adequate and straightforward evasions of this question.
4. Do you consider it advisable to lighten your speeches with humorous stories?
5. In the event of your answer to the above question being in the affirmative give not more than one illustration of your idea of a humorous story. The following two stories are barred: (a) The story of the dogs who ate their labels; (b) The story of the puppies who were first Liberal (or Tory) and afterwards developed into Tory (or Liberal).
6. How do you proceed when you realise, in the middle of telling a story, that you have entirely forgotten the point?

7. "*A marvellous Providence fashioned us holler
O' purpose that we might our principles swaller.*"

What is the name of the author of these lines? Compose two or more suitable couplets in the same literary style.

8. Show how the terms "camouflage," "na-poo" and "Blighty" may be avoided in an election speech. Give alternatives in each case.

9. To what extent may the dress and personal appearance of Candidates be expected to be taken into consideration by women exercising the new right of suffrage? If A is young and has curly hair, blue eyes and a pink-and-white complexion, and B is middle-aged and bears a general resemblance to a forlorn gorilla, which of these two Candidates would you regard as having the better chance of election?

10. Is it in your opinion wise for a bachelor Candidate to kiss babies indiscriminately during a canvass? Give reasons drawn from your knowledge of every-day life.

"In pre-war days seventy per cent. of the meat we consumed came from abroad.

Already, by control and organisation, we have succeeded in reversing these figures, so that now three out of every ten animals are the product of home farms."—*London Magazine*.

Somebody, probably the Meat Trust, has evidently got at the figures and reversed them again.

THE UNSUNG SONG.

Vaughan Smyth is his real name, but in pre-war days his insistence on German efficiency and his brush-like crest of grizzled hair prompted some anonymous wit to rename him Von Schmidt, and the *alias* stuck. Like many other nicknames it was unjust; for Vaughan Smyth is as sound a patriot as I know; it was an unkindly freak of nature that made him look rather like a German professor and inevitably suggested the perversion of a perfectly blameless patronymic. And his bad luck has pursued him right up to the end of the War. He has done most useful unpaid work on various committees; but, as so often happens, he prides himself on his slenderest title to recognition—that of writing verses. Since August 1914 V. S. has been one of our most prolific but least published War poets. Indeed his failure to secure a hearing for his lyrics hurt him deeply. But this autumn he seemed a changed man; he radiated optimism and had ceased to make sarcastic remarks about the popularity of Mr. JOHN OXENHAM. So when I ran into him in Piccadilly on the afternoon of November 11th I shook him warmly by the hand. "Wonderful news," I observed.

"Oh, yes, wonderful," V. S. replied without enthusiasm.

"Almost too good to be true," I continued.

"Yes," he rejoined, "almost too good to be true; but I have the best reasons for knowing that it is true." And he passed on with an air of preoccupied gloom.

Later on at the club I saw Fetherston and demanded an explanation; for he was one of the favoured people to whom V. S. used to read his "lyrics." Fetherston, a genial cynic, would profess admiration for their style and sentiment and then wickedly recite choice excerpts for the delectation of the ribald. But on this occasion even Fetherston was sympathetic. It appeared that this summer V. S. perpetrated an unusually fiery ballad, which had been set to music of an appropriately explosive character. It had been brought to the notice of a popular singer, who had promised, when occasion arose, to introduce it at a music-hall. The usual delays followed; alterations had to be made in the words and the music to suit the taste and the compass of the singer; but at last everything was fixed up and the song was to be given for the first time on the evening of November 11th. But, with that inhuman want of consideration which men of action invariably show to artists, FOCH and HAIG intervened, and at the



Countess. "ARE YOUR TRENCH FEET VERY PAINFUL?"

Tommy. NOT HALF, MA'AM. YOU'LL HAVE HAD HOUSEMAID'S KNEE, I DESSAY; WELL, IT'S JUST HOUSEMAID'S KNEE IN THE FEET."

eleventh hour V. S.'s masterpiece was withdrawn.

"Bad luck, wasn't it?" said Fetherston. "It inspired me with the following lyric:—

'V. S. poured some terrible tosh out
On our chances of knocking the Bosch out;
But peace came too soon
For the words and the tune,
And his song proved a regular wash-out.'

I'm sorry for him, but he almost deserves it; as you yourself have seen, the wounded vanity of the bad poet is his ruling passion even on a day of National Thanksgiving."

"Look at the social side of the programme. I will take the number of subjects serratum."

Daily Chronicle.

It seems to rhyme with *erratum*.

Our Modest Candidates.

From an Election Address:—

"I belong to no political party. Mr. Lloyd George, with his great social sense and patriotic instincts, reflects more nearly my own views."—*Provincial Paper.*

"It is believed that it will be necessary to keep a million men in France for police work in Germany."—*Daily Mail.*

Surely after our past experience of them the Germans require closer surveillance than that.

"STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

Signatures are now being taken for a petition to the Committee for the re-establishment of fortnightly settlements, but that no contagion should be permitted. This appears to be a reasonable request."—*Scottish Paper.*
Absolutely.

CIVIL AND MILITARY.

IN the third-class carriage there were already too many of us when the soldier came in. He was a tall handsome young fellow, with the prancing white horse of the West Kents on his cap, an aquiline nose, fair moustache, a scratch on his cheek and a front tooth missing. Behind him, making far more disturbance in the packed smoking compartment even than his own extensive person, trailed his kit: rifle, knapsack, odds and ends of comforts from home—the chief of which, he told us, was salt—to take back with him (for although the War was over he was going back); other implements of warfare, and, above all, his helmet.

His apologies for overcrowding us would have constituted an introduction had one been necessary; but khaki—and especially so since the armistice—is a great federator, and those travellers near the door who offered to make room for him were on intimate terms with him at once. Among these, sitting opposite, was a youngish man in civvies who had had a good deal to say already on most matters of the day, from his experiences on the historic eleventh to the prospects of the General Election, with a word or two on the surrender of the German fleet and his mortification that he was not there to see it. As a talker he was without charm, but he used a powerful eye with such skill that he compelled attention, all of us being cravens at heart.

The soldier, however, being at once lured on to talk by one of his neighbours, this other fount was, for the moment, dried.

Yes, the West Kent said, he was going back; at any rate his leave was up, and he was to report at Victoria. Didn't know for how long he might go or where he would be sent. Didn't much care now the killing was over—as he supposed it was. Had had two years of it out there and that was enough. Only two "leaves" in all that time.

Had he been hit? Not really. Not exactly. He laughed. He would show us. Here he reached for his helmet and displayed two holes where a bullet had entered and emerged. About three weeks ago. Thought he was a goner then. It half-stunned him for the moment. When he came to and felt something wet on his cheeks and discovered it was blood he said to himself, "That settles it; Jerry's got me at last." But it was only the tiniest scratch from a splinter—see?—and he pointed out the mark on his cheek.

"That's funny," said the civilian talker with the powerful eye. "A friend of mine had a bit of iron hit

him during the last air-raid. We were walking together, going from shelter to shelter, and the shells were bursting up above something terrible. I dare say"—this to the soldier—"you've heard them?"

The West Kent indicated that he had.

"Ah, but not in an air-raid."

No, the West Kent man had never been in London in an air-raid.

"I thought maybe you hadn't," said the man with the eye. "Well, I can tell you they were a bit thick. You saw some rum things then, I can tell you. I remember another of them—let's see when was it?" He went through some mnemonic system, corrected the result, re-corrected it, made an amendment or two and decided it was in September, 1917. "I was in all of them, you know," he interjected, and raked the whole carriage with his commanding glance. "Well, about that night—"

A momentary pause gave one of the bolder spirits among us a chance and he asked the West Kent what he was doing when the armistice was declared. He was at home on leave, he said. He'd had a spell in the hospital. Not due to the bullet through the helmet, but to trench fever. He'd come over suddenly all over lumps and, when he took his puttees off, his legs swelled up proper, and, oh, the irritation! Made him weak too, and he fainted. Next thing he knew he was on a stretcher with a doctor looking at him. "You'll be all right to-morrow," said the doctor. Then he went to sleep again, and never woke up for hours and hours, and when he did wake he was well, except for a little shakiness.

"Shakiness? Ah!" said the youngish man with the eye. "That's what the air-raids used to do for people's nerves! Lummy, you should have seen how it took some of them! I remember on one night a big strong fellow running into the clubs where I was with the tears streaming down his face. Something to remember, those air-raids, I can tell you." He paused, but instantly began again. "My home's at Finsbury Park and there was a house within fifty yards of mine blown to bits. A falling bomb, you know."

The soldier grunted out acquiescence; he knew.

"Some people were terrified," the eye continued; "but others were just foolhardy. So long as you stayed indoors you were fairly safe, unless, of course"—he laughed mirthlessly—"your house copped it, like the one at Finsbury Park. You see, my opinion is that our own barrage did as much

damage as the Huns' bombs. That's always been my contention. We shall never know how many casualties were due to our own barrage." Once more he paused a moment too long.

"So when I went before the doctor," the soldier was beginning, when the train reached my station.

As I was closing the door behind me I realised that the eye had won again.

"Doctors!" he was saying. "You should have tried to get a doctor in London the day after an air-raid!"

HOMEWARD-BOUND.

SAVOUR of blown sea-spray

On lips that dry to the wind,
Thoughts of the dockyards, thoughts
of pay,

And of comrades left behind;
To the measure of bows that drive and
dip,

Shiver and rise from each roaring
crest,

We count the hours as the gallant ship
Speeds from the twilit West.

*And it's ho! for the Longships, the
Lizard and the Eddystone—*

*Hear the big screams thudding out
their miles of milky foam?*

*See the Old Man on the bridge,
watching for the Manacles,
Edging her nor'cast a bit, full-speed
for home?*

Calmed by the land's embrace

The sea but sobs in sleep;
Here, with a sombre, spectral grace

Dusk hillsides flank the deep;
Slowly our white track dims and fades,
Slower the grey hull shears the tide,
Till like a ghost in a world of shades
To the harbour of home we glide.

*Sing ho! we've passed the Longships,
the Lizard and the Eddystone—*

*See the darker sky and smoke over
Plymouth Town?*

*Tell them we've arrived; blow a
blast and rouse them up a bit;*

*Hear the echoes answer? Hear the
engines slackening down?*

Now the tide laps and slips

Past our high bows, and soon,
Threading a maze of ships,

We follow the path of the moon;

Happy each soul on board to-night

As the deep gongs ring their wel-
come call,

And from aloft, by the binnacle-light,
The quiet orders fall.

*Now the tender's spotted us sliding
in through Cawsand Bay,*

*Heard us calling, seen our signal,
watched us creeping past;*

*See the Batten eye a-gleaming, send-
ing friendly winks at us?*

*Hear the cable running out? Home
again at last!*



Parson (delighted to find an allusion suitable to his hearer). "AND NOW, JOHN, I SUPPOSE THE TIME HAS COME TO BEAT OUR SWORD INTO A PLOUGHSHARE?"

Prosaic Smith. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW, SIR. SPEAKING AS A BLACKSMITH OF FORTY-FIVE YEARS' EXPERIENCE, I MAY TELL YOU IT CAN'T BE DONE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

David and Jonathan (HUTCHINSON) were two dullish young men who had the misfortune to be wrecked on a desert island. Not by any means a bad island, as such places go, furnished with creeks and swamps and mangroves, and, in a word, all appropriate fittings. As you may suppose from their names, David and Jonathan were great friends; but, as I have told you, dullish. When a boat drifted inshore containing the inanimate form of a young woman in a green dress, they put themselves to no end of trouble to revive the stranger. Whereby Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON got his eternal triangle in a somewhat new setting. Naturally it was all up with the desert island as an abode of amity. The young woman saw to that. She was the kind of girl who put red flower petals to cosmetic use, and powdered her nose as carefully before sitting down to the rough meals of the castaway as if she had been in West Kensington. Perhaps wisely, David, who tells the story in snatches of diary, makes no reference to her practical qualifications as a desert islander. Instead we are told that both the young men fell victims to her charm. It may have been so. Personally I found her supremely unattractive; but of course one has to allow for the absence of competition. Anyhow, the interest (if any) of the situation lies in the problem of which mate she will choose; whether the biceps of Jonathan or the brains of David will weigh most with her. I shall not give you the order in which they finish. But I may say that nothing occurred to make me alter my opinion of the folly of both

suitors, or the conviction that their author had before now told a better tale.

Long ago Mr. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL won distinction as a keen analyst of type and mass temperament, and it is this gift rather than any subtlety of dialogue or breadth of vision that gives his latest novel, *The Soul of Susan Yellam* (CASSELL), a satisfying quality that is absent from some of the stories of the War told by more assertive novelists. The book might have been called *The War Soul of Rural England*, for that is its theme, and the characters in it are essentially types rather than individuals. Susan Yellam, who will not accept the War as an influence in her life, and thereby intensifies her inevitable ordeal of sacrifice, is an exception, and for that very reason the least interesting person in the book. For she is Susan Yellam merely, while the rest are England at war. The cause obscures the individual, whatever the intentions of the author may be. Mr. VACHELL has written before for us of Nether Applewhite, and he returns to the task of portraying its worthies and unworthies with loving faithful care. And because there are Jane Muchlows and Alfred Yellams and William Saints and Sir Geoffreys and Parson Hamlins in every parish in Southern England the reader comes back to the haunts of *Fishpingle* with something more than mere interest.

MRS. HENRY DUDENEY in *Candlelight* (HURST AND BLACKETT) camouflages an impossible situation with some sprightly chatter, but not successfully enough to conceal its weakness. The publishers' thoughtful review charac-

terises the book as "Ibsenish in conception and treatment" and "one of the cleverest psychological studies that has appeared for some time." . . . An ambitious politician, *Edward Parris*, is desperately in love with two women—with his affianced bride, *Anne Whitebrier*, and her brother's wife, *Elith*. The *Whitebrier* offshoot, *Bill*, is really his son; and *Edith*, one of those mournful people who must tell the truth at the least convenient moment, informs her husband, *Wilfrid*, of this fact on the eve of *Anne's* wedding. Whereupon he, a sailor-man of violent impulses, ups and hacks off *Edward's* hand with his pet knife. . . . The scene is changed. . . . In a little Sussex seaside cottage behold *Ann* (elaborately described as a massive animal-like woman, hairy and yellow, very attractive and still unwed); *Edith*, still erratic and light, but apparently (and unbelievably) faithful to the memory of *Edward*; and little *Bill*, a morose youngster who tries to push a charwoman over the cliffs for ill-treating his cat. The two women conceal the dreadful secret of their connection with the *Whitebrier* scandal by (among other things) calling themselves *Blanchflower* and hanging in their drawing-room a

striking portrait of the notorious sailor-surgeon. Then, after sufficient interval of travel to allow gloomy little *Bill* to grow up and the author to get more quickly to the end of her tale in a day of dear paper, there suddenly appear simultaneously from all parts of the globe, *Wilfrid* (reported drowned), *Parris* with a false hand, and *Bill*, who met him in the train, liked him immensely, and, learning the real facts, proposes to push him over the cliff (*Bill*, you notice, is a specialist and apparently inherited a homicidal tendency from his putative father). *Wilfrid* and *Edith* again come together. *Anne* and *Edward* likewise. Poor old *Bill* is odd man out. So much for *IBSEN*.

Mr. ROY BRIDGES has written in *Merchandise* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) a clever and in places exceedingly powerful story of Australia. (I give you the setting at once to save you from the bewilderment I suffered by reason of supposing the early slum-chapters to be laid in London.) The crux of the tale is this—*Edward's* mother having left his drunken and brutal father to live with a rich (but not unsympathetic) man who adores her, is *Edward* justified in accepting help from him? Or will this simply be to take a price for the woman who cynically regards herself as merchandise? The problem is further complicated by *Edward's* own love-affair and the fact that a little ready money is desperately needed for its prosecution. Mr. BRIDGES tells the whole thing in a vivid and picturesque style that only now and then becomes a trifle too impressionist for coherence. As a plot too the intrigue has the merit of continual surprise; every time that I fancied myself seeing what was ahead I turned out to be wrong. Partly that was because Mr. BRIDGES is too much a modern to follow any of the conventions. Thus when *Edward* vows to get upsides with

Vance (cruel father of heroine) or perish, all my novel-reading experience prepared me for his victory, or, failing that, for a pathetic decease. But the author had thought out a result infinitely more subtle. Also when the gentle mouse-coloured wife is pitted against the enchantress, who would not cheerfully take odds on the triumph of domestic charm? Wrong again. From all which you can observe that *Merchandise*, while to my thinking of unequal value, is in bulk well worth its cost.

Mr. FRANK SWINNERTON in *Shops and Houses* (METHUEN) sets himself a pretty problem in snobbishness. The *Vechantors* were with good reason considered to be the people of Beckwith, a small suburban town in which "society" was run on rigid lines and gossip was the chief dissipation. But even *Miss Lampe*, a woman with a peculiarly active and poisonous tongue, was almost bankrupt for scandal when the local grocer sold his business and was succeeded by a man called *William Vechantor*. When the *Vechantors* heard of this "they groped their way carefully back through the sparse foliage of the family tree," and only two generations behind them they found a shady old great-uncle. A sort of cousin the grocer undoubtedly was, and just what to do about him puzzled his relations very considerably, and also intrigued the ladies of Beckwith. This is the situation created by Mr. SWINNERTON, and he develops it with so much gracious irony and literary skill that it is redeemed from any suspicion of triviality. He confirms my own experience of the Beckwithian type, which I seem to know



Traveller (who has just missed a train). "BUT HOW AM I GOING TO KILL THREE HOURS IN THIS DESERTED HOLE?"

Porter. "WELL, WE'VE GOT A NICE NEW LOT OF BY-LAWS IN, SIR. THEY MAKE VERY INTERESTIN' READIN'."

by heart, and the only thing that surprises me about these people is that they did not rise in a body and extinguish *Miss Lampe*, or at least put a shade over her. Altogether a most attractive book, irreproachable both in style and construction.

In Aid of Belgian Workers.

On Friday next, November 29th (2 to 5 p.m.), Mr. JOHN ASTOR is lending his house, 18, Belgrave Square, for a Sale of Lace-work made in Belgium during the War. Notwithstanding the fact that the Germans "aimed at creating the unemployment which would furnish them with an excuse for deportation" (to quote Viscount GREY's words) the Neutral Commission for Relief in Belgium succeeded in not only saving but improving the lace industry. Fifty thousand women have been employed in it, and received decent wages in place of the old starvation rates of pre-war days. The profits derived from the sale of this lace-work, which is copied from beautiful old Flemish designs and is regularly on sale in Piccadilly Arcade, go to the Relief Fund, and reach the Belgians in the form of food or clothing.

Mr. Punch asks leave to share the Queen's view (Her Majesty having been a purchaser at a previous sale of Belgian lace) that money spent in so good a cause cannot be regarded as wasted on luxury.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that there is some talk of the KAISER being elected an Honorary Dutchman.

"No parrot's food," says a contemporary, "is to be obtained in South London." It is supposed to have been all used up for election addresses.

There is, after all, no truth in the report that Colonel ROOSEVELT was nearly killed in a motor car accident the other day. People should know by now that it is not TEDDY's custom to do things by halves.

Because a motorist ran over a dog at Billericay he is being sued for damages. Frankly motorists are becoming alarmed. The next thing we shall hear is that they have been summoned for running over pedestrians.

"For the purpose of ration," says a Food Ministry statement, "marmalade is jam." This will be a shock to those misguided folk who have been smoking it in mistake for tobacco.

"During Armistice week the number of glasses and china articles smashed in one hotel exceeded 2,500," says *The Evening News*. The management hold the view that there must have been some rowdiness going on.

A contemporary suggests that a census of dogs should be taken in the New Year. This would, we think, be extremely difficult in these days when one half of the Dachshund does not know where the other half lives.

"A number of daylight robberies have taken place at Clapham Common," we read. It seems a pretty mean sort of theft.

"A plea for the Protection of Irish Antiquities" was recently addressed to *The Irish Times* by a number of eminent archæologists. A similar appeal is being put forward by the supporters of Mr. DILLON.

Solicitors who desire an early release from the Army on public grounds are requested to communicate with the Council of the Law Society. No hope is held out that the public will be heard on its own behalf.

The London and Suburban Railway Passengers' Association has requested the Board of Trade that all restrictions on travelling should be removed. In particular the proposal that payment



Conductress (to passenger earnestly studying ration-book). "ARE YOU THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE TWO INSIDES?"

for railway tickets should be optional is likely to receive wide support.

There are 283,000 fingerprint impressions recorded at Scotland Yard. This does not include two which were found on the Bank of England and which it was decided to leave *in situ*.

According to the Newcastle Food Vigilance Committee the so-called influenza epidemic is due to eating bad bacon. If the patient is seen breaking out into a rash he is almost certain to have got it.

Among other drastic cricket reforms it is proposed by Lancashire that there should be eight balls to the over. After their experience of the trenches, we doubt whether our brave fellows will be satisfied with anything less than bowling from both ends at the same time.

The Local Government Board has decided that no cinema performance shall last for more than three consecutive hours. Several of our best film-actors complain that this will reduce the fine art of murder to the level of mere butchery.

"Men returning from the Front," said a Labour Member to the Bristol City Council, "will want something better than a domestic dug-out." It is pleasant to observe that there is at least one man who isn't pandering to the women's vote.

"UNDERTAKERS.

TO THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

Why employ an Undertaker that does German work? Deck's is the only house that refuse Hun patronage."—*Standard* (Buenos Ayres). This seems to be an example of perverted patriotism. Why not "inter them all"?

THE HORRORS OF "PEACE."

Protest of a British workman who loves his country even better than he loves the Labour Party.

["Labour has warned the Coalition that opposition towards the young democracies of the Continent will be disastrous. Labour demands the immediate withdrawal of the Allied forces from Russia. It stands for the immediate restoration of the Workers' International."—*Extracts from the Labour Party's Election Manifesto. Chairman of Executive, Mr. J. McGURK.*]

At times a backward look I cast

Upon the days that are no more,
The relatively peaceful past
When we were still engaged in war;
For then, with patriot hearts at one,
Pledged to our land, the common Mother,
We fought our common foe, the Hun,
And now we're fighting one another.

People with memories one-month-long,
Who still recall the Golden Age
When Britain's valour, going strong,
Enhanced her freedom's heritage,
Dazed by the hustings' hideous hum,
View with regret these changed conditions

By which our new-born souls become
The sport of party politicians.

Myself, a simple labouring man,
Working with what I call my brain,
I'd hoped to figure in the van
Of Reconstruction, sound and sane;
But, just as I, with that fair aim,
Was putting to the front my best toe,
Into my eager hands there came
Labour's Election Manifesto.

In this amazing screed I trace
That we have let our life-blood flow
To make the world a nicer place
For our dear brothers, SOLF and Co.;
That England spent herself for this,
That Labour might delight to babble
Of love with TROTSKY's crew, and kiss
The reeking lips of LENIN's rabble!

O days with precious memory fraught,
When still we nursed, with faith serene,
Peace in our hearts because we fought
To keep our English honour clean;
And now—and that is why I weep
To think those happy days are over—
They'd have us fight like cats to keep
The Bosch and Bolshevik in clover.

Dearly I love my honest toil
(And seldom underrate its worth),
But dearer yet I hold the soil
Where I was planted out at birth;
So if, in England's cause, I shirk
The claims of other lands that hate her,
Forgive me, Mr. J. McGURK,
For proving such a sorry traitor.

O. S.

NOT CRICKET.

MR. PUNCH, SIR, to you, who have always backed the good cause and displayed the best common sense and have almost never nodded—to you, Sir, I appeal to bring your elderly relative, *The Times*, to its senses.

For *The Times*, your elderly relative, wishes, when cricket is again firmly established as our national summer game, to exclude the left-handed batsman!

* * * * *

That row of dots, Sir, is to give you breathing space to take in this amazing proposition, as it is possible that you missed it. It was made in the issue of November 25. Yes, Sir, incredible as it must seem, there, in cold print, was the treacherous, the infidel suggestion. *O tempora! O mores! O CLEMENT HILL and JOE DARLING, F. M. LUCAS and F. G. J. FORD, H. T. HEWETT and WOOLLEY!*

The reason given is that the delay in the field caused by the umpire crossing over, and by other changes, when a left-hander is in, is vexatious; as though cricket were a *revue*, or a movie, or any other frivolous spectacle, and as though it were played to flatter the impatient eye of the mere hunter of excitement.

The article, Sir, in which this outrageous suggestion occurred was nominally the work of "A Correspondent." I rejoice to think that *The Times* does not harbour on its staff so detrimental a contributor. But what kind of a man can he be? What kind of hold can cricket—real cricket—the game which gentlemen have followed for a century and a half, the game which numbers such names as NYREN and OSBALDESTONE, FELIX and ALFRED MYNN, PONSONBY and GRIMSTON, the LYTTLETONS and the GRACES, the STUDDS and the STEELS, ALFRED SHAW and old CLARKE, ULYETT and LOHMANN, STODDART and WEBBE, FRY and RANJITSINHJI—what kind of a hold can the cricket which these men perfected have upon him? So little is he fundamentally touched by it that he would eliminate the left-handers just because they cause a moment's interruption, forgetting what compensations they bring in their beautiful freedom and often superior ease. It was the peculiar glory of F. G. J. FORD, of Middlesex, to urge the ball to the ropes at a terrific speed with a placid fluid stroke in which no force was apparent. But we want no more such wizards; they are a nuisance; they bring into a game that should be hectic and breathless an element of delay!

Again, to the true amateur of cricket,

what could be more fascinating than to see H. T. HEWETT and LIONEL PALAIRET opening a Somersetshire innings; the one, the left-hander, so massive in his punishment and so rich in unconventional forcing strokes; the other, the right-hander, such a model of classic style? But treats like these are not for the correspondent of *The Times*. No, Sir, they would but cause ennui, provoke his hostility. For him cricket must be wholly a rapid manifestation of right-handed time-savers!

No doubt some kind of modification could easily be devised that would attract larger crowds to Lord's; it might even be arranged that, no matter how often he was bowled or caught, Mr. JESSOP, for example, should be allowed to bat for a full ten minutes. One despairs of no ingenuity or enterprise on the part of the cricket-brighteners, in whose ranks *The Times* is now unhappily enrolled; but some other name must be found for the result. It will not be Cricket. It may be called "Rag-time Cricket" or "British Baseball" or "Tip-and-Run," or whatever other alluring style can be hit upon by the promoters; but it will not be Cricket. Cricket is an intricate, vigilant and leisurely warfare, and the fact that every moment of it is equally fraught with possibilities and openings for glorious uncertainty makes it peculiarly the delight of intelligent observers, none of whom finds dulness in the spectacle of a batsman, no matter how stubborn, defending his wicket successfully against eleven opponents. Nor does it occur to them to ask him for gallery effects. First-class cricket calls for such very special gifts of temperament and skill that only the fittest survive; and all their actions are worth study.

Left-handers are particularly interesting because of the embarrassment they offer to many bowlers and because of certain strokes natural to them which have no exact counterpart among right-handed men. The left-hander's strategy is often completely different. Above all he still is usually able to hit to leg, which the right-handers too often cannot do. But to labour the point is absurd; one has only to recall such left-handers as I have named to realise how monstrous is *The Times*' suggestion. It is for you, Mr. Punch, Sir, to convince it of error.

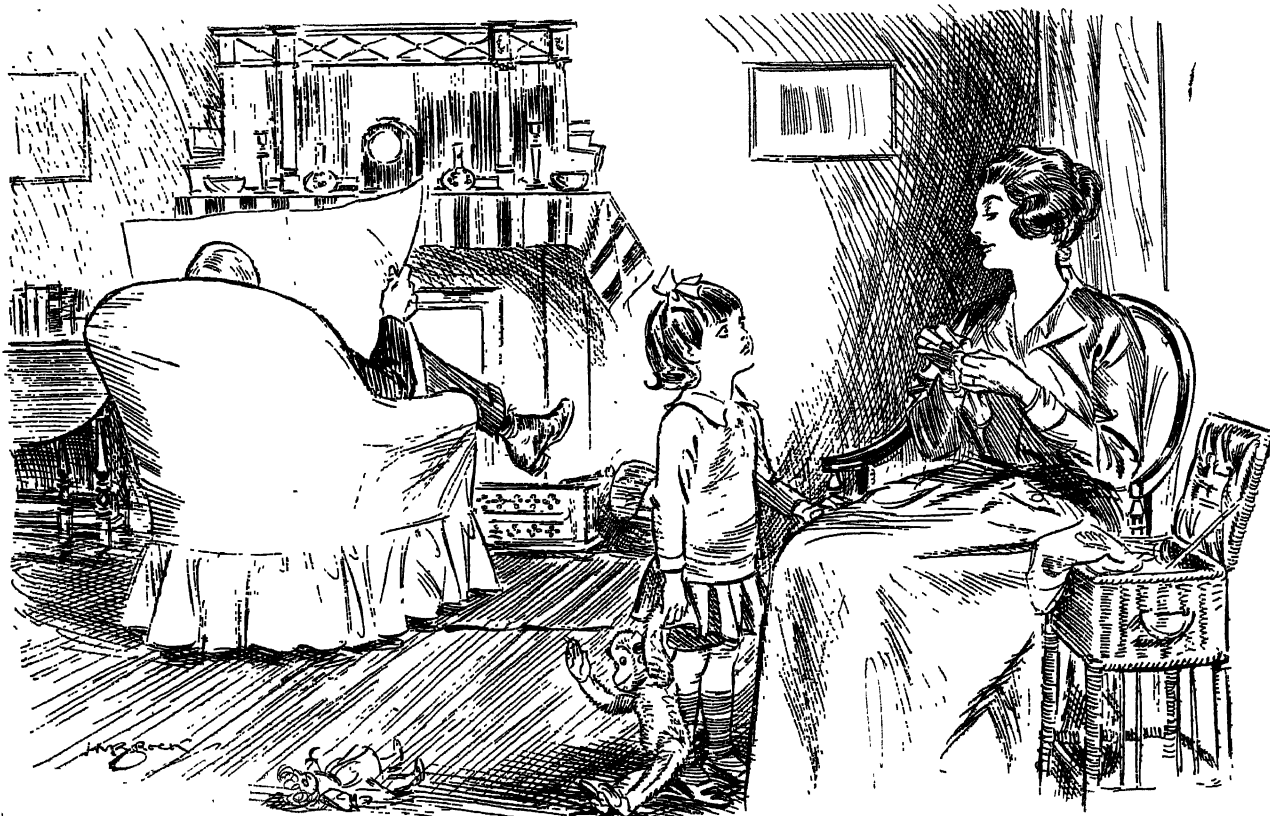
"Mr. Asquith, in a foreword to a pamphlet issued by the Liberal Publication Department, says: 'The successful solution of problems of social reconstruction will depend upon . . . our determination to make the new era to which we are looking forward one in which a humane and civilised wife shall be within reach of every man'"

Edinburgh Evening News.

Hear, hear!



THE VOTER'S NIGHTMARE.



"MUMMY, WHY DOES DADDY KEEP ON READING THE PAPER?"

"HE WANTS TO SEE THE NEWS, DEAR."

"BUT I THOUGHT THE WAR WAS OVER."

THE WATCH DOGS.

LXXVII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—It is all very nice about this armistice, and I should be the last to grudge you all your innocent rejoicing. But life is a serious thing and must be taken seriously. These great wars are not without a certain importance of their own, but they must not be allowed to divert attention from more pressing matters. There is the question of my pay, for example.

When, at the beginning of this year, it was decided that my work on the Western Front was complete, that matters there might be left to take their course and that I must be transferred to handle matters elsewhere, I took my old friend, the War Office, fully into my confidence in dealing with the personal aspect. I pointed out that I was one of those persons, too few, alas! in these days, who have no interest in themselves, but merely wish their very remarkable capabilities to be fully utilised for the nation's good.

There was a subdued outburst of applause when I stated this, and to be quite sure it was thoroughly understood I repeated it once or twice. The W.O.

responded with a short speech, in which, with considerable emotion, it recognised that it owed everything to me personally and regretted that the moment did not admit of an illuminated address and a handsome marble timepiece.

I replied that these things meant nothing to me, and it was full compensation to know that I had done my duty. Meanwhile, however, since we were on the subject, what about pay for the future?

After some little discussion, which tended to wander from the point, we got down to the business aspect of the new and highly important post I was about to occupy. The suggestion of my being graded as a General Officer and drawing a four-figure salary was regarded as both brilliant and sound, but for certain technical reasons impracticable, and it was eventually arranged that I should draw the equivalent, abroad, of the pay and allowances of ordinary persons enjoying the rank of major. It was thought well to hide my light under a bushel, and the foregoing was considered to be a useful disguise. In order, however, that we should not be deceived ourselves, we gave me a fancy title in my new capacity, something imposing to roll round one's

tongue, at the end of one's signature, one of those titles which begin with a modest "Assistant," but go on with everything that matters, and give the idea that there are two people running this war, and it is the Assistant who is really doing things, while the other makes the speeches, takes the peerage, and is received from time to time by the King at Buckingham Palace.

The W.O. was very proud of me, but it did not, I am afraid, explain me fully to its subordinate departments. Notably it omitted to get straight with its own Pay People, than whom there are few more stupid and less understanding. Unfortunately that fancy title was one which carried no particular rate of pay on its own; when the Cash Department studied it from the merely cash point of view they appear to have regarded it as one so honourable that the holder of it would be insulted by the offer of any pay at all. Accordingly no offer was made; the great public showed no interest in the detail, and the still greater Mr. Cox, being ever too polite to interfere, sat tight and said nothing.

After having been a second lieutenant, a temporary lieutenant, an acting captain, and many startling and embarrassing combinations of the three, I found

it a relief to be a simple major. True, one cannot wear spurs to advantage in mufti, and the outward insignia had necessarily to be suppressed. But even for such refined and sensitive natures as my own there is a certain comfort to be derived from the mere remuneration—a comfort to which I made frequent resort, until Mr. Cox, with that courtesy but firmness for which he is famous, called attention to shortcomings on the credit side. This was in April last, and it was only then I discovered that the Pay Department were regarding me as something greater and higher than they dared intrude upon.

The correspondence with the W.O. began on a quiet and friendly note—a personal letter to an esteemed friend commenting upon things in general, progress of war, criticisms of food, inquiries as to mutual acquaintances and—oh, by the way, wasn't there some slight misunderstanding as to my pay? The answer was as friendly—all well at home, coal not quite up to the mark, and no need to worry about pay, since that would come all right, no doubt. A slight touch of hauteur crept into my next memo. My friends, I intimated, would always be my friends, and, rather than risk friction, I would let the whole matter drop. This was, however, a matter of principle, and I was always firm on principles. The short reply to my reply to his reply was a postcard, stating that the matter had been passed to the responsible quarter.

I won't take you through all the tragic story; I will only say that I had eventually to be extremely stern with the W.O. I hate to bully, but the time comes when it is necessary to take a strong line. I took it, and, as the months passed by, I went on taking it. I will not brag, but there can be no doubt that I got the W.O. thoroughly under. If, about the beginning of August, you noticed a subdued and half-ashamed look about Whitehall (inconsistent with the good news then arriving from the front) I may tell you that I alone did it. The W.O., taken firmly in hand, improved in behaviour; they wrote me most adequate apologies and hinted at some very good times coming, with the arrival of more arrears in sterling than I or Mr. Cox would probably know what to do with. But for one reason or another, possibly because the Pay Department man had gone on leave and taken the key of the cash-box with him, neither the arrears nor the good times ever arrived.

To be exact, I found myself well into September and still nothing in Mr. Cox's cellars for me. Think me weak, Charles, if you will, but by now my moral was



"'ALF A PINT, MISS, PLEASE."

"No, you're too late. THE CLOCK'S STRUCK."

"OH, COME ON—IT AIN'T FINISHED 'UMMIN' YET."

deteriorating. Pay is a sordid thing, but there is something about it which makes its absence keenly felt. I will confess the truth and tell you that it got to such a pitch with me that simply to hear a man jingling francs, even centimes, in his pocket brought tears to my eyes. It was more than I could bear to hear other people commiserating each other upon the disadvantages of the rate of exchange and discussing means of transmitting funds from England to our neutral State, whereby they might get the better of that rate.

And at last, after six months of poverty, only relieved by glowing promises of an overwhelming credit at the bank in the days to come, there fell the final blow, which broke me completely down and caused me to put my head on my arms and burst into tears at my

office desk. It was a message, a telegram, from the W.O. It was from the Pay People. It was about Pay. It concerned ME. It said: "Message begins. You are strictly forbidden to have your pay sent out to you in Bank Notes, Treasury Notes, or coin of the realm. Message ends."

So do I. Yours ever, HENRY.

More Coast Erosion.

"It has been arranged that the 'mystery ship' Hyderabad will visit the West Coast ports, while the Suffolk Coast will visit London and the East Coast."—*Liverpool Post*.

There was a young soldier called Joe
With a penchant for whiskey and eau;

When they asked him to halve
A bottle of Graves,

He answered, "Non demi, quel ho!"

THE HEART OF THE PEOPLE.

THE last tram is still a genial tram. If not so alcoholic as in the old days, people still burst into jocund reminiscences of songs they have heard at "Second houses," and wonder loudly how the heroine will get out of episode thirteen at the pictures.

This night an elderly lady with a very large framed photograph of a soldier sat opposite to me. A gentleman who bore unmistakable signs of being in the wholesale whitewash business remarked genially, "Mother, I'll lay a bob 'e got the Victoria Cross."

"Not 'im," said Mother. "'E was called up two months back. I 'ad 'im enlarged, thinking 'e'd be going to the Front and wishing to be on the safe side. I've chucked away thirteen-and-a-tanner on 'im. Victoria Cross! All 'e's got is roomatism."

The wholesale dealer in whitewash, having satisfied a legitimate curiosity, turned to me and, placing an amiable hand on my knee, said, "Ello, Boss, this election's a puzzler, ain't it? Once it was jus' reds and blues. Now it's all colours, not counting females. 'Ow would you vote?"

"Coalition," I said.

"You're backing a winner this time," returned the whitewash-merchant. "Ole Coalition 'll romp 'ome. The worst is there's three 'osses from the stable runnin' 'ere. They're all for Coalition. I don't know which to back."

"Not for me," replied the lady. "I always said that if I vote it 'll be for them as boils the Germans."

The general sentiment of the car seemed to approve the boiling of the Germans, but found it unfeasible.

"'Ow can we boil the Germans, Mother, if we've made peace with 'em?" protested the whitewasher.

"My 'usband's a soldier of the KING. 'E ain't a Conscientious Objector, charging double prices for everything."

"I ain't a Conscientious Objector," retorted Whitewash; "I got no conscientious objections to nothing."

A gentleman who carried a mangle-roller on each knee as if they were children broke in, "You vote Labour, Mother. It's time we got a bit of our own back out of the toffs."

"I wouldn't give 'arf-a-pound o' marge for all the Governments that ever 'as been or ever will be thought on," said Mother. "I'm going to the poll, I am, and I'm going to vote against all of 'em."

"It ain't allowed," protested the whitewasher. "If everybody voted against everyone what'd be the use of 'aving elections?"

"Well, what's the use of 'aving 'em?"

"You 'll 'ave to take things more serious," burst in the mangle proprietor; "you've got a stake in the country now. 'Ere you are a 'ardworking woman."

"I wish my 'usband could 'ear you call me a 'ardworking woman. He'd set about you. If you'd stop pinching mangles and leave respectable ladies alone in tramcars you'd be better liked. I'm going to vote against all of 'em. 'Ere, young woman, next stop for me. And none of your ringing on before I get down with this photograph. It 'll be a county court job if you smash it. I'm going to vote against all of 'em, and down with the Zepps and boil the Germans."

"'Ot stuff," said the whitewasher, wiping his forehead.

"She don't understand the solidarity of Labour," returned the mangle-owner; "but 'er 'usband 'll make 'er vote right."

"Mark my words," declared the whitewasher solemnly, "she 'll make 'im vote as she wants; but if they all go voting against everybody what's to become of the British Constitution?"

"Terminus!" called the conductress. It sounded like the end of the world.

THE MASCOT'S DOWNFALL.

"SPEAKIN' about dogs as mascots," said the Corporal-drummer, "we had a fair clinker in oor battalion at hame. She belongit till the Sargeant-Major. A great big brute she wis, mair like a Shetland pony than a dog, wi' as muckle ill-natur' and pride tae the square inch as a Prooshian Junk. But for a' that she was a bonny beast an' wis a fair ornament tae the rigiment, especially on Church parades, which, bein' a female, she attendit wi' the utmost regularity."

"Noo Maggie—that's the dog—had peculiar tastes in dress. If ye wore the kilt ye were richt as rain; even if ye wore troosers ye wad pass as long as ye had on the glengairry. But Heaven help ye if ye wore a flat kep; ye were fair fur it."

"At this time we had an auld Brigadier, a terrible haun' fur stalkin' roon' about the camp efter lights oot, seekin' whit he micht devoor. Oor tent wis awa at the fit o' the lines; an' the auld man used tae come past oor way, which meant us daein' some quick-change acts wi' the candle whiles."

"Ae nicht we heard him an' his Brigade-Major come up an' then stop."

"'Whit's yon?' said the Brigadier."

"'A dog,' said the Brigade-Major."

"He wis richt. Maggie had gotten aff her chain an' wis on the randan."

"'Grr,' says she."

"'Guid dog,' says the Brigadier."

"'Grr,' says Maggie, no likin' their flat keps nane."

"Weel, matters had got tae whit the papers ca' a deepomatic impasse when wee Geordie Barr, the drummer, wha could imitate the Sargeant-Major tae the life, whispered, 'See 'em aff, Maggie.'"

"Efter that it wis jist like the pictures. Roon'd the tents went the twa o' them, wi' Maggie ahint them, growlin' tae fair pit the wind up ye; then across the parade grun' slap bang intae the officers' mess."

"Of course whit happened then we couldna see, but yin o' the Mess waiters tell't us next day that the Brigadier and his Brigade-Major had tae stand on the Mess table wi' the battalion officers haudin' on tae Maggie till the Sargeant-Major cam' across tae call her off."

"Needless tae say Maggie's popularity rose tae unprecedented hichts, for moonlight raids by the Staff wis at a discoont for some time tae come. The band a' said that mair than half the glory belongit tae wee Geordie Barr for his prompt an' soldier-like action; but Geordie himsel' didna seem sae anxious tae claim it."

"A fortnicht efter there wis a Brigade Church parade tae be held in the open-air. Of course Maggie wis present, glancin' aroond an' pullin' at the lead, jist bung fu' o' pride an' vanity."

"Efter we were drawn up the Brigadier entered wi' the customary flourish o' trumpets."

"A' at yince he saw Maggie standin' in front o' the battalion wi' her tongue oot, lauchin' like."

"The auld man edged roond ahint the drums an' took up a strateegic poseetion aside the Padre."

"'Kindly have that dog removed,' says he tae oor Colonel in his best orderly-room manner."

"Weel, d'ye ken, as sune's he spoke, Maggie stopped lauchin' and looked at him peetiiously. Then aff the parade-grun' she wis led wi' her heid doon an' her tail atween her legs as if she wis ashamed o' a' the folk seein' her doonfa'."

"A week efter she wis found deid. Some o' the lads blamet the Doctor for pisenin' her, him bein' aye in the danger zone so tae speak, through wearin' a flat kep. But maist o' us is sure tae this day that she perished o' a broken hert."

"Ay, an' there's a moral tae that story. Niver fecht the heid yins in the Airmy yersel'; get some ither body tae dae't instead."

The Long Arm of Coalition.

"Soldiers away on service are stabbed in the back in their absence."—*Daily News*.



THE NEW EXCUSE.

"QUE VOULEZ-VOUS? C'EST LA PAIX."



Officer (to club head-waiter, for whom he has rung). "OH, JENKINS, WILL YOU JUST LISTEN TO THE REST OF MR. JONES'S STORY FOR ME? I HAVE TO GET BACK TO FRANCE."

PERSONAL.

"I suppose it does work sometimes or people wouldn't try it on," I said, looking up from the advertisement columns of *The Brain-Wave*.

"What do you suppose works?" asked Ernest.

"This kind of thing: 'To Philanthropists and other Patriots. Lady, well-connected, needs fifty pounds urgently.'"

"Why? Are you thinking of trying it?"

"I am," I said. "I badly need a car to get about in while I'm lame. Why shouldn't somebody lend me one?"

"You're not well-connected, are you?" said Ernest.

"One of my aunts married a man whose fourth cousin—but I've told you that before, I think. However, I needn't say I'm well-connected; I can say, 'not ill-connected.' My advertisement shall be perfectly candid."

"They don't have portraits on the outside sheet of *The Brain-Wave*, do they?" said Ernest.

"I must be content with saying, 'handsome young officer.'"

"Wouldn't 'homely' be a better word?"

I rose and surveyed myself in the glass.

"These things are a matter of opinion," I said. "But I would rather err on the side of modesty. 'Homely-faced,' do you think? Or perhaps 'of homely appearance.'"

The advertisement as finally inserted ran, "Young officer, of homely appearance and not ill-connected, would be glad of loan of motor-car, or cash to hire one, during disablement.—Box No. 000, *The Brain-Wave*."

To say that I eagerly awaited the result would be an exaggeration. In fact I was so doubtful of extracting any response from a callous public that I bet Ernest five shillings that I wouldn't get an answer at all.

But I did; I got just one. It was in a feminine handwriting, and ran: "I enclose two-and-sixpence towards your motoring expenses, for I feel that no sacrifice is too great for our brave soldiers. Will you please acknowledge in the Personal Column of *The Brain-Wave*?—SYMPATHISER."

I was awfully bucked at this; it seemed

so romantic. And I inserted in *The Brain-Wave*: "SYMPATHISER.—Many thanks for kind present.—OFFICER OF HOMELY APPEARANCE."

It didn't strike me at the time that, after paying *The Brain-Wave's* fee for the insertion of this acknowledgment, I was three-and-sixpence out of pocket on balance; but when Ernest asked for his five shillings for the bet I saw that my enterprise had been rather expensive. Thinking it over since, I have wondered whether Ernest could possibly have been in collusion with my Lady Bountiful. But I prefer to believe that somewhere "Sympathiser" is dwelling lovingly upon the thought of me, and that my total deficit of eight-and-sixpence has been well lost.

The Surrender of the Hun Fleet.

(After *The Ancient Mariner*.)

As idle as a German ship
Upon the "German" Ocean.

"The King of Prussia's promise of a democratic franchise must be fulfilled quickly and completely."—*Natal Mercury*.

Pandemonium should be a pleasant change after Pan-Germanism.



REUNITED.

STRASBOURG, DECEMBER 8TH, 1918.

WITH THE AUXILIARY PATROL.

THE SURGEON-PROBATIONER.

THE Surgeon-Probationer was very young indeed, and our trawler was his first ship; but if he lacked the sagacity of experience he fully made up for it by his great enthusiasm. He had an eager look.

"I don't like it," said the Second Engineer. "I'd feel ever so much happier if that case o' knives and forks he makes such a fuss about was washed overboard some night. I should sleep easier."

It so chanced that just at this time there was an unprecedented epidemic of good health among the trawler crews in our area. In the course of a fortnight we had only one call for medical assistance

—a suspected outbreak of measles; but even this they had succeeded in checking at its source before we arrived on the scene. The ship's dog had been getting into bad company ashore, but a timely application of insecticide prevented any further spread of infection. It almost seemed as though people refrained from going sick on purpose.

All this was a bitter disappointment to the Surgeon-Probationer. He would scan our faces anxiously each morning, but we couldn't summon up a symptom between us. When the third hand hit his thumb with a handspike the Lieutenant and the Skipper had to exercise considerable tact to prevent the S.-P. from amputating it on the spot; but Joe was let off finally with an antiseptic bandage and a stiff dose of quinine.

The real trouble began when old Bill, the Mate, refused a third helping of the steward's plumduff at Sunday dinner-time. I remember seeing the look that came over the gunner's face one day when a German submarine came to the surface within a hundred yards of us. The S.-P.'s expression reminded me of it somehow.

"Are you feeling unwell, Bill?" he asked sharply.

"Eh, me? Bless you, Sir, I'm champion," replied Bill hastily. "'Ere, steward, pass me over the rest o' that duff, quick."

"Wait," commanded the S.-P. He regarded Bill earnestly and leaned across the table to press down the under-lid of his left eye.

"You're looking pale; sure you feel quite yourself—no lassitude or disinclination to work?"

Bill, a stalwart sailorman weighing well over sixteen stones and bearded like a pard, passed his hand nervously over his anatomy.

"No, Sir, I think I'm all right," he said.

"Let me look at your tongue," ordered the S.-P.

Bill a little shyly exhibited the member in request.

"Oh, wot an 'orrible sight!" exclaimed the Second.

"Very interesting," observed the Surgeon-Probationer critically.

"Put it away at once, Bill," said the Second, "before someone slips on it and hurts himself."

"You 'old yer row," snapped Bill savagely.

But he was obviously disquieted. All the afternoon he wore a worried look and several times I observed him trying to feel his pulse. By teatime he was thoroughly ill and refused the steward's most tempting delicacies. The S.-P. began to get quite excited about it.

"I feel mighty queer, Sir," Bill confessed; "I seem as though something was a-goin' to happen to me."

"Ah," breathed the S.-P., "I feared as much. Where does it seem to catch you the most?"

"Can't say exactly, Sir," replied Bill miserably, "but I feel empty, like as if I'd been scuttled a'most. Can you do anything for me, Sir?"

The Surgeon-Probationer took his coat off and, after a quarter of an hour's whirlwind fighting, made his diagnosis. It was either nervous breakdown or appendicitis; he leaned rather to the latter view as offering the greater scope for surgical skill. Bill, reduced to a mental and physical wreck, was tucked up in his bunk and made to drink evil-looking concoctions from the medicine chest. The Second Engineer said he wouldn't give ninepence for the Mate's chance of seeing another breakfast served.

But Bill was still with us when Monday morning dawned, though he had weakened palpably during the night and had given up all hope of recovery.

"I'm afraid it'll mean an operation," said the S.-P., trying to keep the eagerness

out of his voice; "it's the knife or nothing—your one chance, Bill."

"Oh, oh!" groaned Bill, burying his face in the blankets.

The cabin was rigged as an operating theatre, and the Mate was lifted tenderly from his bunk and laid on the table. The crew crowded round to shake his hand and say good-bye.

"Tell 'em ashore as I went down with flags flying," said Bill faintly. "Good-bye, Second; I forgive you all your evil goin's on and hope you won't be punished for 'em as they deserves. Good-bye, Joe; don't forget to oil the winch when I'm gone West."

"Any last request, Bill?" asked the Skipper.

"Yes, Skips; see that there's no splinters in the plank when you drop me astern; an' if the 'Uns comes out, boys, g-give 'em 'ell."

Then, while the S.-P. was poisoning his knife for the fatal stroke, I burst into the cabin, waving a signal-pad above my head. The news of the armistice had just come through from the base.



Mr. WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN (to Master WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN).
"OUR FUTURE IS ON THE ZEE."



BRITAIN'S FATEFUL HOUR.

"YOU WANT MY VOTE, MISSY? W'Y, WOT MIGHT YOU KNOW ABOUT BEER AND BACCY?"

In the excitement consequent on this momentous announcement poor Bill was completely forgotten. We crowded up on deck, hoisting every flag we carried and watching the ridiculous behaviour of the other trawlers who had utterly lost their helms and were rolling and leaping about like a lot of motor-launches in the stern wave of a destroyer. The S.-P. was the first to recollect the urgent business that awaited him below.

"I must go and get on with the operation," he said.

"Excuse me, Sir," remarked the Third Hand, "but Bill seems to have took a turn for the better by the looks of 'm."

Following the direction of his up-raised finger we beheld the figure of the lately moribund Mate standing, semi-clothed, on the top of the wheel-house, shouting himself hoarse and waving tangled lengths of linen bandages wildly in the breeze.

"Ooray," he was yelling, "'oo-bloomin-ray for peace and no early closin'!"

"It almost looks as though an immediate operation might not be necessary after all," observed the Lieutenant drily.

And the Surgeon-Probationer took his disappointment like a man.

"Herr Natlibs and the old Radicals are trying to arrange for mutual assistance at the elections for the Constituent Assembly."—*Times*.

We understand that Herr Soc and Herr Centrum are rather annoyed with Herr Natlibs.

"From windows and roofs nursemaids promenaded with little Union Jacks floating from the baby carriages."—*Provincial Paper*.

We hope their little charges enjoyed this literal method of "taking the air."

UNREDEEMED LONDON.

In reading the list of our London streets
There's a type of name one frequently meets
Which seems to call for drastic revision
If only to save us from derision.

Thus "Ferdinand" Street (N.W.1)
Has a foxy hint of the high-placed Hun,
And in Battersea's roads I frankly own
I have no further use for "Cologne."

"Schubert" I pass, though it's hard to get
At the reason that makes him a Putney pet,
Or fathom the motive that has bestowed
"Parsifal" on a Hampstead road.

But, anyhow, let us draw the line
At "Margravine" and "Oberstein,"
And, boycotting all Teutonic tosh,
Start fair with BEATTY and HAIG and FOCH.

"PRIME MINISTER ADOPTED AT CARNARVON.

The mover called on the electors to support Mr. Lloyd George as candidate without any qualifications whatsoever."—*Times*.
We always liked Welsh humour.

"Now if there is any man in this country who has played a noble part in the war, it is George IV."—*Local Paper*.

Personally, we should give the palm to GEORGE III. But for him where would President WILSON have been?

"The war pensions granted by the Commonwealth Government to 25th July represent an annual liability of £3,826,868, the captain then decided to put into Sydney."—*Australian Paper*.

We must have missed the early chapters of this story.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

["To save coal many groups of families have arranged to spend alternate evenings together. Each family will take it in turns to play hosts; thus many sets of fires will be allowed to go out."—*Evening Paper.*]

Letter from Mrs. Henderson to her Sister.
Surbiton, 3/11/18.

DEAREST DI,—I suppose you've read about this scheme to save coal this winter by families sharing each other's fires? We start next week spending alternate evenings with the Blakeleys.

I think it is a splendid idea—quite mediæval, in fact. Didn't lots of people collect in one great hall in the olden times—menials sitting at the same board but below the salt—and all that sort of thing, you know? I'm sure I've read something like that in SCOTT—or was it MAURICE HEWLETT?

Your loving VI.

P.S.—Of course the above arrangement could only be carried out with *really nice* people and old tried friends like the Blakeleys. *On ne s'entend pas avec tout le monde.*

Letter from Mrs. Blakeley to her Brother, Lieut. Hanson, in France.

Surbiton, 10/11/18.

DEAR PETER,—I think I told you about our arranging social evenings with the Hendersons. You know how patriotic I am, and I always did try to take my share in the sufferings of the War, just the same as you boys out there; but I think that when some people get hold of an idea they become almost fanatical. Would you believe it, Mrs. Henderson actually had her two servants in the room the other evening sharing the fire with us.

The servants looked thoroughly uncomfortable the whole evening, as well they might. And with them there, how on earth could I tell Mrs. Henderson that I had discovered my cook sending parcels of food from my stores to her brother in France, or that I meant to give Mary notice next month for impertinence? Really there was nothing left for one to talk about. Some people have no idea of the fitness of things.

Yours affectionately, MIRANDA.

Letter from Mrs. Henderson to her Sister.
Surbiton, 10/11/18.

DEAREST DI,—We've started our "social evenings," but I must say that the behaviour of the Blakeleys is a little ridiculous. They "dropped in"

the other night actually got up in evening dress! Since Mr. Blakeley hooked that soft Government job Mrs. B. makes herself quite foolish with her pretence.

I had Martha and Jane in as well, so that the kitchen fire could go out, because when one starts coal-saving one ought to do the thing properly, for it's that spirit of thoroughness that is helping us "to pursue the war to the bitter end," as LLOYD GEORGE once said, or was it LANSDOWNE?

Anyhow Mrs. Blakeley made Martha and Jane feel thoroughly uncomfort-

using our ink. The worst of it is he mutters aloud over his tasks, which is a bar to any intelligent or sustained conversation. Also, when in the throes of arithmetic or algebra, he seems in torment and scrapes our chairs unmercifully with his feet. I think he ought to do Scripture or something light and less exciting the evenings he comes in here.

Yours affectionately,

MIRANDA.

From Mrs. Henderson to her Sister.
Surbiton, 22/11/18.

DEAREST DI,—I don't believe there is any more patriotism in Mrs. Blakeley than there is heat in her fires. She just uses the Government and newspapers to hide her meanness. Instead of fuel she has a mixture of clay and something else equally ineffective made into balls. She says she read about this in a newspaper article entitled "Clay Balls as a Coal Substitute." Bob, who looked very cold, asked rather bitterly if it was in the same journal that suggested the eating of rhubarb leaves. After this Mrs. Blakeley seemed rather distant. We left early.

Yours ever, VI.

Letter from Mrs. Blakeley to Mrs. Henderson.

Surbiton, 29/11/18.

DEAR MRS. HENDERSON,—Henry and I have decided to drop "social evenings" and have the usual evenings by our own fireside. I fear the stress of present times doesn't leave one much energy to be sociable, after all. Yours sincerely,

MIRANDA BLAKELEY.

From Mrs. Henderson to Mrs. Blakeley.

Surbiton, 30/11/18.

DEAR MRS. BLAKELEY,—I quite agree. In any case we're all laid up with colds and won't be out for days. I fear we got a chill the last evening we spent at your house.

Do you mind giving me the name of the man who wrote "Clay Balls as a Coal Substitute"? My husband wants to have a little frank talk with him.

Yours sincerely,

VIOLET HENDERSON.



First Householder. "BUT WHAT'S THE GENERAL ELECTION ABOUT?"

Second Householder. "WHAT ELSE IS THERE LEFT FOR 'EM TO MAKE US FILL IN FORMS FOR?"

able, poor girls. I don't know whether they sat below the salt, but certainly it was as far from the fire and Mrs. Blakeley as possible. And this morning they both came to me and said they'd give notice if they couldn't have "a place to themselves to sit in at night."

Truly the way of the patriot is hard.

Yours ever, VI.

From Mrs. Blakeley to Lieut. Hanson.
Surbiton, 20/11/18.

DEAR PETER,—The Hendersons must be effecting a great saving by spending half the evenings of the week at our house. They are accompanied by their boy, Edward, aged eleven, who does his home-lessons here by our light and

"On Tuesday night there was a display of fireworks on the Seal and the Kaiser was burnt in The ordinary week-night service on Wednesday."—*Provincial Paper.*

In the present shortage of fuel he was evidently not considered to be worth a special bonfire.



TROUBLES OF TOMMY IN THE BALKANS.

HOW TO PERSUADE MACEDONIAN NATIVE LABOURERS EMPLOYED IN SALVING BULGAR MATERIAL THAT DUD SHELLS ARE NOT THE BEST MATERIAL FOR MAKING CAMP FIREPLACES.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(The Ex-Kaiser and the ex-German Crown Prince.)

Ex-Kaiser (bursts hurriedly into the room, throws off his cloak and flings his whiskers into the fireplace). Out, what a life! It seems I can't stir ten yards from this castle. Disguises are absolutely useless. I am told I risk my life—

Ex-Crown Prince. Your so valuable life.

Ex-K. Yes, my so valuable life, if I show my face out-of-doors. Then it has come to this that I, whom millions of devoted subjects surrounded with every mark of respect and affection, I, the German Kaiser, cannot walk out without having such words as "scoundrel," "assassin," "Hum," hurled at my head.

Ex-C. P. Yes, it is a dog's life.

Ex-K. (testily). I wish you wouldn't interrupt; it is one of the worst marks of a defective education.

Ex-C. P. Very well, have it all your own way, only remember that that's what has brought you to your present pass.

Ex-K. Now, pray keep silence, as I have to consider a very difficult subject. For myself I am not greatly concerned. My personal wants are small—three uniforms a day, four meals and a few millions of marks—say twenty. Surely they wouldn't refuse me that to carry on with. No, no, they won't hurt me. It's Germany I am thinking of. How Germany is to get along without me I cannot conceive. How are these Socialists to govern? They have voted—yes, but have never governed. I am expecting a message of recall at any moment.

Ex-C. P. But you've signed an abdication, haven't you?

Ex-K. So for the matter of that have you—or it was given out that we did. But anyhow neither of us intended to abdicate for ever. Just a week or two of retirement and then back again to our Imperial destiny.

Ex-C. P. What's the good of talking like that if the German people won't have us back?

Ex-K. It is impossible that the German people should be so lost to all sense of their duty. Surely they are aware that without the Hohenzollerns, my ancestors, no great or good thing has happened in Germany.

Ex-C. P. They might answer that this War was great, but not good, and that for the future the people must be consulted before such things are undertaken in its name.

Ex-K. Cease that revolutionary twaddle. I, your Kaiser, forbid you to talk like that. But to be sure we do live in terrible times. How has it all come about? All night long I lie awake retracing events in my mind and never can I succeed in fixing the blame on myself for anything done or omitted—no, I can blame my Chancellors, I can blame HINDENBURG and even LUDENDORFF, but myself never.

Ex-C. P. "At least we'll die with harness on our back." That's from *Macbeth*.

Ex-K. I know it is, and in quoting that you make the disgraceful suggestion that I ought to have gone to the real Front and died like a common soldier. A Hohenzollern does not die in that fashion. He knows his country needs him, and that thought will not suffer him to die in battle however much he may desire to.

Ex-C. P. Ahem, ahem!

[The KAISER moves restlessly about the room, occasionally glaring at his son.]

ENTRENCHMENT AND REFORM.

BEFORE long most of us will, it seems likely, relapse into civilian life, and the question is being asked, "What shall we do with our uniforms?" A few have already made up their minds. Some think they will make useful and appropriate gardening kit, while others intend to maintain them in repair and wear them on such special occasions as birthdays or local flower shows. My delightful friend, Major Bounceby, proposes to have his fitted upon a wicker frame modelled on his own measurements, which will stand permanently at attention, wearing all the major's accoutrements, wound stripes and chevrons, in a corner of the drawing-room, as a constant reminder to Mrs. B. and the irreverent young B.'s of what papa did in the great war.

All this is very well, and of course individuals will please themselves; but the veterans of our suburb have decided upon a concerted plan which we desire to suggest to other communities.

We propose to form ourselves into a so-called "Trench Club," of which the H.Q. will be a dug-out, specially constructed if a suitable cellar is not available. It will be designed to admit the weather; and rats and other vermin will be encouraged as sub-tenants. Members will only be admitted in marching order, with battle-bowlers, gas-bags and other impediments. Ordinary conversation will be permitted with respirators in the alert position, but for political arguments they will be worn as during a gas attack.

The motto of the club will describe its object—"Entrenchment and Reform." All of us, while at the Front, have dreamed in our dug-outs of the comfort and security of home, and have glowed in the mud with high resolves regarding our future behaviour as domestic creatures. Realising the peril of imaginative forgetfulness, we have decided to take steps against the obliterating processes of time.

Attendance at the regular meetings of the Club will be compulsory, and the club-room or dug-out will be always available for the convenience of members who wish to put in overtime. This possibility may arise in the case of a zealous member who finds himself inclined to grouse at home about the mutton, or realises that he has barked at his wife. It will be considered a point of honour for him to get into his uniform and spend the rest of the evening at the Club. Bullybeef and biscuits will be stored on the premises, and newspapers not less than seven days old will be provided.

Should a member forget himself as

indicated and neglect to adopt the correct disciplinary course, it will be in order (according to the constitution) for his wife to remind him of his duty with the phrase, "Wouldn't you like to proceed forthwith to the Club, dear?" the use of the words "proceed" and "forthwith" being recommended as a valuable stimulus by virtue of their military associations.

If the proposals outlined above are adopted our old and honoured uniforms will serve a not unworthy purpose.

CROOKED HOUSE TOLL.

THE proud years have passed it and left it alone;

No more with red blossoms its gables are gay;

From moss-covered thatch and from mouldering stone

The rose that once wrapped it has withered away.

No longer the gate to a challenge is swung,

Nor through it the old-fashioned chariots roll,

But I can remember the sixpennies flung

As we came at a canter through Crooked House Toll.

A little old woman all wrinkled and brown,

Like a russet-red pippin left long on the tree,

Would stand by the gate in her clean cotton gown

And bob to our elders and smile upon me.

'Tis long since the lady relinquished her trust,

But still I can picture on memory's scroll

The quaint little figure that stooped in the dust

To pick up our silver at Crooked House Toll.

When the moon's very round and the night's very still

And the cottage is guest-room to goblin and gnome,

If you stand in the highway and look to the hill

You will see the brown horses come covered with foam;

You will hear the light tap of each hoof as it falls

And the clink of the chains to the swing of the pole,

And see a white figure glide out from the walls

To open the gate at the Crooked House Toll.

W. H. O.

"WANTED to borrow £20 privately; no lenders."—*Provincial Paper*.

The old difficulty.

LITERARY RECONSTRUCTION.

A GREAT deal is written nowadays about rebuilding and reconstruction, but some of the greatest and most soul-shaking changes are taking place without exciting notice. In *The Times* of Tuesday, November 26th, a vast scheme of reconstruction was clearly foreshadowed in the heading of the first leading article, but so far not a word of comment has been uttered.

Let us explain. The article was headed—

"RIFTS IN THE GERMAN FLUTE."

Most of those who noted the deviation in the phrase from the familiar form probably put it down to a misprint. But the idea is unthinkable. Misprints do not occur in the titles of *Times* leading articles. The penalty is too terrible. Besides there is such an instrument as a German flute (it is mentioned in *Buncle*). And, most important of all, TENNYSON is an "eminent Victorian" and therefore fair game. The perversion, we have the best authority for saying, is only the pioneer instalment of a wholesale and drastic revision of standard quotations in accordance with the spirit of the age.

This surmise has been converted into something like certainty by a curious discovery. A few days ago, while walking in the neighbourhood of Printing-house Square, I picked up a small notebook. There was no name and address inside, only a number of adaptations arranged under subject-headings as thus:

Carmelite House.—"Panting Times toils after us in vain."

Cheese.—"Stilton a name to resound for ages."

Coalition.—

"I could not love thee, LLOYD, so much,

Loved I not BONAR LAW."

Housing Problem.—"Tragic basements."

House of Lords.—"Peers, idle peers."

Nationalist Members.—"More Sinned against than Sinn-Feining."

It may be objected that this is not altogether a new departure. Did not Mr. HARRY CUST, when Editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, prefix the heading, "The Coisoned Pup," to a leading article? True; but that was a transient ebullition, not part of a considered scheme of reconstruction. This is a more momentous development, for that it will develop we have no doubt. Meanwhile, to use the favourite formula of the hour, we can only bid our readers watch the middle page of *The Times*. Greek has already reappeared in a leading article, and after that anything is possible.

How Acre fell—a hitherto unreported incident of the Palestine Campaign:—

"Now the famous old city has fallen into their famous old harbour."—*Egyptian Gazette*.



Wage-earner (to parent, who has been suitably attired for revelry). "YOU LOOK A FAIR TREAT IN LIL'S FURS, MA."
Ma. "YES, LIL'S FURS IS ALL RIGHT; BUT IT'S LIL'S BOOTS THAT'S GOIN' TO SPOIL MY EVENIN'."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I CHANGED my mind about *The New Warden* (MURRAY) while reading it, because the latter half of the tale seemed to me very much more interesting than the early chapters. All the same I hardly agree with her publishers in thinking that Mrs. DAVID G. RITCHIE has drawn any real picture of what they rightly call "one of the most moving experiences of to-day," the war-change of our University towns into camps. That transformation, wonderful and tragic, awaits yet its chronicler. The Oxford of *The New Warden* is at most a vague background of no special topical significance. Peace, no less than war, hath her brainless *ingénues*, angling for well-endowed Heads of Colleges, mislaying compromising letters, even (though I trust rarely) purloining the small change of the improvident. This in effect is the plot of the tale. Will *The New Warden* be trapped by the blundering and amateurish intrigues of silly little *Gwendolen* (aided by his own Quixotic sense of obligation), or saved by a sensible sister for the more suitable mate who is so obviously only waiting to be asked? In the contrast between the three women who wage their warfare over the body of the poor Warden, Mrs. RITCHIE shows herself to have a more skilful touch than her somewhat long-drawn exordium prepared me to find. But to call an Oxford foundation King's was surely to create needless confusion. Why should that home of so much fiction, dear old St. Mary's, not shelter one more romance? There are chapters, not the best, of *The New Warden* which would have found an appropriate setting within those venerable walls.

Once upon a time, and I am afraid it was a very long

time ago, Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN wrote a book called *Ships that Pass in the Night*, and because she did I am all the more regretful that I cannot say only charming things of *Where your Treasure is* (HUTCHINSON). Practised hand as Miss HARRADEN is she should have known better than to mix up fact and fiction in the way that she has here. She seems to have written two books at once—one, a very interesting account of the work of the Americans, the Dutch and the Society of Friends among the folk of Belgium as they fled before the German invasion; the other a somewhat thin and plotless work of fiction, redeemed by its principal character. Miss HARRADEN has made *Tamar Scott* so real that when I have forgotten the people in more perfect books I shall still remember the curio-dealer of Dean Street, and her avarice, her love of gems, and her hardly-won generosity. But one character does not make a good novel. The gist of the matter is that the powder is excellent powder and the jam is quite good jam, but each spoils my appreciation of the other, and if Miss HARRADEN will let me I would rather take them separately next time.

Sussex, the darling county of the gods of England, has many lovers to praise her woods and downs and bonny countryfolk, slow to friendship (and other things), but loyal to friendships formed, shrewd and wise and solid. Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH stands distinguished among these discreet praisers. She gives us in *Little England* (NISBET), for remembrance of these days of war, a portfolio of portraits: of honest *Tom Beatup*, on whose young shoulders was thrown the whole responsibility of the farm by that heavy-drinking yeoman, *Mus' Beatup*, and who went late for a soldier because of this responsibility, but at last went simply and finely as a Sussex man would; of soft-voiced

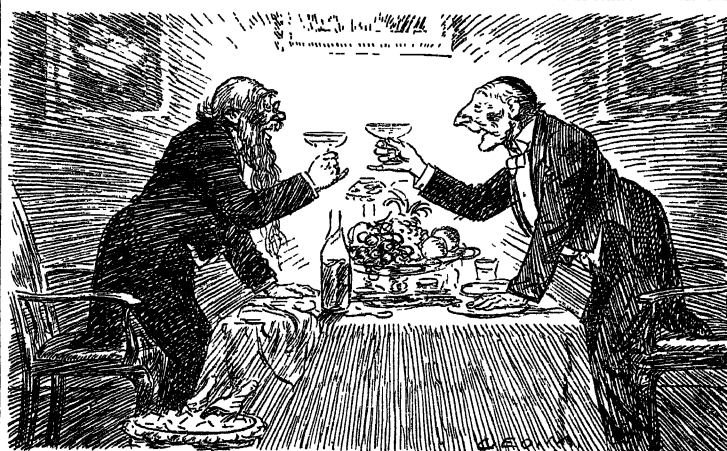
Thyrza of the little friendly shop, *Tom's* little darling; of mad minister *Sumption* and his wild gipsy-mothered *Jerry*, who met the saddest fate of all, death from the rifles of a firing party; and *Tom's* two sisters—*Nell*, the delicate and dainty, who set her cap unsuccessfully at the rather feeble padre, and *Ivy* (perhaps the best study of the sheaf), honest, passionate, rough of tongue, golden of heart. There is the slender thread of a story stringing the whole together; but the value of Miss KAYE-SMITH's book lies in the precision of her observation and the love of Little England which inspires her. Those who have the misfortune not to be Sussex folk either by birth or adoption may here see something of what they have missed.

There is an atmosphere of very cheerful determination in *Over There* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), and as a record of things done and seen it deserves a front place in any library of War literature. Captain KNYVETT, Intelligence Officer, Fifteenth Australian Infantry, was in Egypt, Gallipoli and France, and wherever he happened to be he was a keen observer of essentials. "I am," he writes at the beginning of his book, "a scout; nature, inclination and fate put me into that branch of Army service." And then, for fear that he may seem to glorify his own speciality at the expense of other branches of the Service, he explains that he does not know much about any other job but his own, "and less than I ought to about that." Well, I ask leave to disagree with him, for it is clear that he not only knew his job thoroughly, but also did it extremely well. I gather this from his sturdy way of describing the incidents in which the Bosch scored off him, and from his obvious lack of any desire to "make a song" about his own successes. This is the right stuff, and I wish the best of fortune both to the book and its author.

I can't help thinking it a pity that Mr. ROBERT A. HAMBLIN went to the trouble of finding such aggressively facetious names as *Shortmeal* and *Bellowglass* for the rival protagonists of *The Lay of the Land* (ALLEN), because, intentionally or not, the effect is to create an atmosphere of farce about a little story which belongs properly to comedy. It is slight but, in a modest way, engagingly told. The plot concerns two families, bound by ancient ties of friendship, and their respective heads, the carpenter and the plumber; and how the latter prospers, even to the extent of building a fine house and developing (by a nice gradation) into a Sanitary Engineer with a shop in the High Street. The consequent enmity between the two old friends is complicated, first by the sadly unoriginal behaviour of son *Bellowglass* and daughter *Shortmeal*, for whom the woeful tragedy of Verona might as well never have been written; secondly, by an ingenious situation connected with the *Bellowglass* mansion, which (as the *clou* of the whole matter) it would perhaps be hardly fair to reveal. I have seldom met a slenderer tale in book form; some of the chapters are so short that they are gone in the turning of a page. But, despite the over-emphasis of his names

and just now and then an undue preoccupation with the obvious, I salute Mr. HAMBLIN as a genuine comedian, with a pleasant and sympathetic understanding for his country types, and (this especially) an infectious joy in country sights which makes his occasional passages of description altogether charming. Do not let me mislead you into expecting anything great from *The Lay of the Land*; but as an unpretentious trifle—the publishers call it a "relaxation"—it strikes me as very daintily done.

Vermelles is a booklet which describes itself as "Notes on the Western Front by a Chaplain." The author being anonymous, and therefore modest, anything I might say about *Vermelles* would only make him blush and give him pain. This is a pity, for, before I noticed this drawback, I had intended to eulogise his little book for its sanity, for the simple directness (never without a sparkle) of its narration, for its gentle lambent humour and altogether for being, as it seems to me, a compendium of how a chaplain's duty should be done and his book written. On its lighter side I should have drawn attention to the admirable little



FORTY YEARS ON.
THE COLLAR-STUD CONTROLLER AND THE BILLIARD CHALK CONTROLLER
RECALL THEIR GLORIOUS FEATS IN THE GREAT PEACE.

scene of dialogue which explains how the following announcement once appeared in brigade orders: "The M.G. (machine-gun) Sections from each Battalion will rendezvous at the cross-roads just below the second 'O' in Auchel (Map 1: 40000, S. 25d. 9. 7)." All this I had intended to say, but as it would only worry the Chaplain I must refrain. I refrain also from making public his name, which is known to me; but I have no scruples about exposing (confidentially) the name of his publishers, though they seem to have been infected by his reticence. They are *The Scottish Chronicle Press*, Edinburgh.

The text of Miss NETTA SYRETT's latest book, *The Wife of a Hero* (SKEFFINGTON), appears to be "Marry in haste and re-arrange at leisure." Having said this I have as good as given you the plot of the tale. *Anne* was one of those pleasant, wide-minded modern girls with a nice taste for BAKST drawings and the latest books, also with an agreeable suitor hovering, as yet unvoiced, in the background. Unfortunately the outbreak of war and the chance meeting with a khaki-clad *Hermes* with crinkly hair and teeth like an advertisement proved altogether too much for *Anne*. Within a fortnight she found herself married; three weeks saw *Hermes* in France and his bride the writhing victim of a family of in-laws, who tied up their cushions with pink satin and knew less than nothing of Russian art. A tragic situation, out of which Miss SYRETT, with her sympathetic sense of detail, gets the most. As for the re-arrangement, though foredoomed, it is not conventional. I was touched to observe with what care Miss SYRETT (in whom, if I may say so, something of the old Eve still survives) had been careful to counterbalance her one agreeable man by crowding the corners of the picture with every variety of the unattractive male. However, as an admirable mixture of topical romance and husband-training propaganda, her book is safe to achieve wide popularity.

CHARIVARIA.

"We shall not miss much," says a German paper, "if they [the HOHENZOLLERNS] are recalled." We can only say that in the case of HOHENZOLLERN *filis* it would be most unwise to leave anything lying about.

"Berlin," says a Reuter's dispatch, "is in the throes of a money panic." It is not stated whether the trouble is how to find money or how to hide it.

According to the Ministry of Food the public may demand that potatoes sold to them shall be reasonably free from earth. Tastes differ. The EX-KAISER, whether he wanted potatoes or not, always wanted the earth.

The fourth volume of *The Life of David Lloyd George, with a Short History of the Welsh People*, has just been published. The precise point in Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S career at which the history of the Welsh people can properly be said to begin is still imperfectly established.

The dispute between Peru and Chile is still unsettled, and it is understood that several European Powers have offered to supply them with an attractive line of war, complete with several of the newest features, at considerably below cost.

"Admiral TIRPITZ," says the *Cologne Gazette*, "is not to blame for the failure of the German Fleet." Indeed, in Germany the idea is gaining ground that the guilty party is the British Navy.

The fact that the Admiral has been referred to familiarly as "Tirps" by a provincial evening paper is said to have led several Pan-Germans to suppose that British sympathies are veering round.

The rumour that he has had his whiskers shaved off is denied. It is said that nothing will persuade him to come out into the open.

The workman who recently told the Thames Street Police Magistrate that he took six pints of beer with his dinner seems to have inadvertently caused a misapprehension. It now appears that he has merely been in the

habit of taking a bit of dinner with his six pints of beer.

Nothing further has been heard from the dear old lady who wrote to the Admiralty to know if she might present the German minelayer, UC95, with a china bomb to keep it from brooding.

One thing after another. No sooner have hostilities ceased than M. ABEL LEFRANC, of Paris, declares that WILLIAM STANLEY, sixth Earl of Derby, wrote the works usually attributed to SHAKESPEARE.

Some irritation has been caused at Bow by the fact that a landlord applied for a summons against a tenant who

Maida Vale woman who slapped the face of a taxi-driver is to be recommended for the CARNEGIE Medal for Gallantry.

Mr. HAVELOCK WILSON has had his motor-car stolen from outside his office. The report that it was last seen chasing Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD along Victoria Street is still unconfirmed.

"Russia Wants Peace," says a *Daily News* headline. How these papers manage to ferret out such things is really marvellous.

"A pound of coal," says Professor SPOONER, "contains sufficient energy, if used properly, to lift three hundred and fifty people to the top of the Nelson Monument." Persons desirous of making the ascent should bear this in mind.

According to a Polish paper Herr EBERT declares that those responsible for the War will be executed at a certain spot in Berlin. Notices will shortly be exhibited at this place bearing the words, "Rubbish may be Shot Here."

The story told in a London club last week by a chronic angler that he had the previous day caught a taxi-cab should be treated with reserve.

The decision of the Editor of *The English Review* to contest Carnarvon Boroughs with the PRIME MINISTER has revived the old controversy, "Who really won the War?"

Crushing.

From a local concert-notice:—

"Miss — met with a flattening reception."

"Wanted, a Baby to Nurse. Must be respectable."—*Burnley Express*.

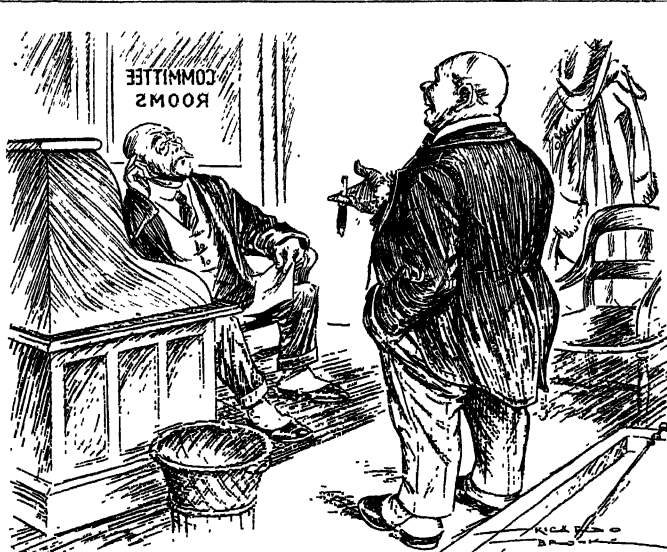
One, for instance, that avoids late hours and is not addicted to the bottle.

"Now that D.O.R.A. has relaxed her gog one may say many things that it was difficult to keep from saying during the dark days of the war."—*Cork Constitution*.

Still, for our part, we shall continue to draw the line at "gog."

"London and Channel.—Mist locally; milk, then rather cooler."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

If the Metereological Office is going in for dairy business we hope it will give us a little less water.



PAPER ECONOMY AND THE ELECTION.

Profiteer Candidate (to Election Agent). "NOW, IS THERE ANY OBJECTION TO ME SENDING OUT MY ELECTION APPEAL PRINTED ON THE BACKS OF TEN-BOB BRADBURY'S?"

had frequently struck him, although the provocation came from the landlord. It seems that the fellow had asked for his rent.

The restrictions respecting short-distance pigeon-flying have been removed. Pigeon-pieing over any distance is still confined to coupon-holders.

"Sweeping reforms," says Mr. WARD PRICE, "are being discussed in Constantinople." A similar report says that disinfection is rife in Mosul.

As it is not possible at present to connect the telephone fire-alarm to the house of the Chief Officer of the Uxbridge Fire Brigade the alarm is to be given by a hooter. This is much better than sending him a postcard.

It is not yet decided whether the

TRUTHFUL WILLIE AGAIN.

Being a brief précis of selections from the CROWN PRINCE'S interview with the American Associated Press.

I've done it many times before
And once again I'm glad to indicate
My attitude about the War
And prove myself to your good Syndicate
As blameless as a new-laid lamb—
Perhaps you might not think it, but I am.

True, I have led a soldier's life,
But when, without consulting WILLIE,
They fixed the Day for starting strife,
I frankly told 'em, "This is silly;
It comes too late or else too soon;
Believe me, it is most inopportune."

But who was I? I must obey
The clarion call of common duty;
So to the forefront, there to stay
With never a sight of Home or Beauty,
Save that I took, like other men,
Leave for a little fortnight now and then.

Right in the line, for years and years
I shared with full participation
My cannon-fodder's hopes and fears,
Their daily tasks, their indignation
When LUDENDORFF, that futile ass,
Told us to make a frontal move in mass.

Then came the Change; I lumped my pride
And put the question "What about me?"
And, when the High Command replied
That they could do as well without me,
Though sorely tempted to revile 'em
I tacitly withdrew to this asylum.

Mind you, I've not renounced a thing,
Like poor Papa, who's abdicated;
Yet would I toil, an uncrowned King,
To humble labour consecrated;
Yes, in some aniline factory I
For love of Fatherland would gladly dye. O.S.

A WAR-CHILD IN PEACE-TIME.

PEACE leaves Anne puzzled. To her it is an untried condition of life. As far as her memory goes back there has always been a war.

"What is peace?" she wants to know, and I haltingly try to explain; but I know she finds it unconvincing.

With war it was different. She has *seen* the soldiers and the endless processions of guns, with the baggage and ammunition wagons following them; she has watched aeroplanes buzzing overhead and listened to the sharp rat-tat-tat of machine-guns practising down in the valley below; she has watched the signallers flag-wagging, and has often been hurried away to a place of safety during an air-raid; but now there seems to be nothing she can get hold of, nothing to make it a real and tangible thing now that the flags are being taken down and the cheering has died away.

"Is peace over now?" she asked me. "Mr. Brown has taken down his flag."

I explain that Mr. Brown has only taken down his flag because it can't stay up always, and that assuredly peace is *not* over.

"Will it be peace-time a long time? Till Christmas? and my birthday?"

Even fireworks are not a symbol of rejoicing to her; there have never been any within her recollection and so she is not used to them; in fact they frighten her, only she is too plucky to admit it.

"They *are* rather bangy, aren't they?" she said, and I felt her little warm fingers tighten on my hand when the first rockets began to go up.

"But look at the stars; what splendid colours!" I said.

"Yes;" but there was no enthusiasm in her voice.

"It's very *like* an air-raid, isn't it?" she said doubtfully. The rockets soared and whizzed, broke into wonderful colours, then disappeared.

"I think," said Anne suddenly after a minute—and there was a little note of determination in her voice that I know very well—"that me and Teddy will go home now. You see, if Dolly Dumps wakes up and hears the bangs she may be nervis." So she and Teddy were taken home.

"I've frowed away Dolly Dumps' ration-book," she announced the other day. Immediately the rationing order came in her entire family (including the Noah's Ark animals) were supplied with minute ration-books. Anne is seldom behind in anything that is going.

"But what will she do about food now?" I asked. "She can't get things without coupons."

"Wasn't rationing cos of the War?" demanded Anne.

"Well, yes; but then, you see —"

"It's peace now, so of course we shan't want them any longer." I weakly left it at that.

"You won't never have to take cover any more," I heard her telling her Noah's Ark animals, as she was giving them their morning tub, the day after the armistice was signed, "cos it's peace-time now. Our soldiers have killed the Germans. You ought to cheer, you know; people may fink you are pro-German if you don't."

"Don't wake Teddy; I've just got him off"—Anne held up a small warning finger as I came into the nursery—"he's been crying dreadful."

"Hurt himself?" I asked.

Anne went on rocking a ribboned-and-laced cradle, particularly feminine-looking, which sheltered Teddy's bulky brown fur body.

"No, it's about peace," she said. "You see I always *promised* Teddy when he was a big grown-up man he should be a soldier like you and go and fight the Germans, and now he won't be able to, cos there isn't a war. He cried dreadful," she added.

"Poor Ted! Bad luck," I said; "but a boy ought not to cry, you know."

"No," Anne agreed, "I know he oughtn't to. I told him I was disappointed too, cos I was going to nurse the poor wounded Tommies when I was a grown-up lady, and now there won't be any. But Teddy is only a *very* little boy, that was why he cried; he's very brave, really."

"The poor dolls needn't be shut up in the dark like that any longer," I reminded her; "you've still got the dark blinds up in the dolls'-house; the lighting restrictions are off now, you know."

"Yes, I know the 'strictions are off," said Anne thoughtfully, "but those blinds *was* such a bother for Nurse to fix, so I fink I shall leave them up till it's war-time again."

"Heaven forbid!" I said fervently. Anne looked surprised.

"The climate [of Mesopotamia] holds no terrors for them, it is better than that of India. A minimum temperature of about 400 F. and a maximum of about 1080 F. means a climate more resembling that of Egypt . . ."—*Balkan Herald*.

Or of an even warmer region.



WANTED.

WILLIAM THE GALLANT (*to Holland*). "COURAGE! I WILL NEVER DESERT YOU."



THE LIMIT.

Uncle. "NOW LISTEN, HORACE. I'VE BEEN ADDRESSED AS 'OLD BOY,' 'OLD THING,' 'OLD BEAN' AND OTHER IRREVERENT EXPRESSIONS WITHOUT COMPLAINING; BUT I DO OBJECT TO BEING CALLED 'OLD EGG.'"

THE ROAD TO THE RHINE.

Thomas Atkins, after four long years of indescribable unpleasantness, has come into his own at last. You can imagine his feelings as he fell into the ranks for the first day of the general march, no longer with the thoughts of death and distinction awaiting him up the line, but as a conqueror. You can imagine the glow in his heart and the fire in his eyes as the order came and he turned his face for the great triumphal march into Germany. But all I heard him say as he humped the pack on to his shoulders was, "Germany, eh? How many ruddy kilos is that?"

Personally I had been looking forward to the march. It possesses a great historic interest for me, and as a Company Commander I have a horse. It is not much of a horse and it is astigmatic, but it's a horse and has some kind of motive-power within it which seems to propel it satisfactorily if one keeps it awake. Stumbling Willie is one of the old Contemptibles. Exactly how he got into that noble band I don't know, but it seems reasonable to suppose that it must have been through influence. Also I may tell you that if the old boy sees a lump in the road he will, if not guided-carefully,

look at it, say resignedly, "I'm going to fall over that," and over he goes. He will then look you foolishly in the face and say, "I don't quite know how you got there, Sir, but you left my back some moments ago." For the rest he has been shot at, shelled, bombed and bayoneted, yet here he is taking part in the great march—a very important part too, as you shall hear.

I left my battle-bowler in the company billet a mile or so away from the battalion parade-ground. It was a bad beginning to a two-hundred-mile march. True, the thing was merely a tin hat, and these trifles may be acquired surreptitiously, but it was my very own original tin hat, served out to me when tin hats first came into fashion and people thought it looked "windy" to wear them. With eight minutes in hand before the move off and a hard slippery ice-covered road to cover, I put spur to Stumbling Willie and bolted off. Of course you can't really *bolt* with Stumbling Willie, but you can amble rather faster than usual. Festooned with the usual articles of equipment, I must have looked like a curiosity-shop to the amazed inhabitants as we floppy-kicked along the road; and, mind you, Stumbling Willie himself has a good many loose packages, such as

forage bags, spare haversacks, etc., to run riot under the influence of an extraordinarily uneven action.

But we got on; the noise may have been deafening, but we moved some. And every time he fell I was ready, aye ready. We clashed and clanked over the midden into the billet well on time, and the inhabitants rushed from the cellars, thinking the Uhlans had returned. Madam, bless her heart, recovered when she heard my "*Donnez-moi mon chapeau, très vite, s'il vous plait*," and the return journey began under the happiest of auspices; we did not fall over the missing flagstone as had been our wont for several days.

What possessed me then I do not know, unless it was some of that devil-may-care spirit left over since the War ceased, which I thought had better be used up harmlessly. Anyhow, I turned Stumbling Willie off the road (since the way led down an ice-covered country lane) and tried a spirited canter through country which, if you had a map of the district, you would know is what is called "close country"—orchards, hedges and other obstacles.

Any ordinary horse would follow a nice grassy track along the side of the hedge and love it; but Willie isn't used to it. His idea of life is a gentle-



Candidate's Supporter. "THERE'S BIN A LOT O' TALK ABABT 'OO'S WON THE WAR—THE ARMY'S WON IT—THE NAVY'S WON IT—THIS AND THAT'S WON IT—BUT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT'S *YOU* WOT'S WON IT!"

manly pace along good hard roads—none of your fancy cross-country tricks—and wise people let him have his way. Bending low in the saddle I maintained my seat and defied the branches to scrape me off. Willie, I discovered, had an awkward habit of cantering at an angle of thirty degrees from true north. Any horse with five chevrons and a watered ribbon ought to know that temporary Company Commanders like to ride due north; they don't expect much of a battalion charger, but they do expect that. I began to be annoyed with him. My respirator became hopelessly twisted round my neck. Of course, if you wish to do so, you may attempt to guide a half-blind horse across an orchard with a tin hat and a few reins in one hand, while disentangling a respirator with the other. I say you have my permission to try, but I warn you that it wants practice.

The reins slipped for a second. Utterly at a loss, Willie charged straight into the hedge, pressing it outwards gently and firmly with his chest. Then he halted in the hedge and took stock of our position. I maintained my dignity with an effort. "Hullo," said Willie, "this is not

the way, evidently; we'd better try another," and off we went without fuss or flurry. I will say this for the old boy, if he does make a mistake he is the first to acknowledge it.

"Cold morning," said the C.O. as I sneaked into my place; but I can't say I felt the cold at the time.

Then the march to Germany began. Our glorious objective had clearly not been appreciated by Willie, for, after going some ten miles and only falling over now and then, he began to get restive. Hold him in as much as I could, he would keep sneaking up to the rear of the company in front, pushing his nose into the Second-in-Command's neck and sneezing there. I could see at once that the fellow didn't like it, and as he wasn't in my company I couldn't tell him to stick it out and that the march would soon be over now. So I pulled very hard indeed, and the result was surprising. Willie sat down.

Do you realise what happens to a three-mile column on the march when anything sits down suddenly? The whole Brigade behind closed up with a hideous concertina-like movement. It was dreadful. I had to get off, for I make it a rule never to sit on a sitting horse; I'm sure there is some Army

Order about it. Willie refused to move. Prompt measures were taken, but nothing could move him. The C.O. was so angry that he called upon his subalterns to draw their revolvers, not knowing that midday rations are usually carried in the holsters instead.

Finally the dread order came. The leading four of my company solemnly fixed bayonets. Willie looked round. It was enough. The sight of cold steel—he has seen that kind of thing before—was sufficient. The rebellion was over and the triumphal march proceeded.

Our Latinists.

"I strongly object to such people as these being branded with the word 'pauper.' Originally, I believe, the word comes from two Latin words, *Pau* pers, 'poor person.'"
Letter in a Local Paper.

To makers of cracker-mottos:—

"CHRISTMAS CHÉER.
FOOL CONTROLLER'S CONCESSION."
Chester Courant.

When the Bosches set fire to Louvain
It caused the ALL-MIGHTY pain;
They say that the heart
Was the sensitive part,
And I fear it is bleeding again.

THE WATCH DOGS.

LXXVIII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Now we have arrived within sight of peace, the question inevitably arises, What about it? Old Pinchard sees no more difficulty about coming to peace than there was in going to war; he says that every Department will merely change its title from something bellicose to something pacific, and we shall all go on quietly as before. With a slight extension of premises, a rather more liberal allowance of paper and a small increase of salaries and promotion all round, we shall have no need to fear the horrors of peace.

Young Hartley, of the Diplomatic world, takes the gloomy view and sees the clouds of the Next War already gathering on the horizon. He talks darkly of the Far East, but mostly because the Near West hasn't played up to his earlier prognostications. For four long years he kept on foreseeing the end of the War within the next three months; for a change he took the line, last October, that peace was much further off than ordinary people were apt to suppose . . .

Sarton, also of the Legation, takes a view even gloomier. He doesn't believe there is another war in the offing; what he is afraid of is that the War Office and the Foreign Office may now fraternise . . .

That most military of all militant militarists, Major Bowdler, of the Common Law Bar, already tends to revert to type. Unless I mistake, he feels the draught on his bald patch and longs for the genial warmth of his wig. He becomes daily more argumentative; tends to preface his learned observations with the expression, "I am of opinion"; even looks at us over the top of his spectacles and invites us to be very careful before we answer his questions. He seems to have lost his animus against the House of Hohenzollern; says that a man is presumed innocent until he is found guilty; even let drop the remark, the other night, that the accused is entitled to the benefit of a doubt, provided that the doubt is a reasonable one. By this he gives us to understand that he means such a doubt as could be reasonably doubted by twelve reasonably doubtful men. He insists that every man is entitled to a fair trial, even WILHELM. Clearly he has his eye on the Brief for the Defence.

Old Pinchard, who was always agin the Government and everything else, especially the lawyers, pretends to have seen the official demobilisation scheme. Demobilisation is to be by trades,

priority being given according to usefulness to the community. The last of all is Landscape Gardeners; last but one, Barristers. And Sarton foresees that our methods will be confused to the very end; the Landscape Gardeners and the Barristers will be marched off together and no one will be able to tell which is which. This will lead to grave dissatisfaction, possibly a general strike, the Landscape Gardeners being enraged at being mistaken for Barristers. The subject tends to become wearisome when Bowdler takes it up; not because he labours the defence of his own profession, but because he maintains an argument against himself as to whether or no the work of constructing trenches is a form of landscape gardening.

The faithful soldier who acts as my clerk out here tends to relax military discipline in the excitement of the moment and to forget the difference of rank dividing us. Trading on the fact that he is old enough to be my father and rich enough to be my uncle, he so far forgot himself as to invite me to dinner with him to celebrate things. Yes, if you will have it, I so far forgot myself as to go. He expanded into views which can only be called Socialist, if not Bolshevik; he ventured the hope that, when he re-established his business in the City, his office-boy (a temporary captain) would be kind to himself (a most permanent private).

In the matter of the sexes he is markedly less advanced. No man looks forward to the resumption of his family life with a keener appreciation. But his office, he tells me, will never be brightened by the merry clatter of teacups and girlish laughter from four P.M. to six. He asserts that, when on leave recently in England, he travelled in the train with an official of some Ministry or other who was reading some general instructions on that same subject of demobilisation of war-labour. He caught sight of one line of it—the heading of a paragraph. This, however, was enough to be going on with. It read: "Women, how to dispose of."

And of course the great question always remains: when will the War be really concluded, finished, over, done with and closed down? Bowdler thinks this will be somewhere about the year of grace 1925—the year which he expects to spend in correspondence with the Ordnance and Auditors' Department on the subject of a certain pair of gum-boots which were entrusted to him in the early months of 1915 and still, as it happens, remain in his possession and use. We, who at heart have a great belief in Bowdler, suggest that it will be an undignified sight to see one of the Judges of the High Court

endeavouring to explain, in writing, how he came to purloin the property of His Majesty's Government.

Yours ever, HENRY.

THE MOULT.

Further letter from Major, now General, Sir Fawcett Gear, O.B.E., R.A.F. (late Deputy Director of Mechanical Transport Brake-linings at the Air Ministry), to Messrs. Proffitt, Proffitt and Proffitt, Aeronautical Tailors, Savile Row, W.:—

DEAR SIRS,—I was astonished on receiving your bill for the kit you supplied to me in September to note the exorbitant charge you make for the garments in question. As you know, through recent events my presage has proved inaccurate and I am on the point of retiring from the Army—I mean the Air Force. The kit is therefore of no use to me.

This reminds me that I require a complete outfit of mufti, so perhaps you would be good enough to send a representative down to me at your earliest convenience and give him instructions regarding the other matter.

Please note that I have moved from Golders Green. My address is now: Per Ardua Lodge, Overseas Never.

Yours faithfully, FAWCETT GEAR.

P.S.—Could you send me another pair of those ponyskin flying-gauntlets? Failing these, leopard-skin would do. I find them essential when driving in this cold weather.

* * * * *
Letter from the same to Messrs. Marsh and Mallow, De Vere Street, W.:—

DEAR SIRS,—The accompanying fancy-dress garments I wish to have transformed to fit my wife. Lady Gear will be calling in a few days' time, when you will doubtless be in a position to advise her as to the best action to take in the matter.

Yours faithfully, FAWCETT GEAR.

Journalistic Candour.

"The jokes in 'Tit-Bits' are famous all the world over—and have been for over 37 years."
Tit-Bits.

"The party left on the liner George Washington on Wednesday morning, the vessel flying the President's flag at the main."

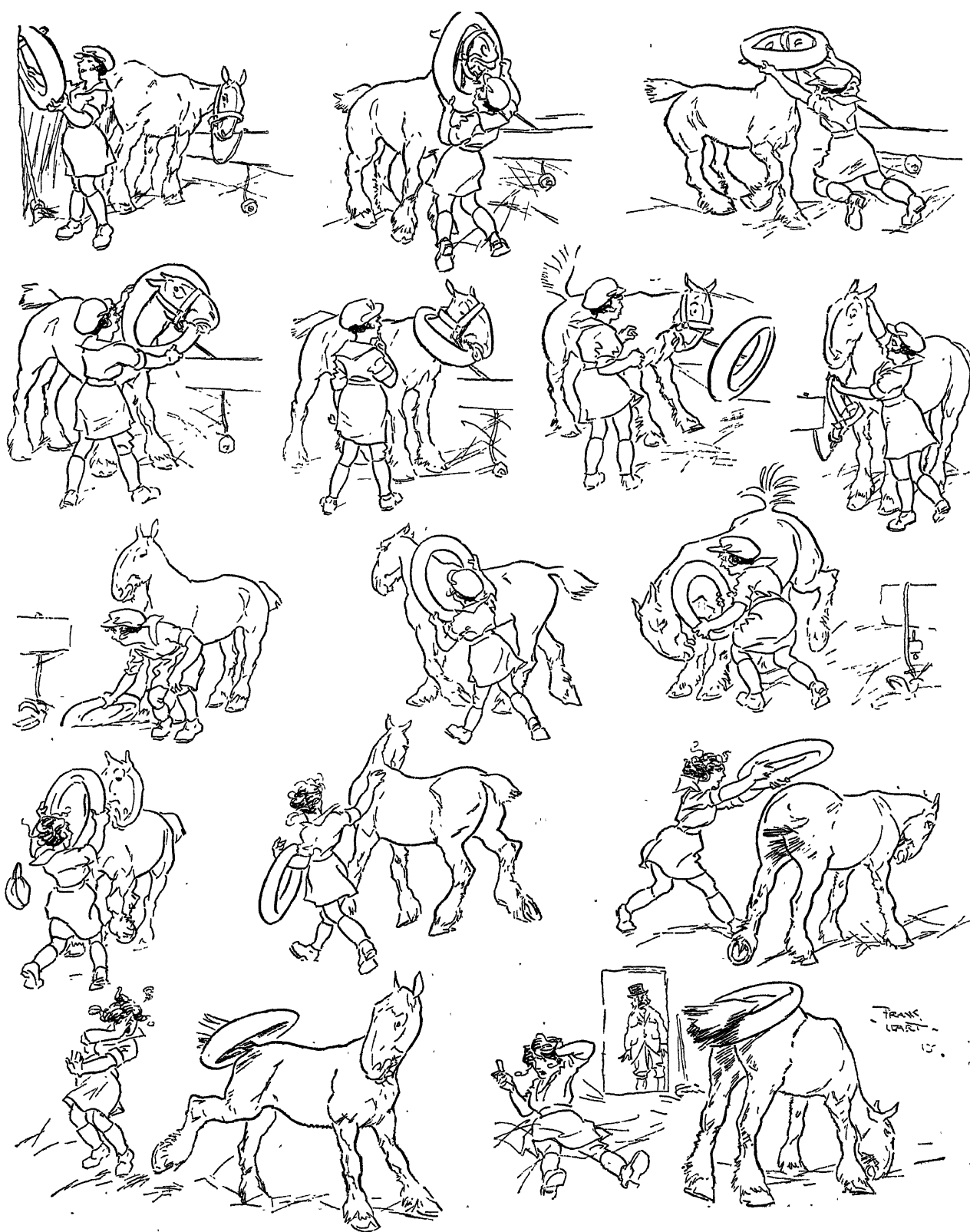
Provincial Paper.

Having heard of the lack of housing accommodation on this side the PRESIDENT was taking no chances.

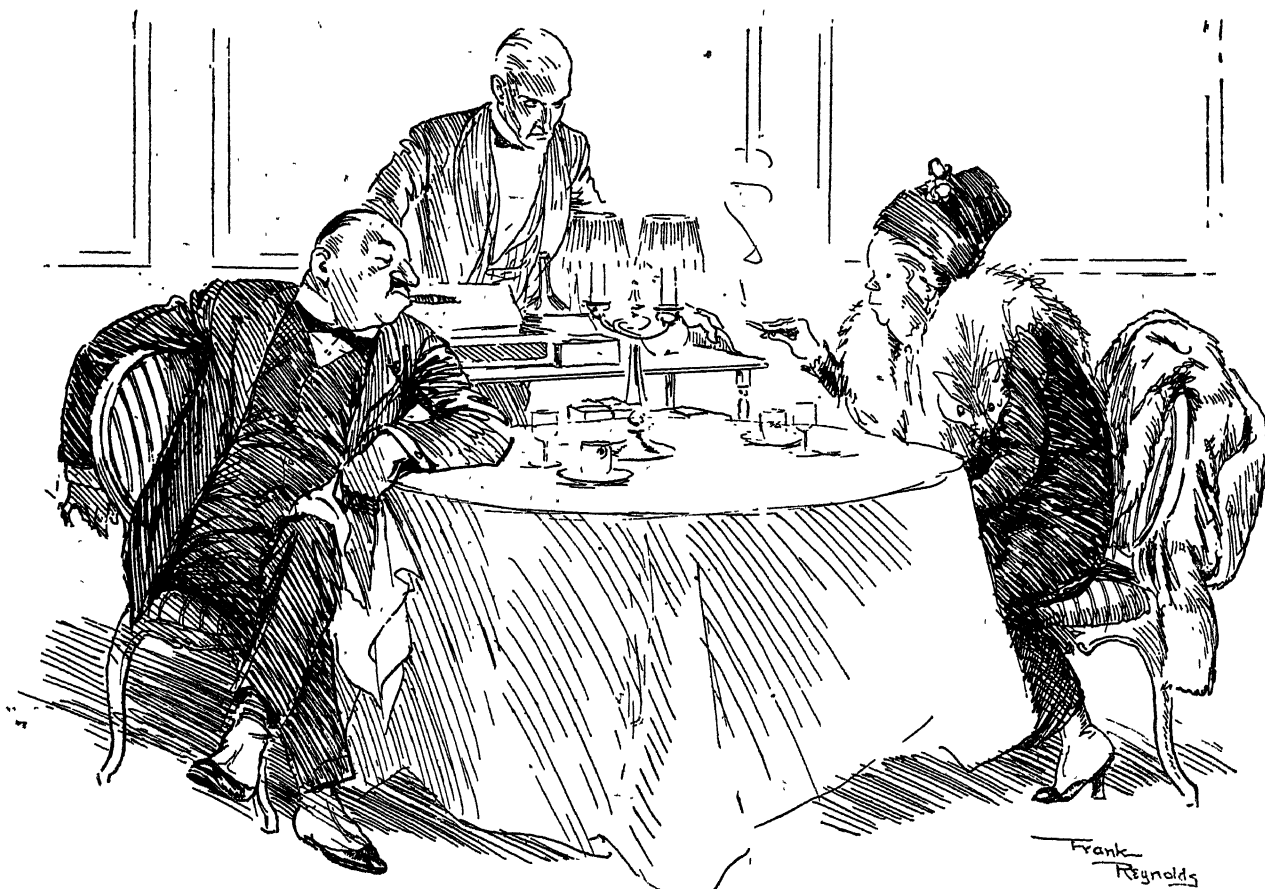
"We shall be able to travel by aerial taxicab," said Mr. —. "We shall be able to start out for Rome to feed the pigeons of St. Mark's, if we feel in need of a change."

Newcastle Chronicle.

As the pigeons of St. Mark's seem to have done.



SOMETHING ATTEMPTED, SOMETHING DONE.



Profiteer (initiating wife into the mysteries of high life). "NOW, MY DEAR, YOU CAN SAY YOU'VE 'AD THE BEST DINNER IN LONDON AND THE BEST WINES. IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU FANCY?"

Wife. "WELL, GEORGE, DO YOU THINK YOU COULD PERSUADE THE YOUNG MAN TO CHANGE THIS CIGARETTE FOR A NICE STRONG CUP O' TEA?"

A BALLAD OF THE "BALTIC."

'Tis the voice of the German, I heard him explain :
"Take me back, brother Bull, to your bosom again.
Now that peace is in sight let us kiss and be friends,
Since on mutual amity commerce depends.

"If my business credentials you carefully scan,
You'll find that I've truly become a New Man,
With one 'n' at the end, where there used to be two,
And a 'w' standing in place of the 'u.'"

Yet the very same Huns who our custom implore
Until yesterday gloried in submarine war,
And expect the long-suffering Briton to trade
With the savage assassins of wife, child and maid.

The moral of this little story, though clear,
Should be dinned into England's oblivious ear ;
Though he drops double n's and omits double dots,
No loopard of Germany changes his spots.

"Mrs. Traymore killed Elizabeth affectionately, then the baby."
From a feuilleton in a Newfoundland Paper.

We must get the rest of this story.

MOTTO FOR THE BOLSHEVIST: "*Rem carmine signo*"
(VIRGIL). Translated by Jones, Minor: "I mark the event
with red."

IN COMMEMORATION OF ARMISTICE DAY.

Mr. Punch has already pleaded for the little children who have suffered from air-raid shock and are being cared for at St. Nicholas' Home, Chailey, and he takes no shame to plead again. For, though the Hun was scared from our English skies a long time ago and is not likely to return, some of these children still need to be gently nursed and made strong in the kind Sussex air. At Chailey too there are the Heritage Craft Schools, where crippled children of our fighting men are tended and trained to earn as good a livelihood as their straight-limbed brothers and sisters. Here also in this friendly colony is a Military Surgical Hospital (sponsored by the Princess LOUISE), where wounded men are treated and, during convalescence, taught a trade. And the patron saint of the Guild which undertakes all these labours of love is St. Martin, soldier and pattern of chivalry. It is to commemorate his feast-day, the eleventh of November, the day when an end was made of the Great War, that a St. Martin's "Armistice Fund" is being raised to secure the continuance, free from anxiety, of the good work of the Chailey Guild. Mr. Punch begs his kind friends of their charity to send gifts in aid to the Founder and Hon. Secretary of the Guild, Mrs. C. W. KIMMINS, Heritage Craft Schools, Chailey, Sussex.

A Reminiscence of Daylight-Saving.

"The place and time will be The Academy, Dungannon, at 11 o'clock noon."—*Irish Paper.*



BEATEN BUT UNABASHED.

HANS. "HERE COMES THE BRITISH ARMY OF OCCUPATION. WE OUGHT TO MAKE SOME MONEY OUT OF THEM TO HELP TOWARDS THE INDEMNITY."

OTTO. "INDEMNITY! SURELY THEY WON'T BE SO INHUMAN AS TO MAKE US PAY!"



Passenger (in Pullman car). "How do you manage to remember all your orders, waiter?"
Waiter. "PULLMANISM, SIR—JUST PULLMANISM."

FIRST IN BERLIN.

[By pigeon post from our Special Correspondent, late Foreign Representative of *The Squeedunkville (Mo.) Investigator*.]

DAWN was breaking as I reached the little border village of Spoofdorf. Not knowing what the political views of the frontier guard might be I had taken the precaution of donning a costume which with some slight alteration would enable me to pass, as occasion might demand, either as a *Feldwebel* in the Bavarian *Herrenunterwehr* or a Swedish caraway-seed broker. Nothing untoward, however, occurred. The sentry demanded my passport, but seemed quite satisfied when I pressed into his palm a leaden half-crown (which I had been carrying with me for luck) and an honorary ticket for the London Zoological Gardens. The fellow in fact grew quite communicative and confided to me that before the war he had played first bassoon in the Imperial *Orchester* at Potsdam. He asked me if I thought there would be any demand for German street music in England after the War, and seemed

much relieved when I assured him that he could rely on a warm reception.

Well pleased with this little *jeu d'esprit* with which I had tricked the simpleton, I pushed on to the railway station. What memories surged through my mind as I strode once again the familiar platform! Here it was that, on that fatal Friday in August, 1914, I entered Imperial Germany disguised as a Spanish trainer of performing oysters, with the idea of being present three days later (disguised as a hat rack) at the epoch-making conference between the directors of the "D" banks and the Great General Staff. Had not an ill-natured cab-driver, to whom—quite unintentionally—I had given a brass hat-check instead of a five-mark piece, denounced me to the *Politzei*, who knows what subterranean ramifications of Mittel-Europa's *bas-diplomatique* I might not have dragged to light?

I had waited only half-an-hour at Spoofdorf station when a train came in. By what I can only regard as a piece of good fortune it was bound for Berlin; and I was able to forgo my hastily

formed plan of boarding the locomotive at the last minute, braining the engine-driver and conducting the train in the direction I wished to go. As it was I found a seat in a comparatively empty first-class carriage and composed myself for a tedious journey.

The journey however was destined to be marred by a painful incident. There were in the carriage besides myself twenty-three German soldiers and an officer, the latter a truculent square-head of obviously Prussian antecedents. I could see this fellow suspected me, but I was quite taken aback when he suddenly spat out the words "English pig!" at the same time treating me to a most ferocious scowl. What happened next, however, was still more astonishing. "Shall the Prussian upstart the English milord with sandwiches in his knapsack so grievously insult?" roared a stalwart private in the corner seat, and immediately there was a chorus of growls, a crash of glass and the Prussian officer passed out through the window into the *Ewigkeit*.

Attention was now centred on me, and when I explained to the company

that my knapsack contained, not sandwiches, alas! but a wireless telephone apparatus and a couple of collapsible passenger pigeons there were more growls and significant glances towards the window. Realising that the situation required tactful handling I immediately began a series of lifelike imitations (an accomplishment which has got me out of many a tight corner) of eggs and bacon frying, which quickly distracted their attention from the sandwich-question. Later, when it showed signs of reviving, I entertained them by translating into German selected editorials from *The Manchester Guardian*. I am sure it was the first time they had laughed since they came out of the trenches.

Berlin at last! Berlin, where in pre-war days I had spent many a happy hour sipping my *Schmerkäse* and eating *Bilderbogen* in the Sieges Allée or listening to the Wiesbaden Hussars playing "Tannenburg, my Tannenburg!" in Unter den Linden; Berlin, where in those dark and fateful days of November, 1917, I arrived disguised as a— But no—that story is too big to be told yet. Some day, when the Censor is abolished, perhaps.

Outwardly at least the old capital of Kaiserdom is but little changed. A cab drove me from the station to the hotel, and except for the conventional "*Nicht essbar!*" (not edible) painted in large white letters on the somewhat emaciated horse and the absence of springs (commandeered by the military authorities) it differed in no wise from the cab of pre-war days. The fare however—1,200 marks (about 1s. 7½d. in English money)—has increased considerably. As one drove through the principal thoroughfares everything seemed much as of yore. Now and then a pedestrian would stop for a moment to kick an officer, but otherwise things were normal enough.

Before we reached the hotel, however, an incident occurred which sharply illustrates the Teutonic mentality. Half-way down the Wilhelmstrasse our steed began to show signs of distress and ultimately came to a stop. Instead of flogging it unmercifully, as I had expected, the driver descended from the box and with the utmost gentleness led the breathless beast to a lamp-post, against which it leaned with a pathetic expression of gratitude on its intelligent countenance. Meanwhile the driver had disappeared into a neighbouring *Brasserie*, from which he presently emerged with a foaming flagon of *Hofbrau*, which he proceeded to pour down the throat of the exchanger. Then mounting to the box he whipped up with a gruff "*Vor-*



"DON'T YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO HANG THE KAISER, MRS. 'ARRIS?"

"IT AIN'T THE KAISER I'M WORRYING ABOUT—IT'S THE BLOKE WOT INTERJUICED THIS WAR-BACON."

würts!" as though half-ashamed of being caught performing a kindly act.

For the moment I was deeply touched; but this feeling was rapidly followed by one of intense suspicion. Was it, after all, I asked myself, a pretty comedy enacted for my benefit, under the misapprehension that my disguise was that of an American journalist? Instantly I decided to put the matter to the test. Arrived at the hotel I paid the driver, but, instead of following my baggage into the hotel, I darted behind a palm-tree and, clapping on a pair of false whiskers and a clerical hat, stepped forth again disguised as a respectable Lutheran divine. "I tell you it is the Herr HOOVER himself," the cabman was explaining excitedly to the hall-porter; "His Excellency the Police Commissioner told me so."

I did not wait to hear any more, but followed the head-waiter up to my suite. It was Number 23. What a thrill it gave me to enter once again the very room where, on that eventful morning of September, 1917, I sat, disguised as the Hedjaz of Morocco, listening to—but that story too must wait. The light is failing and my faithful first-class passenger-

pigeon is eager to be off. To-morrow I shall go among the people of Berlin disguised as a Tyrolean vendor of hot yodels and hear what they think of their new Government.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Since the above was set up in type the pigeon which brought the message has been identified as the property of a Hackney plumber, whose columbarium was unlawfully entered early on the morning of the 22nd ult. Pending investigations, no further instalment of our Correspondent's interesting experiences will be published.] ALGOL.

The Schoolmistress Abroad.

Answer to an advertisement for a French governess "au pair":—

"I know a little English, and I could give easy, at once, lessons in French, for which I will be nourished, lying down and bleached, who, I think, are the conditions 'au pair.'"

"TURKISH MENTALITY.

A STRANGE SITUATION.

The Allied Fleet lies off Peru. . . . The Turk refuses to acknowledge himself beaten." *Local Paper.*

We do not wonder. If we were a Turk, we should not worry about a fleet a few thousand miles away.

THE TWO SOLDIERS.

THE Armistice has not been in existence too long for some of us still to remember its birth; but a good memory is needed, and if our recollections are hazy there is reason enough in the distracting suddenness of it and the shock of the relief. For a while it was too unbelievable for the mind to gather distinct impressions.

Someone who was asked what within his observation was the most striking change in England during the War replied that it was the spectacle of the occupants of the stalls eating. What would he describe as the oddest manifestation of the Peace? In any discussion on the strange events of Armistice week, although recalled with difficulty after such an interval, enough examples could be given to fill an interesting book. One speaker would cite the pyramids of shouting and waving men and women built up on War Department lorries, juggernauting through the streets; another, the taxicabs carrying twenty-five passengers and fifty flags hither and thither, with no purpose but joy; another, the avenue of German guns in the Mall, with excited London boys swarming over them; another, the bonfire in Cockspur street, watched by inactive policemen. But of all the odd things which I personally witnessed during Armistice week the oddest—or, at any rate, the most provocative of thought—was the demeanour of two soldiers.

It was while I was waiting at a junction that I saw them. They were war-stained and travel-weary, on their way home from the Front. Their boots were muddy, their hair was matted, and all the usual impedimenta, including trench helmets, depended from their bent shoulders; and they were anxiously seeking a place in the train which had just come in. My train being not yet due I had leisure to observe the rush for this one, already, as far as third-class compartments were concerned, too full. The soldiers walked from window to window, peering in and turning away, until at last they came to a vacant first-class compartment not far from where I stood. They stopped and looked at it, at each other, and along the platform. But they did not enter; irresolution held them. Meanwhile time was passing. . . .

"Must get in somewhere," said one,

reaching out towards the handle, but not with any decision and not turning it. The other was considering; his face showed it, beneath the mask of perplexity set upon it by fatigue and peril. Then he shrugged cynically and, giving another longing look at the comfort within, turned away. "Better stand somewhere," he said; and off they shambled at a run to force a passage, where the occupants were most tolerant.

There is no particular moral to this tale. One could be ironical, if one chose, about the flags carried by many of the passengers, who but for these two soldiers and their companions-in-arms (for, say what you will of statesmen and generals, it is the fighting men who win wars) would have had no flags to carry and no rejoicing in their hearts; but that is not the point. No one carrying a flag and rejoicing for victory

will cease to turn away to find standing room in a crowded third? Is any plank of any of the myriad new platforms to be associated with the removal of such misgivings, so that a first-class compartment may be regarded as a fit place for heroes to sit in?

RAGS AND BONES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My master has given up his bath-chair and I have put matters straight with those dogs I told you about. It was a great relief to me. The cold snap made mounting guard on the outside of a bath-chair very uncomfortable indeed and a little brisk exercise was grateful and comforting.

Unfortunately my master could not join me in the rag, as he has to walk on two sticks. On the other hand he could not interfere either, and I am sure he enjoyed it, though he pretended to be angry with me.

My master says we must all stop biting Germans now, because of the armistice, and my mistress will have it that we ought to give them our bones if they want them; but I think she's wrong there, don't you? I expect they've got plenty of bones, which they've buried somewhere and forgotten the exact spot. Lots of dogs do that. You can't eat all your bones directly you get them, so you have to hide some, and it isn't always easy to find them

again; but if the Germans are really hungry they'll find *their* bones fast enough.

There is one thing my master is always talking about which puzzles me extremely. It is about making things look what they aren't or as if they weren't there at all, and you do it with pots of paint laid on in streaks. My master says that if you put the streaks in the right places you can make anything look like anything else.

It is no doubt very wonderful, but I don't think you could deceive a dog that way. I should be sorry for the cat that tried to escape my nose by painting itself, though, if I were disguised as a cat, I daresay I could take in other cats, because they can't smell for nuts.

Yours sincerely,
A VERY DETERMINED DOG.

Another Impending Apology.

"Mr. —, as Blagden, a bounder and asinine to boot, is to be congratulated on his rendering of a part into which he falls naturally."—*Provincial Paper.*



Optimist (three hundred yards from the nearest human being). "FORE!"

was against these two poor jaded fellows getting into a first-class compartment. No one would have objected had they done so; least of all, I am convinced, the ticket-collector. The serious part of it is, *it was the soldiers themselves who did not dare.* Heroes they may have been; but beneath that heroism was cast-iron tradition. It is one thing to fight for England, risk one's life for England, lose one's health for England, endure every hardship for England, even die for England; it is much less natural to forget tradition. The air is filled to-day, as never before, with rumours of the new life that is to set in with peace—the new aspirations and projects, the new creeds and ideals. An army of Candidates is making England noisy with Utopian promises and pledges. Splendid. But I wonder how long it will be before two tired British soldiers such as those, with all the signs of the wear and tear of war-winning upon them, will cease to baulk fearfully at an empty first-class compartment,



"AND SO YOU GOT SICK LEAVE?"

"WELL, LADY, I TOOK IT WITHOUT ASKING—ABOUT HALF-WAY ACROSS THE CHANNEL."

THE LAST OF THE "INNOCENTS."

GENERAL LUDENDORFF'S VINDICATION.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Conglomerated Press has succeeded in inducing General LUDENDORFF to grant him an interview in the island off the coast of Sweden where he is living in retirement. The General was at first averse from making any public statement, but, on being shown the interviews with the CROWN PRINCE and Prince RUPPRECHT OF BAVARIA, consented with alacrity. In the course of the conversation General LUDENDORFF declared that he never desired war, least of all in 1914, and had strongly dissuaded the EMPEROR from invading Belgium, but was overruled by him and the CROWN PRINCE, who was responsible for all the atrocities which had alienated the civilised world. He was never consulted as to the employment of poison-gas, gas-shells, etc., or if he was his protests were greeted with derision. Still he had continually acted as a brake on the extreme War Party, and his eyesight was permanently affected by the tears he had shed over Louvain and the *Lusitania*. Had it not been for his desire to alleviate the horrors of war he would long ago have surrendered his command and retired to his estates—to the *otia*

ruris which had always been his chief delight.

General LUDENDORFF spoke with great bitterness of the folly and incompetence of Dr. BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, Herr VON JAGOW, Admiral VON CAPELLE and Prince HENRY. He had been called HINDENBURG's "brain," but it was a perversion of the facts, for it was impossible to supply brains to such a colossal idiot as the old mud Marshal. BETHMANN-HOLLWEG's "scrap of paper" speech was the most disgraceful utterance in all German history; it had caused him (LUDENDORFF) many sleepless nights. People blamed him for the costly failure at Verdun, but it had been carried out against his express advice to gratify the CROWN PRINCE's ambition. General LUDENDORFF went on to say that he had always been an admirer of President WILSON, Lord NORTHCLIFFE and Mr. HOBARTO BOTTOMLEY. He thought the terms of the Armistice were, if anything, too mild, since they did not include the immediate surrender of the KAISER, the CROWN PRINCE and Prince RUPPRECHT. He was prepared to assist his country in any civil capacity at the present—even as a railway porter—but military service was abhorrent to him. His greatest ambition was to be ordained a pastor and minister to a country congregation.

General LUDENDORFF is leading the simplest possible life on a vegetarian diet and devotes several hours every day to the study of theology. To express his condemnation of Admiral TIRPITZ he has let his whiskers grow, and now presents an appearance strongly reminiscent of Lord Dundreary, with the additional capillary attraction of a Newgate fringe. He has already adopted a semi-monastic attire, or, as he described it in his rigorous if not strictly accurate English, "the garbage of a monk." His last words to the representative of the Conglomerated Press were, "Virtue is its own reward. Be good and you will be happy. I am both."

THE EGOTIST.

WHILE swords into ploughshares they fashion

I glare at the grocer and damn
The wholly inadequate ration
He gives me of jam.

Though day with its promise of splendour

Is dawning on Belgians and Serbs,
I sit by a comfortless fender
And dine upon herbs.

Though Pax has succeeded Bellona
And ships safely sail on the seas,
The *opis* still waits its corona,
For what about cheese?

BEOWULF AND OTHERS.

THIS is going to be a true story. For several days past I have been haunted both in my sleeping and in my waking hours by one mouth-filling and brain-shattering word. It came between me and my poached egg at breakfast—(we keep our own eggs, thank you, and are now getting three every day); it spoiled my enjoyment of shepherd's pie; it spilt my tea; it wrought havoc with our week-end joint—I having to carve owing to Binns' temporary absence, due to the *sequela* of Armistice fever. This word of terror was "BEOWULF!" Why did Beowulf go ramping and rioting through my head? And what, in fact, was Beowulf? Was it some very delightful form of new food about to be rationed by the latest Food-Controller? Or was it the short name of the President of the Jugo-Slav Democracy? Could one throw one's favourite enemy to the Beowulves, or could one be said to keep the Beowulf from the door?

These thoughts and others were chasing one another through my head, when my eyes fell on a bulky book which had just arrived. Almost mechanically I took it up; it fell open amongst the first few pages, and there in front of my eyes I saw the magic word "Beowulf." I gave a shout of triumph which had last been used on Peace night, and then discovered that my haunter was not any of the things I had imagined, but was an Anglo-Saxon poem, epic in design, and actually the first specimen of English Literature.

This and many thousand other names of things as well as names of persons—Prose-Writers, Poets, Sonneteers, Formalists, Romanticists—you will find duly set forth in their chronological order, almost to the POET LAUREATE'S latest lyric in *The Times*, in *The History of English Literature* (JACK), written and compiled by Mr. ARTHUR COMPTON-RICKETT. The book is a monument of industry and excellent judgment. I have tested it here and there, and have found it accurate and pleasant, thoroughly pleasant, to read, and I congratulate the author warmly on the completion of his labours. I also thank him on my own behalf for relief from *Beowulf*, the meaning of which I have again forgotten. I venture to point out that he has omitted the name of Sir FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE from his pages. The fact that he was Professor of Poetry at Oxford should not be allowed to obscure the author of *The Return of the Guards* and *The Red Thread of Honour*, two poems which stir the blood like a trumpet.

At this point I may as well confess that this article was intended for a review, but, owing to the attractions of the subject, it got out of hand and has become obviously too big for Mr. Punch's congested Booking Office. I shall therefore continue it as an article. Had it remained a review, I should have been tempted to sport with the Venerable BEDE, who is a good second to the author of *Beowulf* in the English Literature stakes. I will, however, omit him and others of his kidney in order to make an appeal to Mr. COMPTON-RICKETT. My idea is that he should publish a collection of bad verses, preferably by good poets; so that in schools and places where they teach there might be ready to hand a compendium of shocking examples by which a teacher might be able to warn his pupils. For instance, he might have got himself involved in excessive admiration of TENNYSON'S *In Memoriam*. He would turn to my suggested book to find a remedy, and there he would see the description, given with great detail, of the wedding in this very poem:—

But where is she, the bridal flower,
That must be made a wife ere noon?

(We have now got an extension till two o'clock.)

She enters, glowing like the moon
Of Eden on its bridal bower.

Here we omit a stanza or two and proceed as follows:—

But now set out: the noon is near
And I must give away the bride;
She fears not, or, with thee beside
And me behind her, will not fear.

. . . . The ring is on,
The "wilt thou" answer'd, and again
The "wilt thou" ask'd, till out of twain
Her sweet "I will" has made ye one.

The poet now shows that he does not object to a glass of champagne. "My drooping memory," he says, "will not shun the foaming grape of Eastern France." The scheduled moment for departure, however, is at hand:—

But they must go, the time draws on,
And those white-favoured horses wait;
They rise, but linger; it is late;
Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.

Mr. COMPTON-RICKETT will now understand what my proposal is. If he thinks more of it and will write to me I can give him many other examples.

"BY NUMBERS."

THE Padre droned on. I could have drowsed more comfortably but for those incessant "narsty 'acking corfs" which are peculiar to church-parade services. Mr. Thomas Atkins does the whole of his week's coughing on Sunday mornings.

* * * * *
Suddenly, as I learnt afterwards, the Padre must have been stirred to retaliation by the great volume of opposition noise, for he broke off in his recommendations to a clean and sober life and fixed his congregation with a stern eye. The pause was so tragic that all coughing ceased. Then the Padre spoke again.

"In view," he said, "of the amount of promiscuous interruption that goes on during divine service all coughing will in future be done by word of command. The following detail will be observed:—

"COUGHING BY NUMBERS."

"On the word 'One' throw the head well back and drop the lower jaw, depressing the chin until the point nearly touches the upper part of the chest. At the same time take a deep breath.

"On the word 'Two' raise the right hand horizontally in front of the mouth, back of the hand to the front; thumb pointing upwards towards the right eye, top of the thumb in line with the eyeball; fingers together.

"On the word 'Three' cough sharply three times, with a forward and backward motion of the head.

"On the word 'Four' those who find it advisable to use handkerchiefs will do so by withdrawing the handkerchief smartly from the left sleeve between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, with an upward and inward motion, replacing it after use. Remainder will stand fast.

"On the word 'Five' close the jaws with a click, return the head to the position of 'attention' during divine service, and cut the right hand smartly to the side.

"Squad! Coughing by numbers—One! . . . Squad—Two!" (the movements were very well done for a first attempt). Squad—Three!"

On the word "Three" there was a terrific clamour of coughing, in all varieties of keys and tones and times.

"Practise that," roared the Padre, his voice faint and far-away amidst the tumult . . .

I roused myself in time to hear the Padre's winding-up sentence: "And now, in conclusion, practise that mode of life, self-abnegation and self-control, which I have recommended, and you will serve your King and country as well in times of peace as you have in times of war."



Customer. "YOUR STORE OF APPLES IS GETTING LOW, MR. KNOB."

Greengrocer. "SO IT IS, MUM. BUT THEM GERMAN BATTLESHIPS 'LL SOON BE SET TO WORK TO BRING SOME MORE ALONG—LEASTWAYS THAT'S HOW I LOOK AT THIS 'ERE ARMISTICE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE wrapper of Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD's new book, *The War and Elizabeth* (COLLINS), calls it "a novel of contemporary life," but you will not turn many pages before discovering that "contemporary" is just what it most happily and gloriously isn't. For the life of which it treats is the life of last May, and this is December; and who can estimate what worlds of difference lie between! Primarily one might call this a romance of obstinacy *versus* woman's wit and the County War Agricultural Committees (those much-abused bodies!). The obstinacy belonged to *Squire Mannering*, who washed his hands of the War and wished to bar his park-gates against the Committee's tractor, but was converted by the capable and patriotic lady whom he had engaged to catalogue his Greek vases and who consolidated her victory by marrying him. Mrs. WARD tells this simple tale with a technical skill which, combined with the obvious sincerity of her own feeling upon the national issues involved, invests it with unusual dignity. To read it is to live again the emotions of six wonderful months ago. Once or twice indeed I seemed to detect some evidence of hasty composition. Why, for example, when *Elizabeth's* first care had been the strict rationing of the Squire's household, should we be told on page 182 that food there was more plentiful since her advent? Also there is perplexity about a picture that begins as an unquestioned ORPEN but on a second reference is changed—with all the pomp of an *errata* slip—to SARGENT. These how-

ever are but slight matters and nothing to spoil the interest of an admirably drawn picture of life in rural England at its most critical hour.

AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE have undeniably the courage of their good intentions. My fear is, however, that in *Minniglen* (MURRAY) a fine purpose may have betrayed them into, shall I say, overestimating the distance between the sublime and the other thing. To confront a cynical impoverished daughter of Society with a mystic Highlander, who restores her faith and courage and inspires her with love, was theoretically a quite admirable theme for romance. But—. *Anne* was the heroine, and her encounter with the visionary came about by his rescuing her, lost on a moor, when she was staying with some vulgar pre-war profiteers for whose son she was the destined bride. Naturally the prophet proved too much for the profiteers, and *Anne*, having given the heir his dismissal, settled down to wait for her next meeting with the hero. This came about quite pleasantly one night at Covent Garden, where she saw an attendant conducting him with an electric torch to his stall in the second Act of *Parsifal*. So they talked (I don't mean during the opera, but later on) and courted and finally wed; and, if we are to believe the authors, during the whole of this time never a word was exchanged about their moorland meeting. It was not indeed till the afternoon of her wedding day that *Anne* so much as mentioned the matter, and then—well, then it turned out that it wasn't the original man at all whom she had married, but somebody like him. Which of course was a very natural shock;

though I do think that, in treating the error as a ground for instant separation, *Anne's* husband made too much of it. However, the late war (I must really write that again, the LATE war) restored matters to better proportion and brought about the happy ending that I had throughout anticipated. As I began by hinting, a book better in conception than in execution.

I have an impression that some of the readers who have revelled in Mrs. STRATTON-PORTER's other books will be a little disappointed in her latest, *A Daughter of the Land* (MURRAY), because there is in it no more botany and entomology (or "nature study," as they say) than in many novels by other people. At the same time there is all that wealth of detail that the author has taught us to expect. We are told just what everything cost and what people had to eat and what they wore, and I must admit that this somewhat primitive form of story-telling has considerable charm. Being an American story it also has a great deal more about house-work in it than one would find in any English

novel, this being, for some reason which I have not yet fathomed, a distinguishing mark of American fiction. The heroine, *Kate Bates*, is a fine up-standing clean-souled creature, who spent a lot of her time in struggling against abject poverty, but she had her exciting moments; and so had I when, for instance, her first husband blew up the boiler in the new mill and himself with it. Most of *Kate's* troubles seem to have arisen from the fatal facility with which, in her part of the world, one can get oneself married as it were on the spur of

the moment. Occasionally it acts quite well, however, and when her creator finally married her, again in a tremendous hurry, to the nice man she had loved all the while I was so pleased that I did not even resent being completely taken by surprise.

I hope that popular pen-driver, Mr. A. G. HALES, will be able to forgive me when I confess that portions of *Where Angels Fear to Tread* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) put me in mind of nothing so much as the title of one of his own early books, called *The Wanderings of a Simple Child*. Really Mr. HALES is rather wonderful. I suppose few men have adventured more variously over the globe, yet through it all he appears to have kept a simplicity, not to say naïveté, of outlook that is at times almost bewildering. I do not think that he is writing down to his public, but the fact remains that in the sketches of war-life on the Italian front that make up the present volume, while the things seen are transcribed with vivid and lively effect, the moral deductions too often hardly escape the platitudinous. It is as though Mr. HALES, being gifted with eternal youth, were still in the stage that OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES described as "catching up with the world's ideas." All of which simply means that I liked his facts better than

his fancies—though on the speculative side I must not fail to record my admiration of a finely sane chapter on Drink and the War. I find I have begun by patronage of Mr. HALES' philosophy, and ended with praise of it; but if you read the book I think you will appreciate my reasons for both.

Swayneford (ALLEN AND UNWIN) is the perhaps not very plausible tale of a formidable international secret society in the service of Germany. The leading spirit is a certain mysterious renegade Englishman, *Dormer Swayneford*, always referred to by the sobriquet of "The Sleeper." The society transacts its awful business in the elaborately camouflaged wing of an old manor-house. This business apparently consists in the reading of long lists of the names of German waiters out of the inevitable Red Book—a thing which could, it seems to me, have been better done (or omitted) and with less fear of detection in a private room at a public restaurant. At any rate the conspirators were of a most obvious pattern, and if any single local body had been possessed of energy and intelligence would have been

promptly laid by the heels. Miss THICKNESSE-WOODINGTON cherishes the fond illusion that her heroine, *Ena Cardonnel*, resident companion in the inhabited part of the manor-house and accidental discoverer of the secret council-chamber, has brains. This is not the case. Even with the broadest hints from a friend in our secret service she misses clues of which even our old friend *Watson* could scarce have failed to see the significance. I rather think that this young lady is too pre-occupied with the tragic fact that after being "hornachâteline," she



THE GOOD LITTLE BOY OF ANTIQUITY.

Visitor. "WELL, QUINTUS, I SUPPOSE WHEN YOU GROW UP YOU WILL BE A SOLDIER LIKE DADDY AND GO TO FIGHT THE GAULS?"

Boy. "NO, PLEASE, I'D RATHER BE A GLADIATOR, SO THAT I COULD STAY AT HOME AND LOOK AFTER MOTHER."

has to earn an honest living—a sorrow which left me cold. By the way, she should have known that by her marriage with a baronet she would not have become "*Lady Arthur Stavelay*." It is frightfully important for châtelines to know these things.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT has made a book which all properly constituted boys will fall upon and devour. It is called *Submarine and Anti-Submarine* (LONGMANS), and its first sentence is, "It is probable that a good deal of the information contained in this book will be new to the public; for it has been collected under favour of exceptional circumstances." So far as I, at any rate, am concerned this modest claim is sound, and the information given here has the merit of not only being new, but also true. From start to finish it is a tale of high adventure, dauntless spirit and splendid achievement. It stirs the pulses. Let anyone who prides himself upon his phlegm read the story of the exploits of our Q-Boats and our P-Boats and our submarines (some people wonder what our submarines have been doing), and see how he feels afterwards. I proclaim this a glorious book, and one that incidentally solves the harassing question of what to give your sons, godsons, nephews (and their sisters too) this Christmas.

CHARIVARIA.

THE preliminary announcement that nearly nine hundred Candidates must fail to be elected Members of Parliament has been received with a good deal of quiet satisfaction.

The Nobel Committee has decided not to award the Nobel Peace Prize this year. And to think that if Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD hadn't made those jingo election speeches it might have come our way!

"What is the most piercing noise known to the human ear?" asks a contemporary. We don't know for certain, but it seems to be coming from Dr. SOLF.

A Scottish Candidate has had attributed to him the statement that the KAISER, if proved guilty, ought to be made to eat haggis. This has now been proved to be the work of his political enemies.

Can it be that the American Press is losing its dash? Only five hundred American journalists have sailed for the Peace Conference.

"He [the Crown Prince]," says *The Daily Chronicle*, "wears a brown suit with a breast pocket in which is a white pocket-handkerchief, a bright blue shirt, with a soft collar and a loud green tie." We think this line of hold-all breast-pocket rather outré.

"Spitzbergen," says Sir MARTIN CONWAY, "ought to be a region overflowing with animal life." It is understood that a system of one-man walrus farms for discharged soldiers is already engaging the Government's attention.

A writer in a weekly paper tells us that the Hungarian name for jam is "Gyumossuru." After this we would rather not know the British soldier's name for "plum and apple."

"Everything Americans see in Great Britain," says Professor J. ERSTERNE, of Columbia University, "they judge by whether or no it can be adopted in America." An attempt is about to be

made, we learn, to introduce Mr. SNOWDEN to one of these absorbent gentlemen from U.S.A.

Though no longer under the ban of the Food-CONTROLLER, says a contemporary, the muffin is not greatly in evidence. On the other hand, Smith minor informs us that only last Friday he encountered a large number, and,



Officer (to Chinaman caught "scrounging"). "HULLO, CHINK, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? [No answer.] PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS?"
Chinaman. "No."

Officer. "PERHAPS YOU SPEAK ENGLISH, THEN?"
Chinaman. "OUI."

though not at his best, succeeded in crashing twelve of them before his throttle jammed.

"I like your town," said one of the American sailors to a newspaper man in London. It is thought that by a little judicious advertising like this London may get to be more widely known.

We hope that Mr. C. B. COCHRAN is quite well, but it is fully a week since he took over an additional music-hall.

An authoritative statement is expected to the effect that the man who designed the new ten-shilling note could have done it right the first time if he had wanted to.

A Kingston youth named BEER was arrested last week for breaking into a public-house. The magistrate decided that the proper place for him was the jug.

A wireless telegraph installation has been set up in Mr. Justice SARGENT'S Chancery Court. There is also talk of having Mr. Justice DARLING'S spark lengthened.

"Parsnips," says a Food Garden expert, "are best left in the ground." We agree.

Last week a four-month-old baby was left on a doorstep in Aldershot. The police desire it to be known that the owner can have same upon application to the authorities.

A telegram handed in at a London office at 12.23 P.M. was delivered at Hertford, twenty miles away, at 7.10 P.M. The explanation is said to be that the Post Office officials mistook the contents for a business communication.

The Evening News makes a complaint about the dirty milk being sold in London. Yet to our knowledge many dairymen are in the habit of washing their milk.

One dairyman, indeed, reports that only the best and purest water is used throughout his establishment.

Armistice-Day in Cairo.

"The announcement of the great news was marked by 21 guns from the Citadel in profound silence, immediately followed by a lavish display of bunting in the flag-lockers."—*Egyptian Mail*.

With silent guns and flags unbroken one might almost call it "a case of unconscious celebration."

The babu hospital-assistant had been taken to task for not keeping proper charts of the patients. Next day he presented the following:—

8 A.M. The patient's life in low degree.
10 A.M. Life in sink.
11 A.M. Flit.
1 P.M. Flut.

THE UNDEFEATABLES.

Who are these heroes crowned with bays
Won on the stricken fields of War,
Whose myriad ranks, this day of days,
Tramp through the Brandenburger Thor;
While up the streets, with bouquets strewn,
A glad and grateful City sallies,
Whooping its welcome to the tune
Of *Deutschland über alles*?

Who are these warriors flushed with pride
That come from ruined lands and waste,
Where by the blood-trail long and wide
Their track of glory may be traced;
That come to find their homes unhacked,
No hint of horror's deathly pallor,
Beer-halls secure and shops intact,
Thanks to their martial valour?

These are the noble Prussian Guard,
Taking their triumph; these are they,
Famed on the film and picture-card,
The undefeated all the way;
These are the Fatherland's *élite*,
Sworn to the last man to defend her,
Who saved their country from defeat
By absolute surrender.

Nothing is here of shame or grief,
No jarring note to spoil the sport,
Although their late respected Chief
Is wintering in a Dutch resort;
Poor WILLIAM, how he loved these shows!
Oh, how he loved to be saluted!
Yet in that concourse not a nose
Sniffles because he scooted.

Nor would you guess by any sign
Their scutcheon bears a single scotch,
Though the Entente has crossed the Rhine
And taken on the local watch;
Though this brave scene they figure in,
With self-complaisance slightly *grisés*,
Happens to be their own Berlin,
And not the Champs Élysées.

O. S.

OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN VIENNA.

FIRST BRITISH JOURNALIST TO ENTER THE AUSTRIAN CAPITAL.

STIRRING SCENES.

(EXCLUSIVE TO *THE DAILY LYRE*.)

Vienna, Thursday.

ACCUSTOMED as I am by this time to demonstrations of popular enthusiasm during what I may call my triumphal progress through liberated Europe, the scenes which have marked my entry into Vienna will remain a marvellous and unique memory.

Notwithstanding my express desire that my visit should be regarded as purely private and professional, the public have insisted upon greeting in your representative the Herald of a New Era. Having wired the probable date of my arrival, I found drawn up on the station platform deputies of almost every government that has been formed here during the past fortnight. After the ceremonies of introduction I entered a carriage and was driven towards the Ballplatz, being greeted *en route* by the frenzied cheers of an enormous multitude of spectators. Perhaps they were saluting the great work of *The Daily Lyre* in the cause of

Democracy. Perhaps, on the other hand, they mistook me for somebody else. Who can tell? Cries of "Long Live America!" "No Secret Diplomacy!" "Bravo Foch!" and others that I could not distinguish rose on all sides. Men and women pressed up to the wheels of the vehicle, many climbing on to the step in their eagerness to salute me. . . . As we progressed I observed at some distance another crowd following, doubtless with oaths and execrations, what I took to be one of the last of the discredited Germans. The contrast is one upon which I need not dwell. . . . *Eheu fugaces! Tempus fugit: Nos et mutamur.*

So far as I could judge, the populace, though war-weary, is still in most cases well dressed. There appears to be no scarcity of actual money, except (curiously enough) in my own case, my purse and other valuables having, as I have just found, unaccountably disappeared during my progress from the station. . . .

Later.—I have enjoyed a cordial interview with Dr. X, who is at this moment probably the most arresting figure in the ex-dual-monarchy. It was for me a strange experience to be received in that chamber, once sacred to the whispered mendacities of Imperial intrigue, by an enlightened statesman smoking a short pipe and with his feet on the table. Herr X, who is by training a Conservative-Socialist, with a decided bias towards oligarchic republicanism, was good enough to ask my advice about various matters connected with the future of Central Europe, advice which, I need hardly say, I was only too glad to put at his service.

During the whole of our talk we were constantly interrupted by crowds of enthusiastic women who invaded the apartment for the purpose of embracing me with every demonstration of the most touching welcome and delight. Before I left I calculate that I had thus received no fewer than seven thousand and forty-six kisses (not counting those of an elderly and intoxicated workman who secured admission by error), a truly gratifying result which beats Brussels last week by more than two hundred, and has left me still breathless.

Later Still.—An influential deputation has just waited upon me at the Hôtel de la Presse, with a request that I should allow myself to be nominated first President of the Austrian Republic. As however the financial outlook appeared uncertain, I felt myself obliged to decline, as your salaried representative, this highly gratifying suggestion.

Still Later.—I have this moment learnt with mingled amazement and indignation that the crowd which I observed in the distance on my drive from the station was actually surrounding an individual who claims to represent *The Morning Trumpet*, and who has had the impudence to assert that it was he, and not I, who was the first Entente journalist to enter the city, and that his osculatory triumph is in excess of my own. Kindly wire instructions, also sufficient funds to defray hotel bill and fare to Buda-Pesth, where I hope to settle this priority claim once for all.

P.S.—What about Berlin? [Nothing doing. You have been anticipated in that quarter.—*EDITOR Daily Lyre.*]

"It is no exaggeration to say that there is hardly a single compound here in which there is not an influenza patient, generally a child or an adult."—*Nigerian Pioneer.*

In Europe also, by a singular coincidence, the disease is almost entirely confined to the same classes.

Charity according to our Bolsheviks.

Why make good Republican Germans disburse
While the middle-class Briton has coin in his purse?
No, let England's indemnity rather be won
By stripping the native and sparing the Hun.



LE BIENVENU.



"WHAT'S THE DISTURBANCE IN THE MARKET-PLACE?"

"IT'S A MASS MEETING OF THE WOMEN WHO 'VE CHANGED THEIR MINDS SINCE THE MORNING AND WANT TO ALTER THEIR VOTING-PAPERS."

LEAR ON THE GREAT WAR.

My nephew and niece are never allowed to see or hear anything without receiving a reasoned explanation of it. They can tell you where all their toys were made, and they know that the Nursery Rhyme is only history in its first and most valuable form. No respect for Crown or Cloth has prevented my sister-in-law's teaching them that "Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie" refers to an early-nineteenth-century monarch of regrettable tendencies, and that "Little Jack Horner" represents a divine of a still earlier date renowned for his self-seeking proclivities.

It was in the hope of inculcating the value of nonsense for nonsense's sake that I recently presented them with the works of the immortal Mr. LEAR. I followed up the gift with a call that same afternoon, and, much to my gratification, found them seated side by side at the playroom table with the book between them. They thanked me politely and invited me to "come and help them." Miss Caedmon-Smith, their governess, sat in the window, absorbed in a volume of what I took to be *Hibbert's Journal*.

LEAR's book stood open at the epi-

sode of the Old Person of Spain who hated all trouble and pain.

"Ah," I said genially, feeling more at my ease with the children than I had for a long time,—*ah!* 'that umbrageous Old Person' worries you, does he?"

"Oh, no," said Clarence, "Spain's quite easy, thank you;

'He sat on a chair
With his feet in the air'

means being a nootral, of course. And the Old Person of Rheims who was troubled with horrible dreams is easy too; of course they couldn't sleep quietly even in cellars with the guns—"

"But I don't fink it's velly kind to make fun about it, do you, Uncle Flank?" put in Henrietta self-righteously.

"And the Old Person of Buda whose conduct grew ruder and ruder is the Hungaryans, of course; but *who* is the Old Man of Madras who rode on a cream-coloured ass? I don't see what that's got to do with the War. What *does* it mean, Uncle Frank?"

"It doesn't mean anything; they don't any of them mean anything. They're just fun. Look here—

'There was an old man of the Hague
Whose ideas were excessively vague . . .'

"But that's the Dutch people, not

knowing whether to join the Germans or us," crowed Clarence exultantly. "And just look here, Uncle Frank; *you* know what this means, don't you—The Old Man of Vienna who lived upon tincture of senna? It's the Emprer of Austrer; even Henrietta knew that."

"My poor children," I groaned, "you are quite mistaken. You think, because LEAR happens to have used some of the names you have been hearing lately, that he was writing about the War. He wrote long, long before; and he only chose the names because he had thought of a funny rhyme for them. Listen to this:—

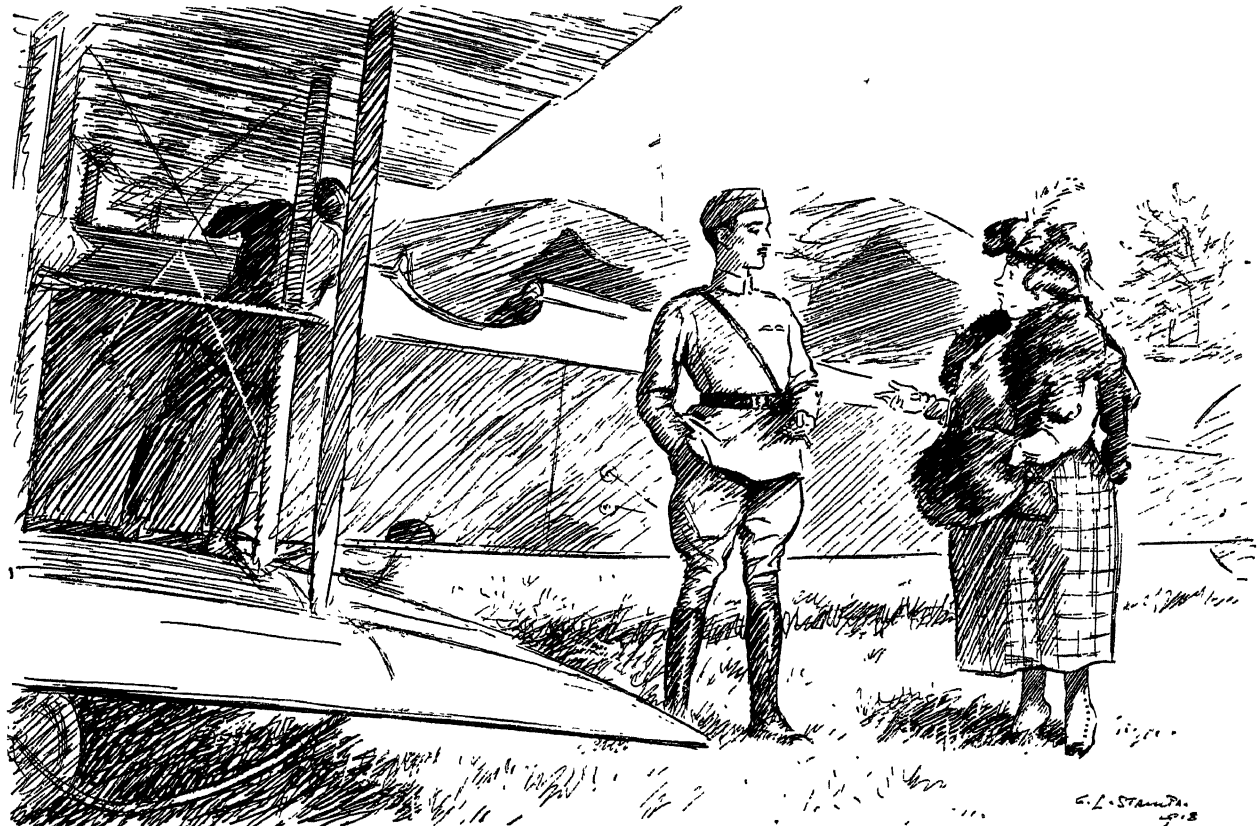
'There was a Young Lady of Russia
Who screamed so that no one could hush her.'

That's pure nonsense, you see; it hasn't really anything to do with Russia—"

"*But*," said Clarence, interrupting, a thing he seldom does; while Henrietta, looking at me with intense reproach, gasped, "Ve Lelovution!"

Shaken but not yet dompted, I was about to point to the Old Person whose habits induced him to feed upon rabbits, when Clarence himself laid his finger there.

"And that's us, eating rabbits be-



"ARE YOU FOR HIRE, YOUNG MAN, NOW THAT HOSTILITIES HAVE CEASED? IF SO, WHAT WOULD YOU CHARGE TO FLY ME ROUND THE BATTLEFIELDS?"

cause we couldn't get any other meat," he said.

"Eating too much afore we had meat cards," added Henrietta sagely.

Desperately I turned the page, moving always backwards with an undefined feeling that the nearer to the beginning the nearer we must come to the non-sensical quintessence of the book.

"Look at this," I urged, striving to keep the anxiety out of my voice; "this couldn't possibly be anything but nonsense:—

'There was an Old Man at Marseilles
Whose daughters wore bottle-green veils;
They caught several fish,
Which they put in a dish,
And sent to their pa at Marseilles.'

"Ships what catch submalines!" declaimed Henrietta in tones of sepulchral triumph.

"You haven't thought about it, Uncle Frank," said Clarence kindly; "we knew at once that the book was all about the War d'rekly we saw the first page, with Norway *absolutely* resolved to be a nootral whatever happens."

Incredulously I turned to the first page and read:—

"There was a Young Lady of Norway
Who casually sat in a doorway;
When the door squeezed her flat
She exclaimed, 'What of that?'

'That courageous Young Lady of Norway.'

I was saved from any need for comment because at that moment Miss Caedmon-Smith closed her volume and rose, observing, "Time for silent study."

The children followed her to the schoolroom, leaving Mr. LEAR to me. Determined to refute their absurd idea I turned to the last page and was confronted by

"The Old Man of Berlin,
Whose form was uncommonly thin."

Shutting the book and opening it at random, I came across

"The Old Man of Corfu
Who never knew what he should do."

Internal evidence is all against me. I see no help for it; the Book of Nonsense will go down not to the nurseries but to the libraries of the future, where it will stand on the same shelf with *Lillibullero* as an interesting broadside of the Great War.

"For some days Private Theo pushed a 150lb. cart through the snows which covered the vast stretch between London (Ontario) and Canada."—*Provincial Paper*.

With a view to eclipsing this remarkable feat we understand that a British Tommy has undertaken to propel a 300 lb. wheelbarrow through the mud which covers the wide expanse between London (Middlesex) and England.

HERR HOHENZOLLERN.

[The papers announce that the KAISER wishes in future to be known simply as a private gentleman.]

SAYS WILLIAM: "Time has made of me

A sadder man and wiser;
Henceforth my object is to be
No more the German Kaiser,
But just a private gentleman."

Ah, WILLIAM, vain endeavour,
"Private?" As private as you can.
But "gentleman?" No, never.

"HOW SOME FORMER WARS HAVE BEEN CONCLUDED."

(BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE
'DAILY CHRONICLE'.)
Liverpool Daily Post.

It seems a pity that *The Chronicle's* services were not enlisted a little earlier.

"For more than an hour we dashed hither and thither, our stern shearing through the water and throwing up great waves which swept constantly over our bows."

Daily Paper.

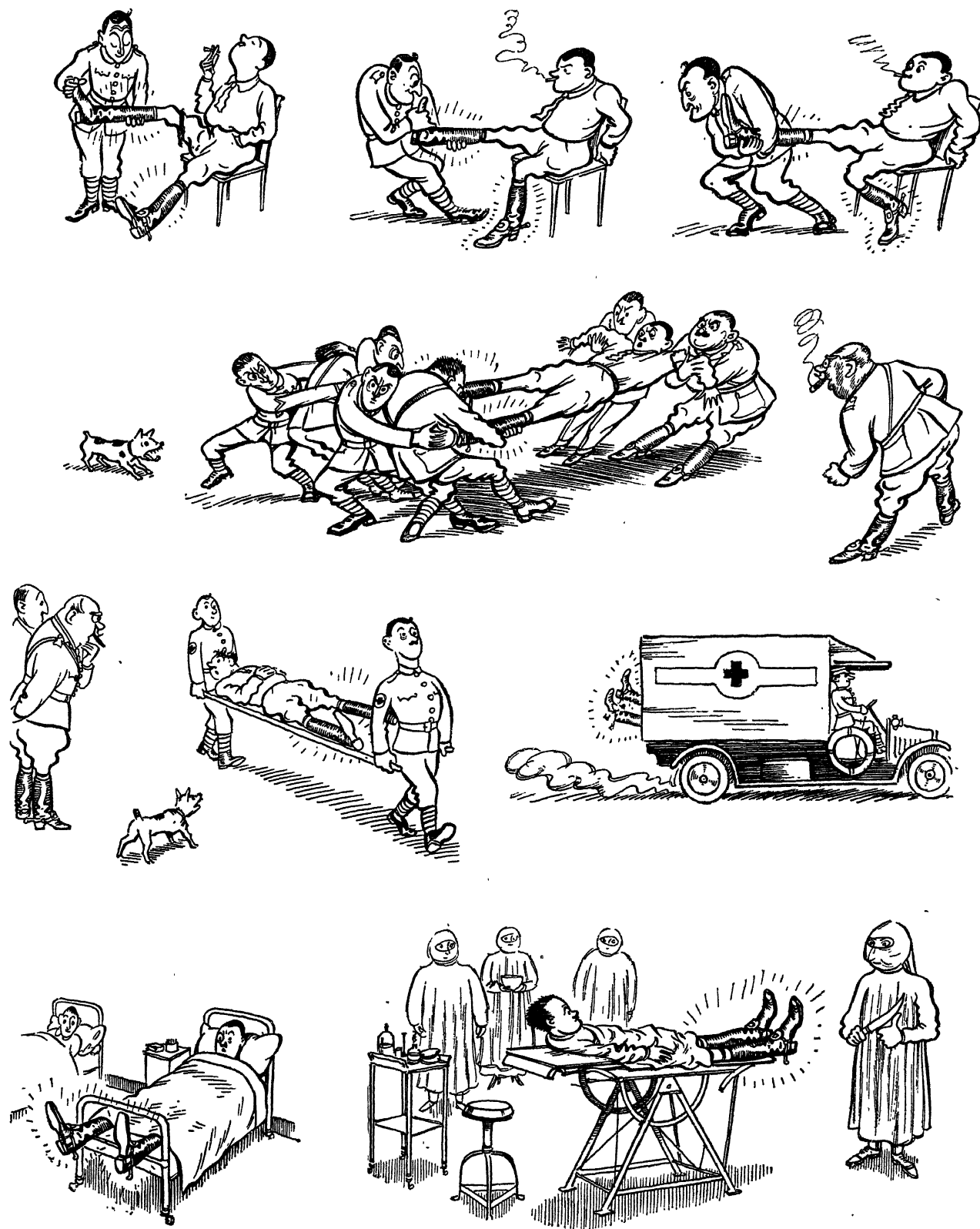
This strange behaviour of the stern reminds us of the famous lines in "The Hunting of the Snark":—

"The bowsprit got mixed with the rudder
sometimes,
Which the bellman said happened in tropical
climes—

When a vessel was, so to speak 'snarked.'"



THE FIELD BOOTS.



H. M. BATEMAN 1918.

THE FIELD BOOTS.



RECONSTRUCTION SHOCKS.

Miss X. (formerly a Tube conductress, who has taken the post of parlourmaid with a Grosvenor House hostess whose first "Victory 'At Home'" is exceptionally well-attended). "PASS FURTHER DOWN THE CAR THERE, PLEASE."

THE PURE POLITICS PARTY.

A HALF-PAGE OF *PUNCH* THROWN OPEN TO THE ABOVE.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In placing a half-page of our paper at the disposal of the Pure Politics Party (for one week only) we are actuated by no sordid motives. We have no desire to increase our circulation, and in the interests of the nation we shall unhesitatingly reveal the fact if anything of the kind occurs. The views expressed in this half-page are not necessarily ours and we reserve the right of pulverising them on another page. We have never denied the claim of an honourable opponent to change his opinions when he found himself in disagreement with us, nor, on the other hand, have we ever aspired to infallibility, except when we were in the right. The Pure Politics Party is entitled to a hearing; and the use (for the week after the elections) of these columns, which have never been used to stifle honest opinion, has been accepted in the spirit in which it was offered.]

TEN REASONS WHY I BELONG TO THE PURE POLITICS PARTY.

By Sir Thomas Twisterton Titwash, O.B.E. (Deputy Assistant Director of Military Porciculture; author of *Goat-keeping for Profit*; Vice-President of the P.P. Party); the Party's

Candidate for the West Piffleton Division of Mudchester.

1. Because I believe in LABOUR. Because I would rather clasp the honest hand of toil than the effete digits of entrenched plutocracy.

2. Because I believe in ENGLAND, whose stately homes have sent forth of their best to defend us from the ruthless yoke of the ferocious Hun.

3. Because I believe in the BROTHERHOOD OF MAN, in the unquenchable spirit of INTERNATIONALISM, in the FREEDOM OF THE SEAS, the SUPREMACY OF THE WORKING CLASSES and PRESIDENT WILSON'S FOURTEEN POINTS.

4. Because I believe in the EMPIRE, knit together in its imperishable glory by BRITISH SEA SUPREMACY, PREFERENTIAL TARIFFS, an IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT and a PEERAGE FOR MR. HUGHES.

5. Because I believe in FREE TRADE; because I am convinced that no vindictive sentiments should prevent the early resumption of business relations between West Piffleton and the Fatherland.

6. Because I believe in a STRONG PEACE, in the EXECUTION OF THE KAISER, EXPULSION OF THE HUN FROM OUR SHORES, TON FOR TON, and GERMAN TO PAY FOR THE WAR.

7. Because I believe that the HOME RULE BILL should immediately be put into force.

8. Because I believe in SELF-DETERMINATION FOR ULSTER.

9. Because I believe in SHORTER HOURS AND HIGHER WAGES FOR THE WORKING MAN, MORE PROFITS AND LESS TAXATION FOR THE EMPLOYER, NON-INTERFERENCE WITH THE LIQUOR TRADE, STATE CONTROL OF ALL PIVOTAL INDUSTRIES, PROTECTION FOR OUR MANUFACTURES, A GENEROUS SUBSIDY FOR AGRICULTURE, BETTER EDUCATION, BETTER HOUSES, BETTER BEER, BETTER SALARIES FOR MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT, and ENGLAND A SAFER PLACE FOR THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

10. Because I am opposed to the idea of the Representatives of the People being tied down to any one policy or principle, at any rate after election.

These are but a few of the many planks of the platform upon which the Pure Politics Party stands foursquare to all the winds of adverse criticism. Any West Piffletonian who is in doubt as to our views on any of the burning questions of the day should apply to my headquarters, when I shall do my best to satisfy him that our opinions are identical with his. ALGOL.

"WANTED.—A Jolly Bengali Companion to keep a nobleman engaged by his wits and can also read newspapers."—*Statesman (Calcutta)*.
We scent a possible subscriber.



OUR WATCH ON THE RHINE.

THE RESCUE.

Jackson and Johnston were made from the stuff of heroes. I do not give their correct names because they hate publicity like the plague, but they had to be called something.

Jackson was a pilot and Johnston an observer. They used to fly in an antiquated seaplane, waste petrol and destroy wireless sets.

Convoing and anti-submarine patrolling constituted the work upon which they were alleged to be engaged, and one fine morning they set forth to down some careless Hun. They should have known instinctively that fate held nothing good in store for them, because the engine started at the first attempt, a thing which had never happened before, and they "took off" with the damage amounting to only a punctured tail-float and a few broken bracing-wires.

The engine was running wonderfully and must have been firing on no fewer than six of its nine cylinders, and this after an hour's flight. The thing was unheard of:

Then the sixth cylinder went out on strike (sympathetic) and the seaplane began to descend. Johnston, acting on painfully-gained experience, offered up a prayer and waited for the worst.

Any book dealing with seaplanes will tell you that the floats are for alighting on, and there are instructors who do nothing but show one how it is done. Jackson, however, had ideas of his own, and that was no doubt the reason why he chose to alight on the plane's nose in preference to its floats.

In this way the machine entered the water and then turned over on its back and threw observer Johnston out into the main. Meanwhile Jackson had managed to extract himself from the top plane and dived bravely to rescue his observer.

Then Johnston rose to the surface and found his pilot missing, and dived to pluck him from a watery grave.

With his lungs bursting and his head swimming Jackson gave up the search and ascended to get a breath of fresh air; but every moment was of value in a case like this and he dived again.

A second or two later Johnston's head emerged for a breath. He was a brave and determined fellow. Never would he give up until every ray of hope had vanished. So he plunged under again, and this time clutched hold of Jackson, and Jackson of him.

Johnston was elated; so was Jackson. Each had effected a rescue; so each was a hero. Under this common impression they arrived together at the surface.

"Don't struggle," gasped Johnston; "you're safe."

"Cling to the floats," ordered Jackson; "you're rescued."

"Brain affected," muttered Johnston.

"Must be wandering," murmured Jackson.

* * * * *

Do not mention rescues to Jackson or to Johnston, if you value either your personal beauty or your comfort.

CONCERT RECONSTRUCTION.

IT is gratifying to note, from an account of a recent concert at the Albert Hall, that an effort is being made to break down the old barriers of constraint between performers and listeners, platform and auditorium. But organisation is needed to establish this friendly co-operation on a broad basis. Isolated attempts are not enough; we need wholesale concert reconstruction. And if it be asked what is the goal we should aim at we can give no better answer than in an imaginative forecast of the ideal programme in the form of a notice modelled, in regard to style, on the impeccable diction of the musical critic of *The Morning Post*:—

"The Old Beans Hall was packed to repletion last night on the occasion of the annual concert of Mr. Charles Oldacre, the popular manager, a diversified and interesting programme being presented for the delectation of his appreciative patrons. Conformably with the now established rule instruction went hand-in-hand with recreation, and the artistic importance of the various items rendered was enhanced by the spirit of co-operation manifested by performers and audience. The entertainment was prefaced by a sparkling address on the use of stinging-nettles as a heat-producer in times of coal-shortage, by Sir Guy Coughdrop, followed by a momentous and memorable rendition of the Overture to the 'Flying Dutchman,' under the inspiring baton of Sir Joseph Plank, wearing the uniform of a Commodore of the R.N.V.R. Madame Blara Tutt, who was greeted with applause of exceptional volume and intensity, delivered a charming little *causerie* on the possibility of a scientific knowledge of the Unseen, and concluded by drawing a pig with her eyes shut, which was at once put up to auction and sold for twenty-five guineas for the benefit of the Society for Compulsory Deep Breathing in the Potteries.

"Several members of the audience contributed to the gaiety of the gathering by anecdotes, conundrums and imitations of well-known performers, in particular the travesty of Signor Marmosetti, the

famous pianist, and his simian eccentricities, evoking demonstrations of unrestrained merriment. The lights were several times turned completely down, which greatly added to the hilarity of the audience. Mr. HERBERT STURGEON supplemented his violin solo—BACH's meritorious 'Chaconne'—with a horn-pipe which he both danced and played, a gratifying *tour de force* which was highly relished; and Mr. ROBERT GLADFORD enormously enhanced the vocal verisimilitude of his rendition of 'O ruddier than the cherry' by his tasteful make-up as 'the giant Polypheme,' in which he achieved a literally huge success. But perhaps the greatest and most legitimate success of the concert was that of Madame Blara Tutt, who, on being encored in the famous temperance song, 'Band of Hope and Glory,' insisted on her accompanist singing the encore verse while she officiated at the keyboard.

"A delightful interlude was provided by the exhibition of films showing the larynxes of various eminent vocalists during the performance of their favourite songs. The second part of the programme presented as its salient items BACH's second Hindenburg concerto, with strategical comments by Sir Joseph Plank, and the presentation of prizes won in the Athletic Sports of the North Balham Tolstoyan League, by Miss Astra Carmel, the renowned esoteric soprano."

"WHAT THE LABOUR PARTY DOES FOR WOMEN."

HOW IT STRIKES A SOLDIER'S WIFE."

Evening News (Labour Party Column).

The Labour Party may look out for reprisals when the soldier's wife's husband comes home.

"There were anti-dynastic demonstrations in Berlin when several famous Hohenzollern states in under linnen were smashed."

Indian Paper.

They were evidently caught napping.

"On Thursday morning of last week a public mark of respect was paid to Mr. —, of Fallagherine, by a large number of young pigs turning out armed with spades and at once started digging out Mr. —'s large field of potatoes."—*Tyrone Courier.*

We trust Mr. PROTHERO will make a note of this, in the present shortage of agricultural labour.

"The Ministry [of Food] are trying to develop new sources of milk supply, and for the purpose intend to make use of the motor-lorries the military authorities are about to release."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"WANTED, youth to milk and wash motor-car."—*Local Paper.*

"The cow with the iron tail"—latest models.



"GRANNY, I AM GLAD WE'VE LIVED TO SEE PEACE!"

THE NEW REPORTING.

[A suggestion by one who feels that the conventional "Applause" and "Hear, Hear" convey an inadequate idea of the variety and colour of the interjections at an average election meeting.]

"GENTLEMEN, we are now, if I may say so—(disturbance in north-east corner of the hall, with shouts of "Oo are you a-shovin' of?" and various inconsequent repartees)—we are now in the proud and fortunate position of having overthrown our enemies—"You didn't do much!" followed by a free fight under the platform)—and having established, let us hope—(piercing woman's voice: "Wot abaht my son Jack?")—once and for all—(small boy bursts into vociferous lamentation as his father explains to him the precise domestic programme for the evening if he doesn't sit still)—upon a sure and lasting foundation—(here Albert MacIsaacs, junior, gives his celebrated imitation of a donkey's "Hee-haw," which is received with prolonged applause and shouts of "Encore!")—those principles of justice and tolerance—(jumping cracker in the gallery)—equality and fair play—"The old 'un's drinking your glass of water, guv'nor!")—which

have always been and, I trust, will always be the glory of the British Empire—(loud cheers from the two front rows, evidently stationed there for the purpose)—and which it is now our hope and desire—(bass voice from the back: "Wot abaht beer?" and murmurs of interest and approval)—to extend to the world at large. (Subdued cheers from the two front rows, who realise that their previous demonstration was premature.) These sentiments, gentlemen, are not my own—"Never thought they were")—they are the nation's—"Are you going to hang BILL KAISER?"—they are in the air—(shower of flour and pepper from the gallery)—they cry aloud in the streets—(sudden commotion as a small dog, violently kicked from behind, runs yelping down the passage)—they will not be silenced—(concertina solo, with unauthorised variations as the instrument is swayed to and fro by rival factions)—they are shared by the humble Slav and the lowly Jugo—"Three cheers for the Jugos!"—as well as by that illustrious and far-seeing statesman—(great uproar, during which two Bolsheviks, one unimpeachable patriot, and one timid man who was between them are removed to hospital)

—Professor MASARYK; and we may be as sure as we are that to-morrow's sun will rise—"Wait and see!" followed instantly by shrill cat-calls and a voice, "Where's poor old ASQUITH?"—that these principles will prevail—"Oo poached the bad egg?" and much laughter as a local joke runs in whispers round the hall)—and even in our own time—(diversion by an elector's baby, who shrieks for nourishment and is consoled amid a movement of sympathetic interest in the vicinity)—Truth and Right will take their place, supreme and unchallenged, upon the throne of the universe. (Dead silence, for the front benches are not going to be taken in this time.)

A Tale for the Horse-Marines.

"The pirates were chased and thrashed in many a hot fight when English seamen won their spurs."—*Times*.

"His widow . . . predeceased him."

Canadian Paper.

Very forward of her.

"At the 1913 dance there was a band, oral decorations, an elaborate supper, and champagne."—*Daily Paper*.

We like "oral decorations." Much less vulgar than flowers of speech.



NOT A CASE FOR URGENCY.

Horseman. "WHO IS GOING TO BE EXECUTED?"

Roadmender. "IT'S PETERKIN, THE SORCERER."

Horseman. "WELL, I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER HASTEN. I HAVE A REPRIEVE FOR HIM FROM THE KING."

Roadmender. "THERE'S NO HURRY, MASTER. THE EXECUTIONERS ARE ON STRIKE AND A PLUMBER HAS TAKEN ON THE JOB."

THE FROCK-COATS.

FURNISHING a flat in the piping times of peace—I mean the kind of peace that precedes war, not that which follows it and plunges us into elections and other costlinesses—furnishing even then was no particular joke; but within the past few weeks it has been a test of fortitude equal almost to martyrdom. Everything is not only dearer but scarcer; and the War excuse is put forward so often that one is a thousand times a day at the end of all patience. I am convinced that placards ought to be prepared by some enterprising firm of printers, to be suspended from the necks both of salesmen and customers, just to make shopping a little less arduous. For a salesman something like this:—

We are wholly blameless as to the height of prices and lowness of stock, to defective quality and broken promises. This is a perfectly-managed firm, but the War has disorganised everything.

and for the customer:—

Please don't mention either the War or the Peace. Show me what you have without reference to what you have not. Above all don't say anything about the cheapness that used to be, because that breaks my heart.

In default of these placards I have had a very painful time among the Frock-coats in whose hands the retail furnishing trade reposes; and I have "priced" so many articles beyond my means that it has become a positive agony to enter any well-appointed room. All my old content to be standing before the fire or installed in an arm-chair waiting for dinner to be announced has now turned to gall and envy. "Good Heavens!" I say to myself as my eye perceives the hearth-rug, "how on earth can he afford that?" Or, "That cabinet," I ponder, "would certainly be two hundred pounds to-day." And the same carking jealousy and curiosity ruins the dinner, however good it may be. "If only I could have got

a table like this!" "Those chairs must have cost a fortune."

Very special qualifications go to a furnishing Frock-coat. He must combine deference with persuasiveness, eloquence with the machinery of candour, and he must disguise any dejection he feels. Some Frock-coats merely indicate the way to other Frock-coats, or call a Frock-coat to come and be useful, themselves remaining near the door; some take you in charge themselves and are equally powerful in all departments. It is amusing, on entering an establishment, to speculate as to which kind of Frock-coat it is going to be. That is, however, the end of one's amusement.

My own greatest difficulty was over a desk—something a little exceptional; not with three drawers each side and a covering of dark green leather; not a bureau, not an escritoire, but an interesting desk, a desk with secret drawers; and it was in the pursuit of this elusive article that I made my closest studies of the Frock-coats, because I explored, I am certain, thirty establishments and went for prodigious walks with them in each. One indeed boasted of eight acres of furniture floors, and I can

believe it. But in no rod, pole or perch of them was there the kind of desk I wanted; every other, but not mine. They ranged between desks to write love-letters at and desks to give employees a month's notice from; but at none could any real literary work be attempted.

The Frock-coats listened just like angels, profoundly interested and understanding, a little leaning my way. They twisted their moustaches and their eyes lighted; and then they dashed the hopes that they had raised. In a vast building in the Tottenham Court Road, for example, I put the problem to a Frock-coat of so much more than common benevolence and, on the face of him, intelligence, that I was at last confident. "I know exactly what you want," he said. "Not an office desk, but a desk you could have in a sitting-room."

"Yes," I said.

"With plenty of drawers," he continued, "and possibly a cupboard."

"That is it precisely," I said.

"Not conventional," he pursued.

I agreed.

"Mahogany," he said.

I agreed again.

"And old," he went on.

"Absolutely," I said, in a state of fever.

"Well," he replied, "I haven't got one."

But I think I preferred his methods to those of the Frock-coats who also knew exactly what I wanted, but who had sold the last only yesterday; and quite a number of them said that. It is astonishing what sales can occur in furniture shops yesterday. That, I have discovered, is the real day for trade.

ANOTHER BREAKFAST-TABLE TRAGEDY.

"HAVE some anchovy paste on your toast and marge," said Lois hospitably. "There's no marmalade, no jam, no honey, no syrup, no nothing. Anchovy paste is an institution in this house, as it drowns the taste of marge more effectively than anything else I know. I always put it on thick."

She demonstrated. It was certainly thick; no margarine however aggressive could have hoped to hold its own against it.

"I'm not one of those people who pretend they don't mind marge," went on Lois. "Affectation, I call it. I think I've missed the butter more than anything, and when we get as much as we want again——"

"Meantime," I put in gently, "don't I, as an honoured guest, get a small portion of your ounce per head of butter?"

They explained with remarkable unanimity that I did not. I know



Major. "WHY DIDN'T YOU CHALLENGE ME?"

Sentry. "I DIDN'T KNOW WHO YOU WAS, SIR."

them rather well, so that conversation on such a vital matter as food is always frank and open.

"What we do now," Lois told me, when they had mentioned conclusively that visitors expecting butter in that house would jolly well bring their own, "is to save it all until the week-end and then have a real blow-out. It's something to look forward to all the week. To-day's only Wednesday, isn't it?" She sighed deeply.

"What a mercy it is," said my host genially, "that you are going on Friday. Wouldn't it be awful to have to sit and watch us eat all our butters?"

"Awful!" agreed Lois.

It was just at that point that Cecilia,

the handmaid, burst in without the semblance of a preliminary tap. Her frightened glance swept the breakfast-table and fastened dazedly on the margarine dish, now all but emptied of its contents.

"Oh, Ma'am!" she gasped.

"What on earth's the matter, Cecilia?" asked Lois rather stiffly.

"Oh, lor! Now I bin an' gorn an' done it! That there was the butter!"

No one spoke. It was not a moment for speech. With a low slow sob Lois turned her head aside so that she should not see her plate, where stood the last square inch of her second slice of toast, the butter of it plastered beyond recognition with anchovy paste.

HOW HE DID HIS BIT.

THIS is to be an account of Dixenham's patriotic activity during the War. We all liked him on account of his innocence and his ardent desire to do something which should enable him to give an answer to the question, "Daddy, what did you do in the Great War?" It was extremely unlikely that that question would ever be put to him save in the way of jest, for he was fifty-two years old, and his family consisted of one married daughter who was at present living with her father and knew all his doings intimately. Still, as Dixenham said, you never could tell. Besides, a man's conscience might render his life unbearable.

Acting on these principles, Dixenham joined the Volunteers during the first ardour of that admirable movement; but his lameness was a terrible handicap to him, and when he realised that he was only impeding the rest he felt it his duty to retire and seek some fresh field in which to develop his energies. When the local Tribunals were instituted Dixenham was at first very angry. It seemed to him to argue a strange lack of patriotism that men who were called up to join the colours should seek safety by appealing to these bodies. But when Molesworth, his own gardener, got a notice and was passed A1, fit for general service, and was given a bare month to set his affairs in order, why, then matters assumed rather a different aspect. It was hard, he argued, that Molesworth, his only gardener, should be taken while two neighbouring gardeners were spared, and he paid no attention to the fact that both of them were seriously ruptured. Ruptures did not alter principles.

In complaints like these his vexation spent itself, without appearing to make any impression on the stony hearts of the gentlemen of the Tribunal.

Not long afterwards I happened to be taking a walk past Dixenham's garden, and there I beheld the man himself in his shirt-sleeves digging for all he was worth, and bearing all the outward signs which indicate a gardener. As I passed he hailed me.

"Surprised, aren't you, to see me at work? Well, it's quite true that hitherto I haven't been much of a gardener myself. We left it all to Molesworth. Now he's joined up, and I had to consider what ought to be done. I put an advertisement in the local paper, but didn't get an answer. Then suddenly it occurred to me that if I did it myself I should kill two birds with one stone. First, I should get the garden carried on, and, secondly, I should be doing war-work, for I should be working in substitution for a man who had been compelled to join the army."

"War-work?" I said. "What you're doing isn't war-work." And I endeavoured to explain to him what war-work really meant, and that, at any rate, it could not and did not mean such work as he was then doing for himself alone.

Dixenham is an obstinate man, and it took a long time to persuade him. Even to the last I am sure he felt a self-righteous glow when he took off his coat and waistcoat and complained of the weather.

Shortly before the Armistice was signed he had arranged to carry on with his bodily presence and activity the little business of a sweet shop.

"It's a one-man business," he said, "if ever there was one, for its proprietor is a woman and quite incompetent at that."

Nothing more muddle-headed ever come out of Hanwell, but the intention was good and patriotic, and when the final reckoning is made it may be that the intention counts for more than anything else.

THE RETURN.

INTO the home-side wood, the long straight aisle of pines,
I turned with a slower step than ever my youth-time knew;
Dusk was gold in the valley, grey in the deep-cut chimes,
And below, like a dream afloat, was the quiet sea's fading blue.

Oh, it was joy to see the still night folding down
Over the simple fields I loved, saved by the sacred dead,
Playmates and friends of mine, brothers in camp and town,
The loyal hearts that leapt at the word that England said.

I paused by the cross-roads' sign, for a tinkling sound rang clear,
The small sharp sound of a bell away up the western road;
And presently out of the mist, with clank and clatter of gear,
Rumbled the carrier's cart with its tilt and its motley load:—

The old grey horse that moved in the misty headlight's gleam,
The carrier crouched on his seat, with the bell-boy perched astride,
Voices from under the tilt, and laughter—was it a dream,
Or was I awake and alive, standing there by the cross-roads' side?

So I came to the village street where glinting lights shone fair,
The little homely lights that make the glad tears start;
And I knew that one was yearning and waiting to welcome me there,
She that is mother in blood and steadfast comrade in heart.

Oh, but my youth swept back like the tide to a thirsty shore,
Or the little wind at dawn that heralds the wash of rain;
And I ran, I ran, with a song in my heart to the unlatched door,
I returned to the gentle breast that had nursed me—a boy again!

LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.

(From "The Times" of December 18th, 1920.)

THE deadlock in the radium industry, involving three hundred thousand operatives, has, we are glad to announce, been satisfactorily terminated by the intervention of the PRIME MINISTER, when all efforts of the Conciliation Boards and Industrial Councils had failed.

The men demanded a reduction of the hours of labour from three to two hours daily and a hundred per cent. increase in their wages on the special rate guaranteed last June. As this meant the abandonment of the Three Hours Act and would render the profitable working of the radium mines impossible, the task of settlement might well have discouraged the most adroit industrial diplomatist. Not so the PRIME MINISTER, who has staved off the impending strike by the following masterly compromise:—Henceforth, beginning on January 1st, 1921, the hours of labour are to be reduced to two-and-a-quarter hours daily, while the wages are to be raised ninety-eight per cent. on the special rate. The men, though not enthusiastic over the decision, profess their readiness to give the scheme a trial for three months, without prejudice to further demands on the basis of the one-hour day and a minimum wage of £10 weekly.

"The captain of gendarmerie said the Empress [German] was fairly cheerful, but spoke little. On arriving at Maasbergen she complained of the bitter sold."—*Daily Sketch*.

If looks as if they have "Government ale" in Holland too.



Disillusioned War-wife. "WELL, JIM, YOU MAY THINK YOU LOOK MORE DISTANGY, BUT IF YOU WANT ME TO SPEAK THE TRUTH I PREFER YOU IN YER KHAKI."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

FEW books dealing with the reflective aspect of the world tragedy have seemed to me more quietly satisfactory than the slender volume, *At Home in the War* (HEINEMANN), in which Mr. G. S. STREET has recorded the thoughts and emotions, during the past four years, of one whom circumstance has forced into the position of looker-on. It is long since I first met Mr. STREET as gentle essayist; he has never appeared to better advantage than in these eminently sane and common-sensible musings. At times frankly personal, you have here the intimate yet considered talk of a middle-aged observer of life, who from a position a little withdrawn has been watching the changes that have come over everything that makes up our world. His chapters measure this development (so plainly marked in retrospect), from "The First Emotions" and "The Great Response," down through all the varied reactions of the war-years to the call-up of the fathers. Quotation would be the only right tribute, and for that I have no space. One closes this most companionable little book, regretting that it appeared too soon (almost by a matter of days) to round off its strange and eventful history by a record of *The Amazing End*.

The paper wrapper of *Children of the dear Cotswolds* (MURRAY), by L. ALLEN HARKER, nearly put me off my stroke on the tee—and you know what a mood that engenders. The picture of a child, for whom drowning in its bath would have been too lenient a penalty for being such an object, should be removed by any bookseller who does not want dead stock on his hands. Inside there is plenty of good stuff—a little over-sentimental perhaps, but

with more than a suspicion of the happy *Cranford* flavour. Here are little loosely connected sketches of a Cotswold village—the kind of book for which there is plenty of room and which interprets the spirit of one little corner of our England to another. I couldn't help comparing this work with a late study by Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH of a Sussex village. Of course Cotswolds, however dear, can hold no candle to Sussex; but the two chroniclers have different methods. Miss KAYE-SMITH is a realist; she gives you the "warts and all." No retouching of the negative for her. I get an impression from Miss HARKER that the Cotswolds are a little too good to be true. And can it be that the indulgent author really liked the little idiot on the wrapper?

In *The Dardanelles Campaign* (NISBET) Mr. H. W. NEVINSON does not pretend to tell us much that is new about the glorious and tragic struggle, but rather from a distance of time sufficient for perspective, yet with the freshness of an eye-witness, he aims to picture it clearly and as a coherent whole. Certainly he succeeds more than well, even if we hesitate to accept his publishers' claim to what they call "the substantive account," whatever that may mean. It seems as if the fighting in the Gallipoli peninsula is to be more written over than any other equal section of the War, mainly, one supposes, because it so catches the imagination, the margin between failure and success having again and again been so detestably small. It is a virtue in Mr. NEVINSON's history that this dramatic quality in his subject, though he never loses sight of it, is not so overstrained as to destroy the balance of a straightforward piece of writing. He is an out-and-out supporter of the campaign, yet even here advocacy does not run away with him, and the journalist's tendency to sit in judgment is not too evident. Altogether this is a desirable addition to the Dardanelles

shelf. Mr. NEVINSON'S maps, one might add, are much better than his illustrations.

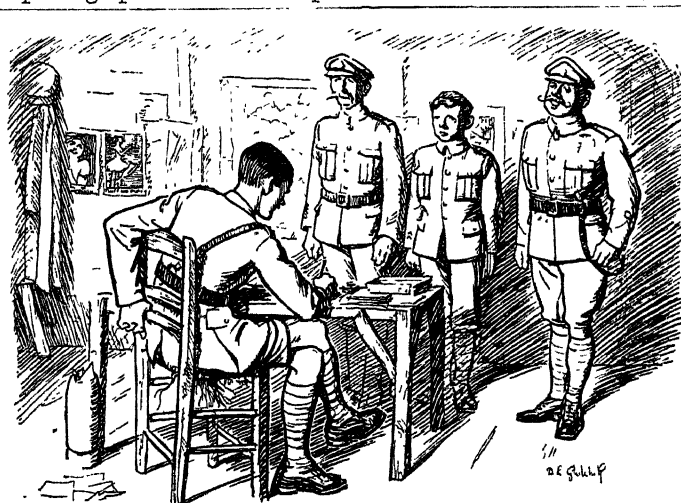
"SAPPER" in *The Human Touch* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) disobeys—as usual—every law ever laid down on "How to write a Short Story," and—as usual—triumphs completely over the pundits and pedagogues. Here he pursues his digressive way as generously as ever; at one moment he is as serious as judges used to be, and before you have had time to fall into line with his mood he breaks out into the most delightful drolleries. But whatever his mood may be he retains a very true sense of vision. The present hour has for him its splendid and its sordid aspects; but, grand or grimy, its significance lies for him in its power to make or mar the future of our race. Study "The Education of Bunny Smith" and you will see what I mean; or read of the devotion of *John Mayhew*, sometime lecturer on Higher Mathematics at Oxford, to *Shorty Bill*, who thought that Oxford professors cleaned their black-boards by the simple, if insanitary, method of spitting upon them. Perhaps here and there one can detect a slight note of bitterness sounding in these stories, and I hope that "SAPPER" will be careful not to indulge it. For his work as it stands to-day is both a stimulus to thought and an incentive to loyalty.

I have the feeling that there must surely be some secret behind *The Choices of an Etonian* (LANE) which would explain how it came to be published. If, for example, Mr. HORACE BUCKLEY, the author, is still a schoolboy, or at most a very young man, one would suffer his crudities for the sake of better work to come. Otherwise I see no excuse. As a story the thing is both amateur in construction and almost bewilderingly pointless. It makes false starts that lead nowhere. To this hour the meaning (if any) of the title altogether eludes me. Shall we bother about the plot? *Maurice Hale* had to leave Eton because of the financial disasters of his parent; but, the family fortunes being restored, he (surely not very probably) resumed his position there, and the book accordingly became a school story till the outbreak of war allowed us some trench chapters for a finish. These were so conspicuously the most vital part of the tale as to suggest a picture of Mr. BUCKLEY himself enduring their horrors. In which case all shall be forgiven. Otherwise I should have winged words to speak about a style that suggests either that the last proof-reader had been called up, or that the once fastidious Bodley Head had unaccountably nodded. When we read (of the departure of visitors after a school function), "The arrival of taxis brings the family touch to its curtain stage"—well, as the poet says, "there must surely be something somewhere" to account for it.

I suspect that BARTIMEUS, that prolific and forcible writer, must be rather tired of being compared with Mr. KIPLING; but it has to be done, and no reviewer who omitted to draw attention to the likeness would feel that he had fulfilled his

duty. This is not to say that BARTIMEUS is a plagiarist—far from it. He has to describe such characters and such events as Mr. KIPLING has taught us to associate with his name, and naturally enough BARTIMEUS catches something of his infectious manner. There they are, then, all the good old "gadgets"—the oracular tone, the short sentence flaming with portent and loaded with meaning beyond the capacity of any ordinary uncurtailed sentence, the cool unruffled determination with which great deeds are performed. If one may say it of a writer who is so saturated with sea-water, BARTIMEUS is a daisy for short stories of sailor-men and their ways of speech and action. All these are well to the fore in *The Navy Eternal* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). I like particularly the story of the commander of a submarine (English) who had been aimed at by a seaplane (German) and all but hit. "Maria," said he out of the perspective of machinery and motionless figures awaiting death, "Maria, give the gentleman a bag of nuts."

Miss JESSIE DOUGLAS KERRUSH has more than a passing



Officer. "IN WHAT WAY WAS THIS MAN INSOLENT TO YOU, SERGEANT-MAJOR?"

Sergeant-Major. "SIR, ON ENTERING HUT FIVE AT TEN A.M. ON THE FIFTEENTH INSTANT I FOUND THE ACCUSED LYING IN BED AT ME!"

acquaintance with Persia and the East. Moreover, the tricks and ruses of the characters in *The Girl from Kurdistan* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) show an ingenuity in the author which is truly Oriental in itself. On the other hand her incidental attempt at the Scottish manner and diction is of such indifferent effect as to suggest that she has not the gift of sizing up a people on a superficial study. I find difficulty in so much as hinting in this short notice at the half-dozen plots of the book's three hundred and fifty closely-printed pages; further, I confess to a somewhat vague and incoherent understanding at times as to

what was happening, so rapid were the twists and turns of the story, so cryptic and elliptic the explanations offered by the Eastern characters. In its broad outlines the book follows the loves of three several couples; the delays they underwent by reason of local "incidents" between the East and the West, and the climax achieved during a thorough-going riot in the city of Teheran, wherein there was much quiet humour and all the protagonists came perilously near being eliminated in a bunch. Its broad outlines, however, are not the book's main recommendation; it is to be read for its thousand-and-one incidents. Unless, then, you are so impatient a reader as to be put off by having to discover for yourself who, for example, the *Shah-zadeh Khanoom* may be, or unless you are the sort of person who will be annoyed to find that it was only *Miss Janet* all the time, and you were expected to know it but didn't, my advice is to give the book a thorough reading.

"Gentleman will sell wedding suit, twice worn."—*The Bazaar*.
We trust this is not a case of bigamy.

"I was talking of that never-to-be-dreamt-about-enough day when Jack comes running up the garden path all the way from Mesopotamia."—*Home Notes*.

This refers, of course, to the Garden of Eden.

CHARIVARIA.

THE *Berlin Bourse Gazette* tells us that an inventory of the ex-Kaiser's wardrobe shows that he has 593 suits. This would not of course include his going-away suit.

With reference to the column set aside in *The Daily Mail* for the Labour Party, we now learn that the Labour Party wish it to be distinctly understood that they accept no responsibility for the views expressed in other parts of the paper.

"From January 1st," says a Railway Order, "all parcels must bear the address of the consignee and the name of the destination station." The old system by which you showed the parcel the name of every station you came to, and put it out if it barked, has been definitely discarded.

In the Dublin Court a prisoner swore at the judge, assaulted counsel and, while being removed from the court, shouted "Good Bye-e-e." This, we believe, almost amounts to contempt of court in Ireland.

A new book, *Napoleon as a Journalist*, has just been produced by a French publishing house. A companion volume, *A Journalist as Napoleon*, is already being talked of in Printing House Square.

Two men have been arrested for impersonating Sinn Feiners during the election. We should hate to be mistaken for Sinn Feiners, but they seem to have done it on purpose.

The Food Production Department is urging that a week should be set apart all over the country for pigeon shoots. It is reported that six hundred thousand released flappers are to be employed in putting salt on their tails.

"On Wednesday," writes "TUBE TRAVELLER" in *The Daily Mail*, "I was unable to get on to three trains in succession. It sounds rather greedy."

Mrs. LAMBERT, of Edmonton, who is in her hundred-and-fourth year, told an Exchange representative that she had never heard of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. This is strange, for we have not detected

any conspiracy to keep his name out of the Press.

General VON KLUCK has explained to a Swedish business man how he came to lose the Battle of the Marne. The accepted theory that the previous week's edition of *Land and Water* failed to reach him in time is now exploded.

People in search of quiet and amuse-

elimination of what was known in pre-war days as the German bogey.

With reference to the retirement of Commander S. SLADEN, of the L.C.C. Fire Brigade, it is not true that a farewell fire is to be arranged in his honour.

As the result of a slight indisposition Dr. SOLF's bi-weekly resignation is postponed till Friday.

"With the advent of the motor tractor," says an Anglo-Indian journal, "the elephant is not so much in demand as hitherto." But they still make excellent paper-weights.

"One hundred and nine snakes were found by two labourers on a refuse-heap in Burwash," says a contemporary, "but they were only small ones." We shudder to think what they would have been but for the Liquor Control Board.

The report that a German University Professor has admitted that he approved of the War is denied.

According to the Munich Press a German Army doctor has discovered the influenza bacillus. A suggestion that HINDENBURG should renew hostilities with the view of trying it on the Allied armies has not been well received.

It is announced that no trams or buses will run in London on Christmas-day after 4 p.m. Children dining out after that hour will have to sleep where they drop.

"Sinn Fein clubs were early at work about the polls," said

The Cork Examiner on the Monday following the Election. Their adversaries' polls, it appears.

Racial Development in Africa.

"The Nilotic race is remarkable for the disproportionately long legs of their men and women. They extend on the eastern side of the Nile right down into the Uganda Protectorate."—From "*The Black Man's Part in the War*," by Sir HARRY H. JOHNSTON.

From a feuilleton:—

"When Anne knocked timidly at the door with the jelly . . ."
Far better than using your knuckles if you feel nervous.



Padre (new to the job). "BUT WHY DO YOU LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT?"
Orderly Man. "I WAS ONLY TURNIN' MY 'EAD TO SALUTE, SIR."

ment in place of the old air-raid sensations will be pleased to know that the International Astronomical Bureau announces the discovery of a new comet.

The Geneva Tribune states that TROTSKY has declared his intention of taking M. CLEMENCEAU's life. This confirms our contention that TROTSKY is not a trustworthy person.

A suburban golf club has decided to exclude all Germans, naturalised or unnaturalised, from membership. The game has already been freed to some extent from Teutonic influence by the

THE ROAD TO THE RHINE.

II.—"PEACEFUL PENETRATION."

PEACEFUL penetration, briefly, is the art of acquiring practically the sole use of an entire house and its effects in such a manner that the householder (who would normally resent the intrusion) is constrained in the end to acknowledge a debt of gratitude for the invasion.

To be successful in this art of obtaining the best billets in the most unlikely places it is essential that at least one of the company should possess the following qualities:—

1. A genuine horror of discomfort.
2. A more comprehensive knowledge of the French language than is required to turn out such sentences as "*La plume de ma mère est très bonne.*"
3. A gentle, cooing, cradle-rocking voice.

Our Company is fortunate enough to possess a prince of peaceful penetrators in the person of one Second-Lieut. Chardenal (such is not his name, but he is our first French scholar). Thus, though we continue our march daily to the land of the "Alleyman"—with the post, the newspaper and the all-important rations keeping a respectful distance behind us—every night sees us comfortably housed in a home from home.

We arrive, for instance, in a village. The inhabitants waggle flags. The best billets being occupied already by people who in wartime were usually behind us we plod victoriously on to that quarter of the place where the Bosch "requisition" has been most rigorous. Of course the first thing we do is to "look after the men"—not because we like it or because we have read *Letters of a General to his Son*, but because we know from bitter experience what kind of things they are capable of if we leave them to look after themselves. Not until we have seen issued that peculiar molten beverage called "Army Tea" do our thoughts turn to our own material comfort. Then in silence we survey the swept and ungarnished floor set apart in the Company billet for our use. It is a good floor as floors go, but we have in mind other floors, preferably those with beds growing on them.

"Very well," you say, "nothing easier than to go and ask for accommodation from the inhabitants near by." My dear good Sir (or Madam), have you *seen* us and ours? Our Company Mess is represented by five officers, five valises (considerably over weight), five batmen and a cook (with military impedimenta), as well as Mess-boxes containing crockery, etc.

The mere suggestion that this seething mass of men and material might be included in any one house would call

up visions in the mind of the stoutest householder of a home destroyed by a brutal soldiery and would indubitably lead them to look up the silver and send for the Maire.

It is on this account that we have elaborated the following system of peaceful penetration. Selecting the most likely house capable of accommodating us all, Second-Lieut. Chardenal takes the lead. The Company Commander, punctured of all authority, fades into insignificance when it comes to importuning inhabitants in their native tongue. The remainder scatter about the road in artillery formation, with the idea of making a crowd look like a couple of disinterested loafers. Approaching the door Chardenal gently insinuates a massive and conciliatory form. "Has Madame a room to spare where the English officers could sit down? Madame has? Madame is too kind." We wait expectantly. "Possibly she might allow us the use of the room as a Mess; we have nowhere else to go. It is kind of Madame; a home from home would be most welcome."

We are in.

Monsieur le Capitaine is introduced to Madame, and remarks with a tremendous effort that "*la guerre est finie; c'est bon, n'est-ce pas?*" after which he very wisely relapses into silence. The campaign recommences. "If it is no inconvenience perhaps Madame would graciously allow our cook to have the use of the stove in the kitchen. There is but one? Ah, we could not think of deranging Madame; after all there are many worse things than cold food in a warm room. What! It will be quite all right? That is most kind of Madame. Madame would like to use the stove as well? Naturally; we give Madame full permission to use her own stove."

The ground floor is ours.

Next the cook staggers into the kitchen with his Mess-boxes and exchanges pleasantries with the youngsters. Monsieur is given an English cigarette. But gracious! who are all these people in Madame's kitchen? "Oh, they are just a servant or two to help the cook." They greet Madame as their own mother and the air is full of "Bong jore," "Mercy," "Bong poor les troops," "Alleyman parti" and "Les sales Alleymans."

The story of the Bosch's misdoings in the village fills us with horror; we tell Madame we are (almost) sorry the War is over. Monsieur shows us how and where they succeeded in "caching" everything from the rigours of the "requisition" until the Company Commander begins to fidget. It is

getting dark. Ah! Madame has asked where we shall sleep.

"We—sleep? We hadn't thought of it. Doubtless there is a stone floor somewhere."

The floor? No, no, Madame has a bedroom for Monsieur le Capitaine.

"Madame is really too good."

Here the Company Commander begins to wax authoritative again and gives short sharp orders to his batman concerning his valise. "What—there are also two other rooms with two beds? Oh, no, no, no!" Cries and protests from overwhelmed subalterns; they could not think of it; it would derange Madame. Er, could they see them?

We entertain Monsieur in the kitchen with unlimited ration tobacco, while the servants rush our valises up and take possession formally.

The whole house is now ours. The campaign has proceeded according to plan.

* * * * *

It is eight o'clock. Dinner is served in our very own Mess, and Madame graciously apologises for entering her own room occasionally. The C.O. has been round and remarked, "Ah, C Company has got the best billets as usual"—for which the Company Commander modestly takes full credit. Madame has prepared our salad herself, for which, having seen the hands of the company cook, we are duly grateful. From the kitchen comes the hum of many voices, amongst which can be heard the constant trill of Madame relating her troubles, the interjection from the men of a sympathetic "Ah wee, Ah wee" at more or less appropriate intervals, the occasional boisterous outbreak of "No bon, eh?" "Alleyman no bon," and the preliminary strains of a mouth-organ.

Looking in at about 9 P.M. we see that *all* the servants (plus an orderly or two) have got into the kitchen and are seated roisterously round the table in their shirt-sleeves. Monsieur and Madame have the unrestricted use of one corner of their own kitchen and are smiling and happy, with a taste of something like solid food after four years' abstinence. She has found them quarters for the night in a nice dry loft, and knows they will leave it cleaner and tidier than they found it, and everybody is satisfied.

I hate to say it, but if the Bosch had specialised in our form of peaceful penetration goodness knows what might have happened. Certainly, witnessing the full-fed, fatuous, self-complacent spectacle which the Mess presents, one would say he'd have had a better time of it.



GREAT EXPECTATIONS.



"I CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR POOR OLD JONES BEING DONE DOWN LIKE THAT."

"I CAN. IT'S THE 'TERTIUM QUID.'"

"OH, IS THAT IT? I THOUGHT THERE WAS CORRUPTION SOMEWHERE."

THE PLAINT OF A TOPICAL BARD.

Why do my vagrant fancies turn
To Christmas as a likely theme?
It is not that I really yearn
To dream again the DICKENS dream,
To celebrate the flowing glasses,
Or sing a song like WENCESLAS'S.

No, it is rather that I sigh
For something fairly firm and fixed
Amid a world that's gone awry
And got inextricably mixed;
Where'er one looks, from Pole to Tropic,
Everything seems kaleidoscopic.

One king after another goes
And half the map has fallen away,
And of To-morrow all one knows
Is that it won't be as To-day;
As for the coming week (the middle)
Ask me, I pray, another riddle.

One week the War is on—and off
The next; our darkness turns to
light,
And editors make bold to scoff
At what I wrote but yesternight;
Hackneyed and out of date they vote
it,
Which seemed prophetic when I wrote
it.

For Dora we don't care a fig
(Whose name was once a thing of
dread);

I heap nutrition on the pig
Till yesterday so underfed;
And we ourselves eat cake and jam in
What was last week a haunt of famine.

Close in the wake of capering Time
I pant and still I pant in vain;
I cannot catch him in a rhyme
Nor snapshot in a passing strain;
He speeds on his subversive mission
More like a bus than a tradition.

So, Christmas, let me fix my mind
Upon your blessed certitude;
You will not vanish like the wind,
Nor cheat nor crumble nor elude;
You in a world that smacks of Babel
May still be counted firm and stable.

"The Peruvian Government has accepted
the offer of President Wilson to meditate
between Peru and Chili."—*Daily Paper*.

We should have thought he might have
found a quieter spot.

From a Bank Chairman's speech:—
"The rapid growth of our figures during the
last four years has been largely due to war
conditions."—*Provincial Paper*.
Stout fellows.

A MATTER OF COURSES.

I AM one of those poor old bachelors
who for lack of a home live in a select
boarding-house. To this forlorn habit,
however, I owe a knowledge, uncommon,
I flatter myself, amongst civilians,
of certain departments of military life.

During the past two years the greater
part of the accommodation of my cara-
vanserai has been occupied by a suc-
cession of artillery officers, who reside
there while undergoing a course of in-
struction at the neighbouring School
of Gunnery. As they usually write up
and discuss their notes and propound
their theories in the little smoke-room,
I have gradually acquired a certain be-
wildered familiarity with the techni-
calities of their science, and have come
to realise how terrifying an engine is
a modern piece of ordnance for the
spirited young gentlemen who have to
endure examination upon its manage-
ment and habits.

Recently, recognizing one of the
students as having been quartered in
my boarding-house only a few months
before, I introduced myself by the offer
of a saccharin tabloid for his coffee,
and ventured to inquire how he came
to be repeating the experience.

"In the natural routine of my duties," he replied cheerfully and respectfully, helping himself to two tabloids. "Though my present appointment has no official title, I may describe myself as a course specialist. In civil life I earned a substantial livelihood as designer and architect of iced cakes, and, in view of the present shortage of sugar, am not entitled to claim immediate demobilization as a pivot man. For the executive work of the Reserve Brigade to which I am attached there are three times too many officers, and to avoid the crowd in the Mess I have abandoned myself to every variety of extensive and intensive military education. I have attended most of the ordinary courses once, and those associated with particularly comfortable billets I patronise more frequently. Thus, as you may imagine, I know practically everything that can be taught on the subject of war in all its branches. The store of knowledge I am acquiring will no doubt be invaluable to me when I have to resume my civil occupation, but I am far from unwilling to carry on my present routine till age entitles me to retire on half-pay.

"The theory is, that if I keep quiet the War Office will overlook my existence and I shall be allowed to continue this tranquil and innocent career. In addition to all the courses of which you can possibly have heard, I have attended many which I am sure are unknown to the civil public. Gunnery, gas, musketry, cooking—all the obvious subjects have received my attention, while I have also been through a training in such specialized branches as co-operation between field-officers and R.T.O.'s, between pay-sergeants and pipe-majors, between Mr. Cox's ledger-clerks and second-lieutenants, and between batmen and the Bankruptcy Court. You may not be aware that such courses are held or that such co-operation exists, but as you doubtless rely for military information upon the Press and upon answers in the House of Commons this is not a matter for astonishment.

"Lacking the profound learning, verbal subtlety and dogged perseverance necessary for the profitable interpretation of the various Army Council Instructions and other relevant documents, I employ a clever solicitor to draw up my quarterly statement of claims in respect of travelling, rations, detention, inconvenience or ennui while attending courses. Without such expert assistance I question if I should obtain a return upon my expenditure and exertions sufficient to encourage me in the further pursuit of my present vocation.



"DID YOU TELL YOUR MISSUS 'OW WE LAFED AT WHAT MY OLE WOMAN SAID ABAHT 'ER LAST NIGHT?"

"NOT ME! TRY IT YERSELF AND SEE 'OW OLD-FASHIONED SHE'LL LOOK AT YER."

"As the best of courses grows monotonous by unlimited repetition, I have approached the politician who hoped to have my vote, and he has promised to move in the matter of organizing others. I suggested to him such profitable training as mountain warfare in Skye or the Lake District; rapid musketry work in a deer forest; ski-ing—for which St. Moritz in winter would be an excellent location—and so forth. If these suggestions are taken up I do

not think I shall pester the War Office for release to civil life while at least I have youth and health to allow me to benefit by the instruction provided.

"I fear I have bored you. May I venture to ask for another of your very excellent saccharin tabloids?"

Letter recently received by a business-house from an ex-employé:—

"Dr. Firm,—Am I still with you? Cos if so, for the love of Heaven get me demoralised."

A CHANT OF GOOD CHEER.

COME once again, ye puddings all of plum,
And ye puffed pies ystuffed of minced meat
That lie like driven swansdown on the tum
And bid dyspepsia's self arise and eat;
And all ye almonds white and apples red
Whereof the "U" not bites—or doth no longer,
But now, the plaything of the grisly conger,
Befouls old Ocean's shell-encrusted bed,
Or, pent in ports of our inviolate coast,
Mocks the white-livered Brandenburger's boast,
While they who drank the sounding hero-toast
Come all a-crawl, crying, "Please don't oppress
A nice kind German." Faugh! But I digress.

COME, ye proud turkeys of the Sister Isle,
Miscalled, indeed, by that unsavoury name,
That gobble in the barnyard full of bile
And strut the meads with wattles all aflame.
And O ye geese! As succulent still, I ween,
As when ye saved Rome's Capitol from danger,
Whose outstretched necks do hiss the intrusive
stranger

IN swift disorder from the village green—
Come to our board, with sage and onions
crowned,
Or thymy-odorous and festooned around
With the plump sausage exquisitely browned;
Come, and till sheer repletion bids us cease
We'll lift our forks to Victory and Peace.

FOR we have longed for ye, brave foods, and all
(Save James, an infant, recently arrived)
Have faced long years of strife's abstemious thrall,
Of all rich forms of sustenance deprived,
Nor sought by stealth to augment the rationed
dole,

But eked out portions suitable for sparrows,
With home-grown greens and vegetable marrows,
Nor on the uncouponsed pheasant and the sole
Waxed profiteerwise. Thus we did our bit,
Eight patriot Joneses, lean but not unfit;
And now as round the groaning board we sit
Without one prick of conscience to corrode
We'll eat and eat and let the expense be blown.

THE basted Bird will enter in his pride;
The gong will sound and trooping we shall come;
And James, who simply won't be left outside,
Shall suck real gravy from his mother's thumb;
And I shall watch the young platoon advance
Against fresh helpings, every one a graveller,
Till, like ripe leeches from the exhausted traveller,
They fall away, too full for utterance;
And off to bed I pack them all for luck—
Jack, George and Michael, Joan and Master
Puck,

Who started last but quickly left the ruck,
Passing the post, so Nurse and Jane declare,
Still well in hand, with two mince-pies to spare.

THEN by the fireside with my *café noir*
And fat Partagas in a sandal box,
I'll quaff one green Chartreuse to *La Victoire*,
Adding, "Not mine, but that of Messrs. Cox,
To find the wherewithal to pay the bills;"
And presently, in balmy sleep enfolded,
I'll dream of turkeys to huge stature moulded,
Gargantuan geese and puddings huge as hills,

While from the dim isles of old wonder tales,
Full of rare fruits and aromatic bales,
Come high-prowed galleons, furling silver sails,
To anchor by the river bank of sleep
Where I, like JAMSHID, glory and drink deep.

ALGOL.

THE SENTIMENTALISTS.

WE prisoners had been the victims of many false starts and falser rumours, but at last it seemed that the workmen and soldiers who happened to be ruling the town that week were proposing to let us go. I was not leaving with the first party, and walked a little sadly round the big barrack taking leave of my friends.

The human is a sentimental animal. I heard men undertake to meet once a year in London and dine off cold bully beef and mangel soup, just to remind them of the bad old days. Some arranged to foregather in January and travel through Scotland in cattle trucks.

As I passed Room 76 the faint sound of applause came to me, and, attracted by the unusual noise, I entered. They had always interested me, those three men in 76, and as they were leaving early in the morning I did not hesitate to intrude on what I guessed to be a farewell meal.

"Come in—sit down," said Crust. He was standing and appeared to be delivering the final speech of the evening. I hid myself in a shadowy corner and waited for him to continue.

"And so for eighteen weary months we have faced each other across this narrow table. There was no escape, there was no relief. The same faces, the same habits, the same mannerisms, changeless as the Pyramids, warping character, killing individuality. Can you wonder that our feelings for each other changed from indifference to dislike and from dislike to detestation and odium?"

"Hear, hear!" chorused the other two and tapped upon the table. "Very true; hear, hear!"

"Therefore I do not hesitate to hope not only that we may forget one another utterly but that—— Don't go."

"I can't stand it," I said and hurried out.

They left next morning.

* * * * *

Three days ago I walked into a small restaurant which has not yet been discovered by the spending classes. In a corner, seated round a beautifully decorated table, were the three men whom I had last seen drinking weak tea in West Prussia. I produced the single eye-glass which I generally use solely for the exploration of menu cards, and studied the trio.

Crust was again speaking, seated this time, and, though I could not hear him, the smiles and the rapidly emptying magnum told their tale. They noticed me on their way out and, turning aside, came over to my table.

"Why, it's the old eavesdropper in his party suit!"

"It is high time you three young men dispersed to your several and provincial homes," I remarked sternly. "London's much too full."

"Been trying to tear ourselves apart for nearly a week," said Crust, "but it's no good. Of course we really loathe one another as much as ever, but we've been glued together so long that we can't come unstuck."

"A hundred and twenty-two 'U'-boats had been surrendered up to Sunday last, and it is thought that forty more, some of which are dam aged, will complete the total."—*Spectator*.

We knew some of the boats were fairly ancient, but are surprised that our respected contemporary should give way to language like this.



"WHAT'S A GIRL LIKIN' ER TO DO NOW IT'S ALL OVER? SHE 'ASN'T THE 'EART FOR DOMESTIC SERVICE, NOR THE LEGS FOR PANTO."

THE BATH-PLUG.

THE plug for the bath on the first floor of the Mess does not fit. It has never fitted since the barracks were built. There is a tradition to the effect that some other barracks were being built at the same time, and that our bath-plug was delivered to them in error, or else that the wrong barracks for this bath-plug were erected here. Nobody likes to probe too deeply into the affair or suggest public enquiry. These things are not done in the Army; there's no knowing in what life-long correspondence you may become involved, and it would be a piteous fate to be denied release to your civilian employment because the last word remained to be said between yourself and some implacable department.

So the plug still fails to function sufficiently well to prevent a rapid leakage from the bath. Contemplating ablutions you are faced with an alternative. Either you may use the plug as it is and scramble through the process of cleansing against time, the comforting soapy tide ebbing as you wash, until it leaves you chill and miserable, stranded on the hard enamel like a ship dry-docked; or else you must spend a long time hanging over the edge of the bath, head-downwards, trying to make the plug watertight with the

help of a scrap of flannel. This flannel was presumably supplied by the conscience-stricken contractor immediately responsible for the mix-up of bath-plugs and barracks; but we cannot discover who has authority to replace or repair it, though it has long since grown so attenuated that only with the greatest patience, technical skill and manual dexterity can it be made effective.

A Scottish lawyer who is amongst us disguised as a Captain holds the view that this flannel, being associated with and supplementary to the plug (itself theoretically a fixture, though the attachment-chain has been broken so long that the memory of man holds no record of any other condition), must not be regarded as a movable or in any way tampered with, and that any intrusions (Scottish legal term) therewith will be at the risk of the intromitter. According to an Ordnance Corps wallah, who also shares our perplexities and the use of the bath, nothing is required but a packing-gland, but he cannot find any authority on which to indent for a supply for plumbing purposes. One of the subalterns remembers having heard, in the course of some technical lecture which he was compelled to attend, of a likely-sounding article called a "Plug-Adjusting Run-Out;" but the Adjutant believes this is one of the

fittings of a gun and has nothing to do with any branch of domestic engineering.

Certain impetuous and perhaps ill-balanced minds amongst us have, however, at last decided to move in the matter, and at present hesitate between two courses. The R.A. Comforts Fund might be induced to supply a larger and efficient plug, which could be used in practice, while the old plug and flannel would be shown on inspection. Or a subscription list might be opened amongst ourselves and a suitable plug purchased by private arrangement. The plug would then be entrusted to the custody of an officer detailed for that responsibility, who would be authorised to issue it to any duly-identified subscriber desirous of taking a bath.

The younger bloods are in high spirits, confident that before long steps will really be taken to render the bath watertight; but the few old Regulars in the Mess look coldly on the agitation and sigh amongst themselves at this upstart irreverence for time-honoured tradition.

Our Cautious Press.

"There is much speculation as to the nature of the conversation that passed between Mr. Wilson and M. Clemenceau, but it can be stated with some degree of certainty that it had reference to the coming Peace Conference."—*Daily Telegraph*.



RECONSTRUCTION SHOCKS.

Doctor, late R.A.M.C. (by force of habit, after three years in France). "NOW SHOW ME YOUR TATTOOS."

WHAT EVERY BOOKSELLER SHOULD KNOW.

UNDER the heading "Booksellers Who Must be Taught" a writer in an American paper has been urging the revival of the practice of the Venetian Guild, which in 1667 required booksellers to pass an examination before they could be "matriculated."

The questions included the following:
Name the principal Saints and Fathers.

Name the principal theologians, controversialists and polemical writers.

Name the ancient writers on philosophy and history; also the principal poets, tragic as well as comic, in Greek and Latin literature.

Name the principal historians, ancient and modern, letter-writers, antiquarians, numismatists, mathematicians, physicians, surgeons, anatomists and jurists.

This is all very well, but we have moved a good deal since 1667. The idea of an examination is excellent, but the questions should be up to date, living, "pivotal," red-corpuscular, as thus:—

1. Compare the poems of SAPPHO with those of ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

2. Show in what respects the narrative style of Lord NORTHCLIFFE as an historian marks an improvement on (a) HERODOTUS; (b) FROISSART; (c) Lord MACAULAY.

3. Explain why Mr. THOMAS HARDY, GEORGE MEREDITH, and ROBERT BROWNING never succeeded in attaining the ranks of the "best sellers."

4. MILTON is said to have received five pounds for his *Paradise Lost*. Estimate what he would be likely to receive on the half-profits system if his poem were published for the first time to-day.

5. Distinguish between MARIE and ARCANGELO CORELLI, BEN TILLET and BEN JONSON, SIDNEY WEBB and SIDNEY COLVIN, BERNARD SHAW, Father BERNARD VAUGHAN and General BERNARDI.

When booksellers and their assistants are able to floor such a paper the prospective purchaser, to borrow the words of our American contemporary, "will enter a book-store confident that he can be intelligently advised, the number of purchases will be increased and bookselling will become a real business."

THE ISLAND.

I KNOW an island in a lake,
Green upon waters grey;
It has a strange enchanted air,
I hear the fairies singing there
When I go by that way.

One night, one summer night, I know
Suddenly I shall wake
And very softly hasten down
And out beyond the sleeping town
To find my fairy lake.

I shall not need to seek a boat,
It will be moored, I think,
Within a tiny pebbled bay
Where meadow-sweet and mallow sway
Close to the water's brink.

The moon from shadowy shore to shore
Will make a shining trail,
And I shall sing their fairy song
As joyfully I float along—
I shall not need a sail.

And, peering through a starlit haze,
I presently shall see,
Where swift the waiting reeds uncloze,
The fairies all in rows and rows
Waiting to welcome me. R. F.



MUTUAL COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

JOHN BULL. "WHY, FATHER CHRISTMAS, YOU'RE LOOKING LIKE YOUR OLD SELF AGAIN!"
FATHER CHRISTMAS. "JUST WHAT I WAS GOING TO SAY TO YOU, JOHN!"

LATER THOUGHTS.

It is my destiny to buy in the dearest markets and to sell—if I succeed in selling at all—in the cheapest. Usually, indeed, having tired of a picture or decorative article, I have positively to give it away; almost to make its acceptance a personal favour to me. But the other day was marked by an exception to this rule so striking that I have been wondering if perhaps the luck has not changed and I am, after all, destined to be that most desirable thing, a successful dealer.

It happened thus. In drifting about the old curiosity shops of a cathedral city I came upon a portfolio of water-colour drawings, among which was one that to my eye would have been a possible TURNER, even if an earlier owner had not shared that opinion or hope, and set the magic name with all its initials (so often placed in the wrong order) beneath it.

"How much is this?" I asked scornfully.

"Well," said the dealer, "if it were a genuine TURNER it would be worth anything. But let's say ten shillings. You can have it for that; but I don't mind if you don't, because I'm going to London next week and should take it with me to get an opinion."

I pondered.

"Mind you, I don't guarantee it," he added.

I gave him the ten shillings.

By what incredible means I found a purchaser for the drawing at fifty pounds there is no need to tell, for the point of this narrative resides not in bargaining with collectors, but in bargaining with my own soul. The astonishing fact remains that I achieved a profit of forty-nine pounds ten and was duly elated. I then began to think.

The dealer (so my thoughts ran) in that little street by the cathedral west door, he ought to participate in this. He behaved very well to me and I ought to behave well to him. It would be only fair to give him half.

Thereupon I sat down and wrote a little note saying that the potential TURNER drawing, which no doubt he recollected, had turned out to be authentic, and I had great pleasure in enclosing him half of the proceeds, as I considered that the only just and decent course.

Having no stamps and the hour being late I did not post this and went to bed.

At about 3.30 A.M. I woke widely up and, according to custom, began to review my life's errors, which are in no danger of ever complaining of loneliness. From these I reached, by way of mitigation, my recent successful piece of chaffering, and put the letter to the dealer under both examination and cross-examination. Why (so my thoughts ran) give him half? Why be Quixotic? This is no world for Quixotry. It was my eye that detected the probability of the drawing, not his. He had indeed failed; did not know his own business. Why put a premium on ineptitude? No, a present of say ten pounds at the most would more than adequately meet the case.

Sleep still refusing to oblige me, I

her to disregard me—only a day or so after we had at last got on terms? There is no fury like a woman scorned; it would probably be the end of me. City magnates are successful probably just because they don't do these foolish impulsive things. Impulse is the negation of magnatery. If I am to make any kind of figure in this new rôle of fine art speculator (so my thoughts continued) I must control my feelings. No, five pounds is absurd. A *douceur* of one pound will meet the case. It will be nothing to me—or, at any rate, nothing serious—yet a real gift of quail and manna from a clear sky to the dealer, without, however, doing him any harm. A pound will be ample, accompanied by a brief note.

The note was to the effect that I had sold the drawing at a profit which enabled me to make him a present, because it was an old belief of mine that one should do this kind of thing; good luck should be shared.

I had the envelope in my pocket containing the note and the cheque when I reached the club for lunch. That afternoon I played at bridge so disastrously that I was glad I had not posted it.

After all (so my thoughts ran, as I destroyed the envelope and contents) such bargains are all part of the game. Buying and selling are a perfectly straightforward matter between dealer and customer. The

dealer asks as much as he thinks he can extort, and the customer, having paid it, is under no obligation whatever to the dealer. The incident is closed.

The Penalties of Peace.

"We regret to announce that owing to the cessation of hostilities, the War Supplement which we started a few weeks ago, and which has proved so acceptable, has to be withdrawn after this issue."—*Local Paper*.

"Captain (Regular) 54 years' flying experience, flown about 20 types and over 700 hours, is desirous of position at home or abroad."—*Times*.

We infer that his earlier experience was confined to flights of imagination.

"STRATFORD TOWN COUNCIL.

INVITATION TO PRESIDENT WILSON.

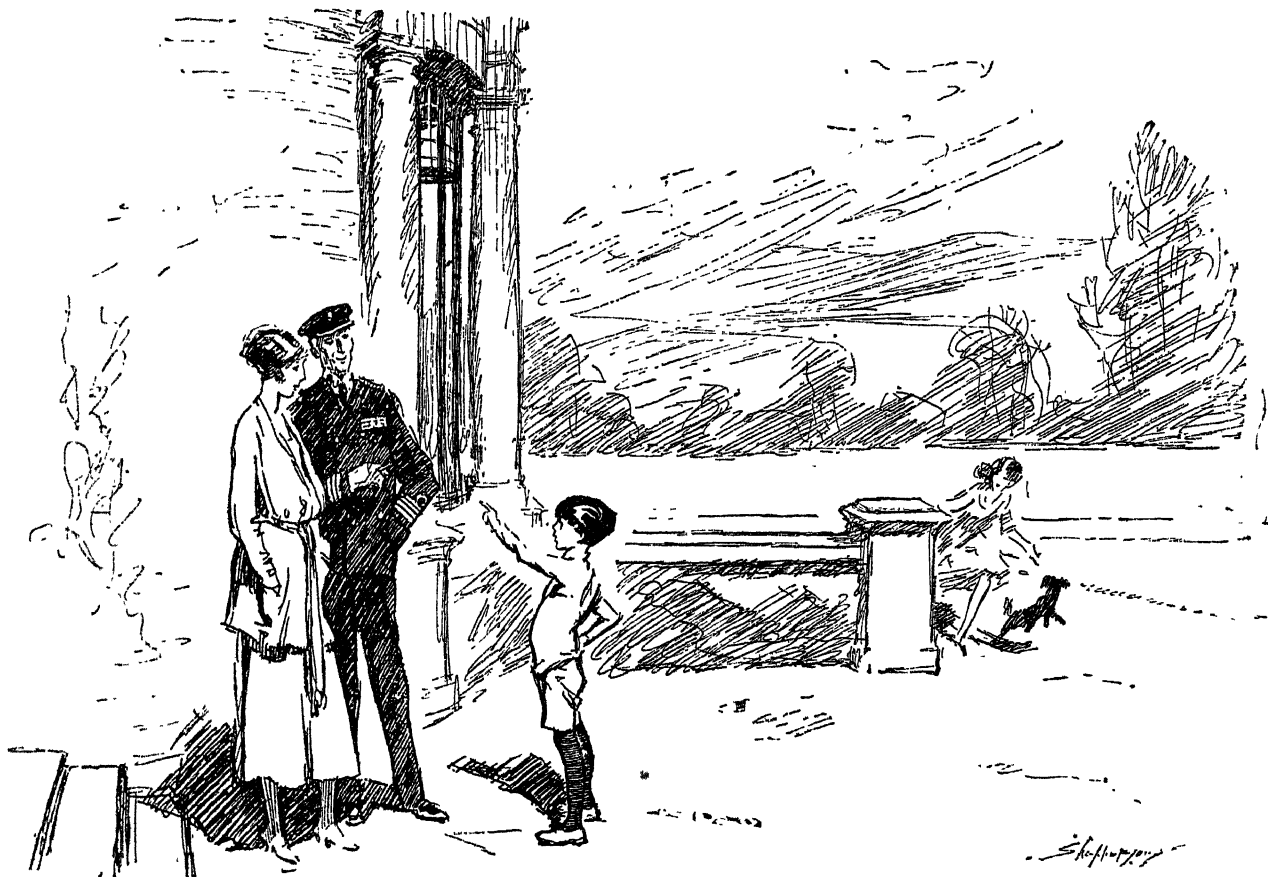
MIXED BATHING ADVOCATED."

Stratford-upon-Avon Herald.

But we are credibly informed that it is not this kind of "Freedom of the Seas" that Mr. WILSON is after.



Call Boy (to Villain). "THE CONTROLLER'S CUT OUT THE LIMELIGHT, SIR. THE MANAGER WILL BE OBLIGED IF YOU'LL MAKE UP YOUR FACE EMERALD GREEN FOR THE MURDER SCENE."



Harold (who has just been introduced to much-decorated Naval officer, after gazing at him for a few seconds). "HAVE YOU BEEN HAVING A FLAG-DAY?"

THE RETURN OF THE BANANA.

Let not the Muse be mute,
O most salubrious fruit,
But welcome your return from the
Canaries,
Released from the embargo
On any kind of cargo
Save meat and grain from ranches and
from prairies.

In days of peace and waste,
Ere I acquired the taste,
I found you reminiscent of pomatum,
But my untutored scorn
Long since have I forsworn
As just a gastronomical erratum.

For your discoloured skin
Holds treasures rare within
Ungessed by those who fancy gold
must glitter,

Flavours that can allure
The jaded epicure
In Macédoine, in salad or in fritter.

Though somewhat poor in fat
You are, yet what of that?
The fact remains you nourish and you
warm us—

Vide the *Ency. Brit.*,
Where analysts admit
Your wealth in carbo-hydrates is enormous.

So in whatever zone
Your wholesome fruit is grown,
From China to Tahiti or Guiana,
We welcome back your bunches
At breakfasts, dinners, lunches,
O succulent and bountiful banana!

THE EXPANDING DRAMA.

It is announced that a feature of the Christmas programme at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, will be an invitation to the audience to participate in the traffic of the stage. We understand that this innovation is already spreading to other entertainments.

For the final Act of the new farce, *Seven Doors*, it is proposed to select two or three elderly gentlemen from the stall patrons, who will be subjected to the personal blandishments of all the heroines simultaneously. As those only will be chosen who are accompanied by their wives it is hoped that the situation may then be left to work itself out in a natural and convincing manner.

We gather that a delightful novelty of this year's Covent Lane pantomime will be the migration of the harlequinade to the auditorium. The corridors are to be equipped with buttered slides; sausages (coupon-free) will be

strung at tripping-height across all exits and entrances, and the ingenuities of the clown and his parent will throughout be exercised upon actual members of the audience, who will be given full opportunity of retaliation.

The spectators who assembled for the first night of the new Western drama, *Dead Man's Danger*, at the President Wilson Theatre found the doors closed. It was subsequently explained that a projected sensation scene, in which the villain was to have displayed his prowess by picking off various critics with a revolver in order to overawe the heroine, had to be abandoned at the last moment owing to a regrettable failure to secure the co-operation of the Press.

Another Impending Apology.

"The Parishioners of — have been saddened by having to say *au revoir* to the Rev. — —."—*Local Paper*.

Electioneering Candour.

"OUR PARLIAMENTARY BLACK LIST."

"We regret that considerations of both time and space prevent us from publishing a complete list of candidates who should be supported; but we give a list of some who should not be—and don't forget it.

BOTTOMLEY FOR SOUTH HACKNEY."

John Bull.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *My Reminiscences* (MURRAY), FANNY, Lady BLUNT has written a most adventurous and amiable book, to which Admiral Sir ROSSLYN WEMYSS has contributed an introduction. She has passed the greater part of her life in the more ferocious regions of Turkey. "There is scarcely a senior officer of the R.N.," so I gather from the cover of her book, "who is not one of her 'adopted nephews'—for she was 'Aunt Fanny' to all the younger officers serving in the Mediterranean while she was at Salonika." The Senior Service has indeed all the luck. On the other hand, she had to meet bandits like the one who asked a member of her party for tobacco. It was noticed that one of his fingers was missing, and it turned out that he ought to have been in prison for the murder of a Bey in Philipopolis. "The Bey's wife, in order to try and save her husband, bit the brigand's finger so badly that it had to be cut off." Of such *rencontres* the book is full, and yet Lady BLUNT is still hale and hearty. I hope her book may have a full measure of success.

Sir J. M. BARRIE'S *Echoes of the War* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is pre-eminently a book for fathers. Fathers (since we buried the last of the heavy Victorians) are proverbially not heroes to their authors. Here are four little plays in the serious-sentimental-playful vein which no man alive handles with such exquisite adroitness. "The New Word," a little masterpiece which reads as well as it played, and "A Well-remembered Voice," which I should judge would hardly play at all, have both of them

a father and a son, and in both the father has the author's and our affection. "The Old Lady Shows her Medals" is here too. I never can forgive that rising of the curtain on the third unnecessary scene, in which the old lady does actually show her adopted son's medals. It assumed a lack of intelligence and of artistic perception in the audience which, hardly as I think of audiences, shocked me to the boots. In the book BARRIE's faylike pen steers you past any awkwardness. I am not so sure of a fourth playlet, in which a gardener marries the daughter of a wandering-witted old colonel. But it does contain the rare admission that German subalterns may sometimes have been decent young men—at least before the War.

I am glad to see that *Thomas Settles Down* (NISBET) wholly confirms the happy auguries that I detected in Mr. H. B. CRESWELL's previous record of the same hero. You recall perhaps the sort of man *Thomas* was. Being that sort it was hardly to be expected that his settling-down would be unaccompanied by certain domestic jars and readjustments. Nor is it. The two chief jars are provided by

an obnoxious neighbour who tries to flirt with *Mrs. Thomas*, and by the circumstance that *Thomas* himself is not above an occasional flutter more suited to his days of bachelorhood than to those of fatherhood. However the neighbour gets knocked down (whence a police-court summons and some agreeable fooling), and *Thomas*, after an almost breathlessly narrow escape, flies the lures of the temptress and all ends well. Perhaps the author's wit is a shade more pungent than in the earlier book; but it remains of admirable quality throughout, and touched here and there with a genuine beauty of thought that much increases its appeal. Comedy is still its aim, rather than farce; even in such episodes as that of the Vulgar Entertainer and the Party that Failed (which will wake responsive chords in many a hospitable heart) the fun goes never beyond a dreadful reality. In short, *Thomas Settles Down* consolidates not only *Thomas* but Mr. CRESWELL.



"COULD I SEE THE GENTLEMAN WHO ATTENDS TO POST-WAR RECONSTRUCTION? I WISH TO SUBMIT A MODEL OF A STANDARDISED MILESTONE TO KEEP MOTORISTS WITHIN BOUNDS."

KLAXON is a well-known pseudonym to readers of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and in *H.M.S.* — they will have the pleasure of meeting many old friends. Both in his sketches and verses the author shows an intimate knowledge of our Navy and a considerable power of imagination. The items in this book tot up to forty, and I am not going to mention the names of my favourites; but I will remark that KLAXON has an excellent faculty for telling a story with a fine economy of words, and, as this is a rare gift from the gods, he should never forget to utilize it. Having uttered this little note of warning let me add my sincere hope that he will not allow an Armistice or even a Peace to demobilise him from his literary activities. For we cannot hear too much about our Navy from writers of his skill and calibre. Messrs. BLACKWOOD have scored again.

Followers of Mr. FRANK HAET's work in *Punch* will welcome the appearance of his book of sketches, entitled *The Animals Did Their Bit in the Great War* (BLACKIE). Horses, mules, donkeys, dogs, oxen, camels (to say nothing of miscellaneous mascots) are faithfully presented as serving on one or other of our many fronts. Though the drawings need no showman, a running accompaniment of sympathetic letterpress is thrown in.

Our Modest Politicians.

"Asked what he thought about plumping, Mr. Thomas said he would ask them to vote for him and then to use their intelligence and judgment in recording their second vote."—*Derby Daily Telegraph*.

From Smith Minor's "general paper":—

"Salome was the lady who danced in beads in front of Harrod's." We noticed that there was a crowd recently in the Brompton Road.



THE OLD WAR AND THE NEW.

VERY benevolent was the aspect of Mr. Punch as he beamed on me over his port this Christmas Eve of the most gracious of all years of grace. You would not have thought it possible that he could ever be severe.

Our talk was of the Hohenzollern and what was to be done with him. "You remember," said Mr. Punch, "what happened to the hangman in the drama that is a caricature of my career—how he suffered in his own person the penalty which he had designed for myself? Well, as one who was down on Wilhelm's Black List to undergo 'condign punishment' on the day when his conquering armies marched up Bouverie Street, I naturally have my own feelings. By 'condign' punishment I understand something to fit the crime—in my case the crime of having said exactly what I thought of him and his Huns. I am content to let it go at that. I am content that Wilhelm should get the punishment that fits the crime—in his case the crime not so much of having started an inexcusable war—most wars have been that and they were always started by somebody—but of having ordered, or at least connived at, the breach of all the laws of humanity and chivalry that should govern war for the mitigation of its horrors. Personally I should not recommend the death penalty at the hands of the Allies, as that might mean his ultimate canonization. Besides, I don't want to curtail his time for reflection."

"Why not hand him over to the tender mercies of German Kultur?" I suggested.

"I shouldn't do that either," said the Sage. "You see, the only fault he has committed in German eyes is that he lost the War, and I wouldn't have him punished for the wrong offence—for something indeed which was our doing as much as his. No, I think I would just put him out of the way of doing further harm, in some distant penitentiary like the Devil's Island, and leave him to himself to think it all over; as *Cuponsacchi* said of *Guido* in *The Ring and the Book*—

'Not to die so much as slide out of life,
Pushed by the general horror and common hate
Low, lower—left o' the very edge of things.'

"However, my real quarrel is with the German people—the people who wanted this War, and gloried in it so long as things went well for them; the men who revelled in the atrocities committed by their troops; the women who spat on our wounded prisoners; the children who waved flags for the murder of our little ones.

"Oh, I know the old argument of Germany's friends and apologists, that they were under the heel of a *régime* that had dragooned them into a servile submission to authority; that they had never been allowed to have a conscience of their own; that, anyhow, protest was impossible. But it was not impossible, as we see to-day;

to-day they have revolted against this authority and overthrown it. If they could do it to-day under the spur of defeat, they could have done it under the spur of conscience four years ago when Belgium was being hacked to pieces by order."

"The defence," said I, "would be that they could not have risen while the army remained loyal to the throne."

"You speak," replied the Sage, "as if the German army were a thing apart. The German army is the German people. They mocked at our 'mercenaries'; they boasted of being a nation in arms. No, they cannot have it both ways. They cannot claim to be a nation in arms and at the same time to be irresponsible for the behaviour of their troops. So the people must pay for its own war, and it must be brought home to them that they are not simply paying the costs that every loser, even a clean one, pays. When the terms of Peace are published it must be made known through every house in the Fatherland that they are required to pay so many million pounds towards the cost of the War and so many more for the dirty way they fought it."

However, let us turn to happier thoughts, to thoughts of home. A great work lies before us if we are to make our country worthy of the men who have fought and died for her. The War is over; another has yet to be waged against poverty and sordid environment; against the disabilities of birth; against the abuse of wealth; against the mutual suspicions of Capital and Labour; against sloth, indifference, self-complacency, short memories. It will call for heavy sacrifices; it will demand the scrapping of many prejudices.

"I know of partisans to-day who think the War ill-won if it means that they have to surrender any of their precious shibboleths. We shall have to fight hard against that temper of mind. It is easy enough to be a patriot in war-time, when you haven't got to fight. Men are moved by a very human desire to win, by a very human fear of defeat. Every natural selfish motive urges them to what looks like unselfishness for the sake of their own country as against the enemy's. That is no longer the contest. A man has now to decide whether he will serve himself or his country—a much harder test of patriotism."

"That the principles of justice and honour will triumph in the New Year as they triumphed in the Old I do not doubt. England was never so great as at this hour; and she will be greater yet."

He paused for a moment; then very gravely, "My friend," he said, "to-morrow is the birth of Christ, and there is Peace once more on earth. Let us drink to the memory of our dead, who gave us this hour."

After a long silence he spoke again. "And now," he said, smiling through his tears, "I have a happy duty to perform. Let us join our lady guest."

A little later he was bowing before the dearest of angels, whose name is Peace. "Madam," he was saying, "I have the honour to offer you a book which contains your charming portrait. It is the latest volume of a long series, and the first for four years and more in which you appear as anything more than a dream. But I hope that in all this long war-time record you will find no thought pictured, no word said, that was not loyal to the Cause by whose victory you have won an enduring heritage. With sincere homage and with great humility I beg to present you with my

One Hundred and Fifty-Fifth Volume."





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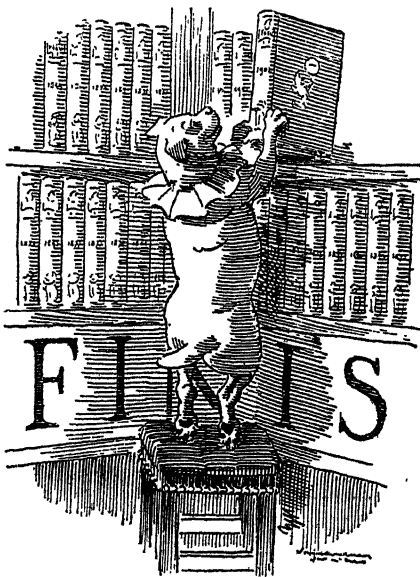
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